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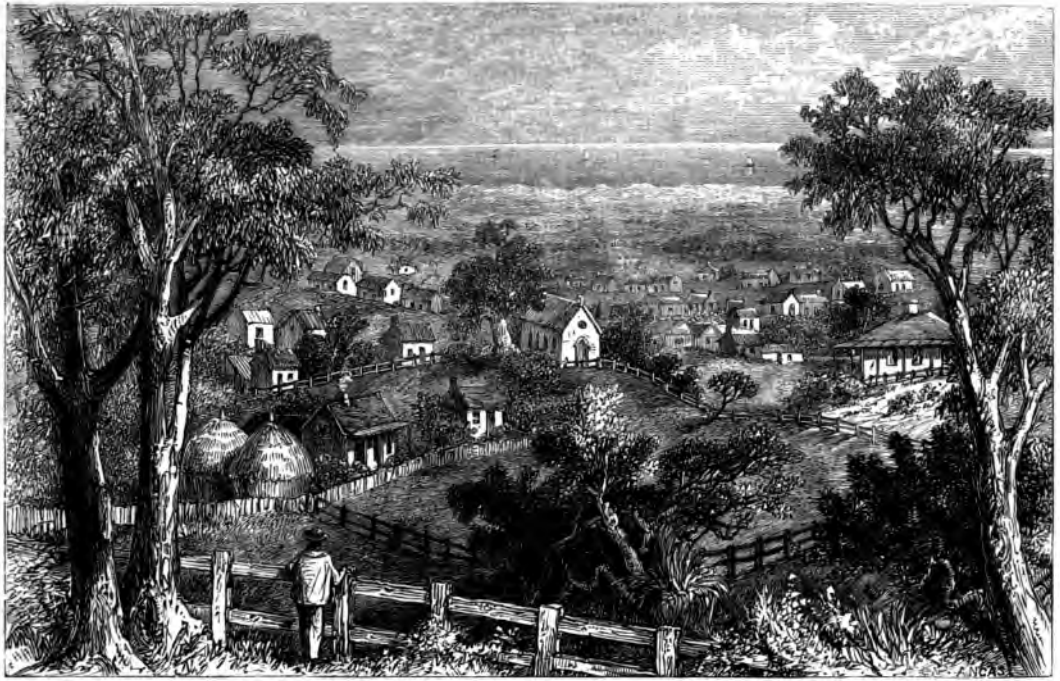

THE TOWNSHIP OF WILLUNGA.

LIFE'S WORK AS IT IS;

OR,

THE EMIGRANT'S HOME IN AUSTRALIA.

BY

A COLONIST.

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SAMPSON LOW, SON, & MARSTON,
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INTRODUCTION.

THE need of information creates a desire that that need should be supplied. If that need has been felt as concerns Australia, the author of this little work humbly trusts its details may help to supply the information longed for.

That information has been carefully gleaned during several years' residence in South Australia.

The writer has been a witness of many of the scenes depicted, and has been more or less acquainted with all the leading characters mentioned.

The emigrant requires to be acquainted with his future home and its sober realities. Whereas Australia is still viewed as a sort of dream-land, to which, somehow or another, people are to float over; and, floating over, they are to drop down into a cloudy, half-defined world, that nobody seems to understand.

That these remarks are not far stretched, may be judged from the lucid ideas with which the writer and the writer's companion embarked. They were these:

1st. That Australia lie somewhere the other side of the world.

2nd. That dust and mosquitoes would nearly annihilate the unfortunate invaders of the soil.

3rd. That all kinds of murderous treatment might be expected from various quarters; and upon the strength of this the author's companion was presented with a rifle to shoot the murderers, with a sabre to intimidate them, and revolvers, etc., were bought without end for the same purpose. Now considering this was several years ago, it would be natural to expect that a flood of light and information would have broken in and dispersed this darkness, especially taking into consideration the constant exchange of inhabitants between England and the colonies. But not so! Though hundreds and hundreds return to England every year, their information not only seems like a drop in the bucket, but like a very small one.

It is scarcely to be credited, the amount of ignorance that is still evident as regards Australia. In September, 1865, a tale has been rife in England that three men had been murdered by South Australian savages. These three men were really slain in Western Australia and Swan River—distant a thousand miles! But distances, people, districts, and divisions, are all huddled into one grand mass. It matters not where a thing occurred, where a man was slain, where a thing happened, if it only be under that one general head of "Australia," that idea, that name is all-sufficient for everything, even to highly-educated people.

One of the author's friends, a man of high standing in university lore, coolly advised the writer, when

coming to Adelaide, not to run the risk of being so near the diggings at Ballarat, then rather famed for tragical events. The kind adviser was utterly unconscious that many hundred miles lie between the two localities.

Again, the last emigrant ship, in September, 1865, brought some respectable females; amongst them a lady's maid, who, like others, came to try her fortune in this fair country. She entered a shop well known to the author, and expressed the utter ignorance in which she had been wrapped concerning Adelaide and its resources. She said that every one told her that if she came out she would want nothing to wear but the coarsest, homeliest materials, and urged her to part with a smart, well-stocked wardrobe, as it would be utterly useless to her in a land of uncivilization. "But," continued the young emigrant, "thankful am I that such advice was not taken. On every side I see fashion and elegance. Shops innumerable, and handsomely-appointed ladies in their carriages, and dresses nearly equal to Regent Street. If I want to get a good situation, what should I have done if I had appeared in a sun-bonnet and dress of serge!"

This anecdote, related to the author, settled the writing of this little book.

Adelaide and its environs, with the surrounding country, for more than sixty miles, may be termed perfectly civilized. The Burra, Mount Barker, Willunga, Port Elliott, etc., all rank as large towns in well-ordered districts.

The bush, and bush life, are entirely distinct features

in Australia, and should be understood as such. Consequently the emigrant wants to understand what position in life, what kind of position in Australia, he desires to enter upon, otherwise his preparations, his outfit, his ideas will all be wrong. The machinery of this colony consists mainly of the working classes of England, Ireland, and Scotland—we do not mean mere labourers alone, but the shopkeeper, the mechanic, the artisan, the farmer, etc., are all included. This book has been written to make emigrants' homes happier; and if it should carry out this object, the author will be repaid for any exertion.

The scenes principally lie in Southern Australia, within the range of five, ten, thirty, and a hundred miles of Adelaide, its capital. The author's residence has been confined to this colony, and the remarks made mostly relate to known facts in reference thereto, though other colonies are slightly touched upon. An emigrant really prepared for South Australia can prepare himself in a great measure for any other, as climate, soil, length of civilization, and different productions would constitute the main differences. Trusting this little work may throw at least a taper's light on nearly total darkness, the author confides it to the winds and waves which will waft it to bear tidings of an emigrant's home to civilized England.

CONTENTS.

LIFE'S WORK AS IT IS.

CHAPTER I.

"WELL, Mary, sixpence for your thoughts," said Harry Jones, as with inquiring look he suddenly presented himself before a young spruce-looking damsel.

"I think you would get rather wet in fetching them, and think yourself badly paid into the bargain, if you succeeded," she replied.

"Well, well, my good girl, not quite so fast. I'm tired with a long day's work, and come to catch a sight of your bright eyes on my way home. I thought you were thinking of your Harry; but it appears there are more agreeable thoughts over the water. So, I say, let those fetch them for whom they are intended!"

"Now that is just like you, Harry," responded the damsel; "and I have a great mind to let your jealousy and ill temper burn itself out, without troubling to let you know the truth. But ye need not be jealous—I was thinking of Australia!"

"Thinking of Australia! Thinking the moon is made of cream cheese—just as likely. Thinking of Australia! Why, they say that the heat of the sun burns you as black as a nigger, and that people die of apoplexy by walking topsy-turvy on the other side of the world; that the fruit bakes on the trees; that enormous creatures called kangaroos come hopping into your bed-rooms; and snakes as big as your arm are found in your very beds."

"Well," said Mary, looking up, "I may as well be killed by a snake, or turned black by the sun, as sit and kill myself by stitching from morning till night, without being properly paid. You and I have been engaged five years, and you have worked hard, and so have I; but six years more will find us much in the same place, I reckon."

"Well," said Harry, "I wouldn't give you twopence for your dismal thoughts, anyhow. But 'tis true, we have neither been idle, and yet hope is all we have got to live on as yet, that I can see; and I don't suppose that that will do much towards furnishing a cottage as I should like, or pay the rent either; and I do not like taking you to a home only for you to be in poverty."

"I have heard," said Mary, "that if there are snakes, and blacks, and kangaroos, that there is also plenty of work, and plenty of money for it, too, in Australia!"

"But," said Harry, "where is our money to come from? Are we both to swim across to the other side of the world? for I don't suppose we could very well manage to walk over the water."

"Ah," said Mary, "I know a little more than you do, Master Harry. Patrick O'Connor has been in, and told me that two Government vessels will be sent off during the next two months, and that by suitable application free passages may be obtained to Australia; and he says if you and I were married, we are just the people to go; and that he intends trying to go also. I told him to step in this morning, and we would talk over it."

As she uttered the last word a knock was heard at the door, and Pat entered, and thus accosted them:—

"It isn't Patrick O'Connor that would have made bold to spoil the ilegant words ye may be saying, Master Harry, or to prevent your staling a kiss, barrin' ye could not ha' one given ye fraly."

"Come, come," said Mary, "I thought you were

going to talk about Australia, and not about courting, or you should never have come."

"Bless yer bright eyes," said Pat, "and if ye were not after courten, ye would not be after Australia; and it's jist the ilegant trade I'm thinking of taking to myself, and I'd thank ye to take me! It shall never be said in the land of foriners that Patrick O'Connor had to swim across the water to find a sweetheart!"

"Well," said Harry, "we will try and put you on the right tack about courting, if you will put us on the right scent about going to Australia. How is it to be done? and to whom are we to apply? and how soon?"

"An' it's in reason," said Patrick, "that one tongue can answer three questions at once? But is it in me to desave you? Why, sure, and faith, 'tis the Queen herself send the vessels out, though they never tould me whether she went wi' them, God bless her. What they call the Goverment says that they will send over a few ship-loads of likely people; and they say we must apply to 37, Great George Street, Westminster, London; F. S. Dutton, Esq., Emigration Agent."*

"Pat," said Harry, "we will up and be doing. But how will you like the voyage and the new country?"

"Maybe," said Pat, "the voyage won't like me, that's more likely; and as for the country, I'm thinking it must be a queer one. They say the natives run about without shoes, and likely too; for they say they walk on the top of our heads, and if I felt a spanking boot or shoe on the top of mine, arrah, Patrick O'Connor is the boy to knock the fellow down with a shillelah the first time as I set foot in Australia and could catch him. But as the fellows have about six pounds of wool on their pates, I am afraid I'll never get to his skull."

"Well," said Harry, "we will leave the blackies and their woolly heads for the present, and just come to facts. If we can procure proper certificates for a free passage, I will have Mary, if Mary will have me; and

* For further particulars see Appendix VI.

we had better sail by the first emigrant vessel that goes out. I say, the sooner the better."

"Arrah!" said Pat, "so far, so smoothly; but it isn't after thinking of Patrick O'Connor that ye be. I have only the half of me ready to go, and it is I that have to find the other half before I can take it. Sure and faith it's the ilegant half, too, or, as English folk say, the *better* half; but where a better than Patrick is to be found is not in me to tell you."

We will take leave of this family for a short time, whilst Mary and Harry are being united, and Patrick is trying to find a better half, and will conduct you to a small farm-house situated in that beautiful and picturesque county of Devonshire.

A lively glow of sunset lights up all around, and the sun's last rays kiss the murmuring rill and linger on the casement windows, overshadowed with honeysuckles and roses. There sits a young wife, who cannot have been said to have made much acquaintance with labour or sorrow. She listens for a moment. Ah, yes, the latch *was* lifted, and lifted by the hand she was expecting. A good tempered, honest face enters, and the husband of Eleanor Dingle stands before her. Stocking and darning-cotton are taken by surprise, as they are unceremoniously flung into a neighbouring basket to arrange themselves as best they can, whilst the active wife, all attention to boiling potatoes, baked meat, and hot coffee, spreads the supper with a light hand and a lighter heart for her beloved. The little damsel of all work looks on wondering, and thinks "Missus takes too much pains by half." With this reflection, she thinks her presence is not needed, and taking her milk pails, she sallies forth to find companionship with Dolly, Blossom, and Blackberry, her especial pets.

"Have you heard the news, Eleanor?" said her husband. "Squire Thornly is coming to reside at the manor-house, and two of his sons with him, and a bailiff. His affairs have gone queerly, and he thinks, by farming some of his own land (under this man's direc-

tions), he can obtain a better income than by merely taking the rent. Our snug little farm is one of the properties, and we have notice to quit at the end of the quarter."

Eleanor's eye fell as the last words were pronounced, and a tear, unbidden, left it's own little fountain to course down that fair cheek. But the April cloud was soon over, and with as bright a tone as she could assume she answered :—

"Well, Robert, and what can we do? There is no land about here to hire, and we have not sufficient capital to purchase and stock a farm ourselves. However, we are young and active, and I doubt not we shall think of something."

"I have thought," said Robert, "and wish to know if you agree with me. I have a mind to try our fortunes in another country; to take what money I have saved, and to proceed to Australia as soon as we can settle our affairs. An emigrant vessel sails shortly; and though I should not choose, neither should I obtain, a *free* passage, we may obtain a cabin on reasonable terms in the poop of the vessel. What say you?"

And what did Eleanor say? "Wherever you go, I *will follow*." What more *could she say?*

Robert explained his intention of going to South Australia, and trying to purchase a section, or get one on right of purchase. He said that they would for a time have to rough it, and to put up with many things they had not been used to; but this mattered little, the heart would go with the hands, and work and pleasure would be united in that far-off land.

So Eleanor tried to forget how much she loved all that surrounded her, and she endeavoured to look forward, and fancy a home over the blue waters, even if it were not quite so pleasing to her fancy; and a woman's love and a woman's smile cheered the path of Robert Dingle as he cast a lingering look on the home of his forefathers, and with stern determination resolved to meet and conquer all difficulties. It was not long before

the news circulated itself in the district, and the good old Scotch clergyman who had officiated there so many years soon found his way to the farm-house before mentioned.

"Is it true, Eleanor," said the kind old man, "that you are going to leave us? I christened you, and married you, and I have watched you with interest, and it goes hard to part from you now."

"Thank you, kindly," said Eleanor, "may your prayers and good wishes go with us when we leave our native land. I shall not forget the instruction I have received under your care, nor the kind thought you have ever shown to me and mine; and may God bless you. We will write and tell you all particulars."

It was on a bright, sunny Sabbath morn; all nature seemed as if delighting in the day of rest. Service is over at the little kirk, a small group have lingered behind, and are wending their way to a carefully kept grave in that pretty churchyard. It is Eleanor, her husband, with one or two more of her family. That spot binds her heart to England's soil. That spot makes her feet linger, and her heart almost waver. It is the last resting-place of her parents; and shall she leave them to slumber alone?

While standing in silent grief, the good old pastor joined the group.

"Eleanor," said the old man, "I would not have parted from ye of my own free will; but if our heavenly Father has other work for ye to do, go, and the Lord go with ye! My grey hairs will soon be laid by the side of those you love, and together we shall rest till the resurrection trump shall sound; and then, Eleanor, its blast will echo from shore to shore; and if your resting-place should be on the other side of the ocean, the sound that calls them and me will summon you also, and parents, children, and ministers all shall have a glorious meeting and recognition. Ye have served God, and loved Him, and He will go with ye, even if it be to the ends of the earth."

Eleanor and her husband wrung the old man's hand, and they parted in silence.

The next day they proceeded to join the "Maryanne," a fine vessel, then lying at her moorings in Southampton docks, and was to sail on the 1st May. On the 29th April, all the emigrants and poop passengers assembled at the Government depot, in readiness for embarkation. Amongst the crowd we recognize our friends Harry and Mary, now Mary Jones. Near to them a bustling little man is putting forward rather a bashful young woman.

"Now then, now then, it isn't Molly O'Connor that will be slow in putting one foot afore the other. Make an ilegant curtsey to the lady as is going to take care of ye, and maybe she'd take a fancy to your bright eyes."

"Hush, hush," said Molly, "do not let the lady hear ye."

"And for what was my tongue gi'n me, save for spaking a word where it may be wanted," said Pat; "and it isn't in me to grudge the words I would spake for Molly O'Connor any day. Arrah, I hope we shall not be food for the fishes. Why, those cups and saucers might do ilegant on the Queen's table herself, for I can see my face shine in them any day intirely; and what more could ye do an' if they were silver? And, Molly, be sure ye be seeing that your name be written clane and neat on the box ye brought, so that when ye get old ye may be able to read it. They'll be after knowing your name without your telling it, I'm a thinking; but ye might say a word, and tell 'em that you are no longer Molly O'Flanigan, but that ye've taken the ilegant name of O'Connor."

"Can't ye be quiet," said Molly; "as if they cared what my name *was*—they only want to know what *it is*."

After the emigrants had been duly mustered, they proceeded on board the "Maryanne," where their different berths were marked out and assigned to them. All seemed activity and order. There were several passengers in the poop, as the "Maryanne" was a large vessel,

with good accommodation in the cabins at moderate prices, owing to its being an emigrant ship.

We will now introduce our readers to these passengers. First, we see our friend Eleanor and her husband. Next, a comely-looking lady and her other half, a Mr. and Mrs. Farling, said to be going out on speculation as linen-drapers, etc. Third, a joyous-looking family, "going to rough it in the bush," as pretty Jane Seymour, with hands as white as lilies, said. Now this Jane was blessed with athletic brothers, and, if the truth were fairly told, the five brothers were the cause of driving their fair sister into the bush; for the father, despairing of getting them provided for in England, had bethought himself of Australia, and, fearing they could not think for themselves, had felt himself compelled to accompany them. Poor mamma had been long out of this troublesome world, and so sister Jane, not willing to be left behind, goes likewise; and, going, we must follow her and her brothers and father into the wilderness. Fourth, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson next come under our notice—he, short, fat, rosy; she, tall, lean, gaunt, and pale. Yet, far be it from us to say anything was the matter with her, save that the world said she had not shown good taste in her choice. But, be this as it may, they were going forth to the new world full of hope and expectation. If Mr. Anderson had possessed a fourth as much money as he did hope, he would never have wanted to improve his fortunes. But his pockets were light, and his account at the bank lighter still, and he thought it best to turn his back whilst he could on his difficulties, and begin the world again on the other side of the ocean. He was a master miller by trade, and had connections in this colony, who, of course, kind souls, were to be everything that was good-natured. We trust they equalled his expectations. Sitting at the far end of the poop was a lady and two interesting-looking girls, of the name of Sullivan, returning to the husband and father in Adelaide, who was a merchant in that place. Lastly, a young gentle-

man, of the name of Ryan, who was intending to experimentalize upon horses, cows, bullocks, etc., in the new country; he was intending to go to his uncle, who had a station near Mount Gambier, and to whom he was to be stock-keeper; and certainly, by the evolutions he is making with his smart cane, we should suppose he is endeavouring to accustom his hands to wield the stock-whip of which he has heard, but which he has never held, and what is more, has never cracked.

CHAPTER II.

PERHAPS we may be permitted to take a sly glance once more of our friend Patrick and his "ilegant half," as he expressed himself!

"It's all up with me, intirely," says Pat, "and sorry I am it should be as it is, but my heart neerly clean jumped overboard just now with the first feeling of moving on the big waters. Oh, that ever my mother's son should crass the water. And then to think of the waste; it grieves me intirely. The praties and the bread never desaved me, poor as they might be, but sure and faith they did me good, and made a mon of me; but dear heart alive, the beautiful salt beef, the wee drap of good brath, and the rice on the top of both, why they won't stay with a poor fellow five minutes, and it's mighty hard the fine dinner every day should be wasted. And it's intirely lean that Patrick O'Connor will be; barrin' that I suffer more than Saint Patrick ever did, when he made a mistake, and got one leg into purgatory and couldn't get the other out! And it's not a smile I can give to my poor Molly, who hersel' looks like the ghost of Saint Patrick!"

Thus moaned and groaned our poor friend. But twenty-four hours' breezes "intirely," as he said, "put his heart in its right place again;" and Patrick no more regretted that the good dinners were wasted on him, as he now profited by the wholesome diet he daily had provided. The group of emigrants was a motley but respectable one: labourers, mechanics, artisans, farm servants, shepherds, miners from Cornwall (a

sturdy race of men), gardeners, shoemakers, etc., etc., filled up the remaining list, which was rather a large one. But as we elsewhere give various hints how to prepare for a voyage, it is not our intention to enter into many of its details here; but to follow our voyagers to their destination, and so begin to enter upon "Life as *it is*" in Australia.

When the anchor no longer held the good ship "Maryanne," and when she stood out, sails full set, then, and not till then, did our voyagers fairly realize that England was no longer to be their home! Good order and good health were preserved on this voyage, and there seemed a general feeling of good fellowship and satisfaction on board not always met with. Two or three of the men on board were musical, and they were allowed to exercise their powers for their own amusement and the good of the public! An Irishman (not our friend Patrick) had brought a guitar, and sung in good time, and with great feeling. A Scotchman had brought his bagpipes, and (forgive it, oh ye Scotch that read these pages) some of the passengers thought, all of a sudden, that there was a litter of pigs squeaking vigorously in the forecastle, when, on running to see the young roasters, as they hoped, they found it was Fergus M'Donald producing a few stray notes by way of opening a tune on his bagpipes.

They had entered upon the third week of the third month, when "Land ahoy!" sounded from the man on the look-out, and a hearty cheer ran through the vessel. They had encountered two or three rough days off the Cape and St. Paul's, but this must be expected. On one of these occasions a curious scene was presented at the captain's table. The squall came on with the pea soup, just as it was served! Up rushed the skipper! down rushed the steward, "Ladies and gentlemen," cried he, "hold hard to your plates!" But alas! the soup tureen would not, or did not, hear the message in time; it rushed frantically down to meet a pig's face in the centre of the table. The pig's face, alarmed, fol-

lowed by the soup, made its way to a dish of curry. A few cutlets, and a small dish of fish, all took the same course, and precipitated themselves headlong into the laps of two or three unfortunate ladies. The din of the storm, the clatter of the dishes, the horror of the steward, the cries of the ladies, the laughter of the gentlemen, must have been heard and seen to be understood; and with Johnny Gilpin may we say:—

> "When next the storm doth ride abroad,
> May I be there to see."

The eyes of Eleanor were fixed, as were all others, on the now visible shores of the New World. Very different the aspect of those shores to Albion's white cliffs; but nevertheless there was something very pleasing in seeing land once more. And altogether our voyagers were comforted and encouraged.

Poor little Mr. Anderson (who had found his superabundance of fat rather perplexing in the tropics) came panting and puffing to the captain, in a state little short of mental aberration. After using his handkerchief to his face, very much as a housemaid applies her mop to the floor after she has favoured it with a pail of water, he regained sufficient tranquillity to speak, "Dear sir, I trust we shall not have to boat it far, I never was much used to the water, and I have a horror of small boats ['No wonder,' thought the skipper]; and the men have been telling me that we are all going to be sent up to the port, many miles, in canoes of bark, made by the natives."

The captain fairly roared with laughter, but checking himself, said, "I am afraid my men have been indulging in a joke on new comers," and he might have added, "on fat people." "I am certain, however, you would take a month to remove in that style—I mean passengers, emigrants, and baggage; and believe me, dear sir, I have never seen a bark canoe, and you would have to travel far before you found one. The truth is this—there is not sufficient depth of water to carry this

large vessel over the bar to-night, though a pilot is on board, and therefore my men have thus enlarged on realities."

Poor Mr. Anderson breathed more freely, and the pockethandkerchief was less vigorously used in its work of absorption.

"It's monstrous hot, captain," said Mr. A——; "are we usually to have this weather?"

"Well, my dear sir, to be candid with you, to-day is one of the coolest you must expect; but I do not doubt after running about, and somewhat lessening the effects of the good living on board this good ship, that the heat will not affect you half as much when the thermometer is nearly thirty degrees higher."

Young Mr. Ryan began to look out for what could be seen; but though nearing land heard no stock-whips at present. He thought, unless the cattle were ferocious, he would teach the art of civilization, and hunt them down with his silver-headed riding-whip. Poor young man, he had been used only to the hunting-field and steeple-chase: two years hence he will tell a different tale.

Jane Seymour and her five brothers were in high spirits. She had much of the joyousness of the skylark about her; she soared *above* the troubles around her, and as she soared she sung. She had been cradled in sorrow and brought up in affliction, but that bright, young heart was not seared, though it had often been bruised. She had learnt to feel for and with others, and in her youth she had learnt to trust her God, but He, in mercy, had given her one of the most elastic temperaments that ever was bestowed. Troubles she turned into pleasures; difficulties she called not by that name; in the midst of a wilderness she felt not alone; and it was at the suggestion of this energetic girl, that the broken down family had come to try their fortunes in the bush, where she fearlessly looked forward to her full share of duties, hardships, and even labour. Such sunny spirits seem remnants of Eden amidst a dark and stormy world of sin and suffering.

"Richard," said Jane to her eldest brother, "I hope we shall go into the woods directly we get on shore; I long to be at work and try my hands on bread-making" —certainly they looked as though they and dough had never made much of an acquaintance together; "and then you know I have learnt to make butter, and to milk. Oh, I hope these Australian cows won't kick the bucket over just when I have filled it, and——"

"Stop, my dear Jane, I am out of breath already," said Richard; "do, there's a good creature, let us wait till these troubles come, and do let us buy bread of the baker, and meat of the butcher, and milk of the milk-man, for a few blessed days in peace, without thinking of that dreadful bush!"

"Why, my dear brother, you do not suppose it is a trouble to me? I shall hear the cockatoos *sing*" (she learnt afterwards the right word, namely *screach*), "and I shall see the kangaroos running about, and we will have a hut under the branches of big gum-trees, and I shall be so happy——"

"I wish I was," said Dick, who, though not ill-natured, lacked all his sister's spirit and energy—in fact, her very rapid ideas overpowered him in their very birth.

Mrs. Sullivan and her daughters (whom we shall meet again) were only returning to a well-ordered home in a well-ordered place, namely, the precincts of the city of Adelaide. A quiet amusement was theirs in watching the various phases of the new-comers, or, as the sailors and common people said, "*new chums*."

"Mamma," said the eldest daughter, "what do you think? I heard that young lady saying that the cockatoos sing; would it not be kind to tell her that the noise they make is about the furthest from song I ever heard, and much more resembles the cry of a lunatic than the voice of a bird?"

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Sullivan, "she looks a lady, and has behaved like one all the way, and when *Mr. Sullivan* comes on board we will see if she inclines

to come and see us, and then perhaps you might like a turn to hear the cockatoos in the bush and see how she succeeds with bread-making," etc.

So Margaret, quite satisfied, whispered the information to her two younger sisters.

Pardon us if, before we land our voyagers, we take one more glance at poor Patrick, whom we left under tender recollections at the beginning of the voyage, and also if we inquire what Harry and his bright Mary are thinking and planning, now that they feel they breathe the air of Australia, and are, as they say, "in another world."

"Harry, my boy," said Pat, "sorry I shall be intirely, if I do not see ye settled near me, for if the cannibals came to eat me, ye could answer for my age, and say I was old and tough, and may be they would not believe me nor Molly."

"Oh I will answer for your not being a chicken, never fear that," said Harry; "but as for cannibals there is nothing of that kind here!"

"Well," said Pat, "that may be originally, but as they be black and we white intirely, it might strike them to have a trial on us, and I shouldn't relish that much, nor Molly either. By the by Harry, it's my heart goes bump so quick at the thought of all the new things we'll be seeing, that I am sure it will work a hole in my side if it keeps on working so; why, anyhow, it's worse than sea-sickness, when I thought my heart was going overboard anyhow; and if it had, I am sure I should have had to jump after it."

"Well," said Mary, "I thought your heart was safe in Molly's keeping; it's highly improper for you to be taking care of what does not belong to you."

"Bless your heart alive, Mrs. Mary, ahone! it was only the sea-sickness that made it so lively; and Molly, who all along tould me she had no heart at all, for I had it intirely, she felt jist the same, bless her, and so she does now."

"Well," said Harry, "shall we bush it, Pat, or shall

we hire ourselves for a time, and then save a little and go farming?"

"Barrin' the work, I'd like farming first; but then, why it's little enough I have," said Pat: "my best coat, and I've only one, lost one of the tails the other day, and so Molly sewed on a piece of an old cloak; she says, if both tails were but one colour it would be better than afore. My shoes see daylight all through them like so many winders; so I'm thinking I'd like to be saving a few shiller afore I go into the wilderness."

"Well," said Harry, "it certainly seems very desirable for your wardrobe, if not for yourself, that you should do as I suggest; and though I cannot exactly say the same, as regards Mary and me, still we ought to be laying by before we spend, so I will look out as soon as we land for likely places."

This conversation took place about twelve o'clock one day; and the next morning, about five o'clock, the vessel was safely steered past the lightship and over the bar; after which the good ship waited, with all due politeness, for the inspection of Dr. Duncan.

As regards the emigrants and passengers, we shall select a few and follow them in their new career, stepping with them on shore and proceeding to civilized Adelaide. From thence we will take leave to conduct our readers into the bush, and leave them for a time to enjoy its novelty.

CHAPTER III.

BEING safely landed at the port, our friends found all kinds of conveyances waiting for their choice. During the time of the rush to the gold diggings, a man was scarcely to be seen at Port Adelaide; but the times we write of are some two or three years subsequent to this rush, when numbers of men were earning a good living by driving port carts, omnibuses, cabs, etc., at moderate fares.

"Why, bless yer heart!" cried Patrick, "there are two horses in that carriage, and if their tails and manes ain't set on jist the same manner intirely as in old England."

Pat's lucid remark was followed by a hearty laugh from the bystanders who heard it; and who assured him, if he would only look out, the dogs ran on four legs, and the cats had tails here as well as the horses.

Before we particularize the various destinations of the party from the poop, and also some of the emigrants, we would beg leave to introduce to our reader's attention scene the first, the *City of Adelaide;* and slightly glance at some of the notable objects in this fast-increasing metropolis. Our friends were surprised that, though English-looking, the houses at the port looked poor and unimportant; still they appeared comfortable, though somewhat too much in the neighbourhood of sand.

Two or three years later than the arrival of our emigrants, a railroad to Adelaide was completed, by which the movements of fresh comers have been greatly facilitated. Proceeding in various parties, our emigrants

were surprised to see everything looking so English. Though not equal to Melbourne, Adelaide is fast advancing on her heels, and many beautiful buildings have been erected in the last few years. Eleanor and her husband preferred, with some others, waiting in the ship for a few hours; but Jane Seymour and her brothers had no intention of abiding in the vessel when there was any chance of leaving it.

"Look," said Jane, "well, if there is not a street broad enough for several carriages to drive abreast; and as for shops, why my eyes are dazzled; plate-glass windows, handsome cornices, gilded ornaments—and what is that creature in bronze or gilt," cried she, "placed over a handsome-looking shop? Why, it's too big for a fox, too small for a deer, and it's sitting up on its tail and hind-legs, like a dog begging for its dinner."

"Oh," said little Charles, the youngest, "you must be blind. Read the words above, 'Kangaroo House,' and a very handsome kangaroo and a very nice shop it looks."

"Well," said Jane, "now I have seen one, what next?"

They proceeded through the various broad and handsome streets with much interest. There, in one street—King William Street—was the place or building which interests all new comers, namely, the General Post Office; and a very handsome one they thought it, though Government intend there should be a much handsomer one built shortly. Then, opposite, were all the Government offices, really fine buildings, well finished, and of white stone. The police station, close at hand, did not seem remarkable for its beauty. Amongst various other places, a large coaching establishment interested them, as they found that omnibuses ran from this place to all parts of the colony, where the roads were practicable. This was a comfort. Then, they looked at the handsome banks, and the Exchange, where so much business is transacted. Pursuing their course they noticed the long cab-stands, just like England. The further display of shops, the various inns and hotels,

and then Government House, a substantial handsome residence, situate in the midst of a walled garden. They then proceeded down North Terrace, saw the handsome Institute, the Destitute Asylum, the well built hospital, the beautiful Botanical Gardens, the Lunatic Asylum, etc., and returned by the York Hotel, and up Rundle Street, wondering at the diversity of the shops, the beauty of the goods displayed, and the elegance and taste exhibited. The elegant carriages and horses, the well and gaily dressed people, seemed quite to astonish them. Churches and chapels (some very handsome) they noticed also abounded. They afterwards took a trip to North Adelaide, where it is cooler, and where, situated on an eminence, stand many good houses, amongst them the Bishop's residence, a fine structure. They noticed also a good savings' bank, insurance offices, and very handsome club-house, jail, etc. Everything seemed English, and in fact, they could scarcely fancy themselves out of England. They arrived in the month of October, one of the most beautiful months in the year, the rains over, and the summer barely come, and all nature clothed with its brightest garb. The hills in the distance looked green and beautiful, and the heat at this season was only agreeable.

Mrs. Sullivan (who we before said was a merchant's lady residing in the neighbourhood of town) courteously invited Jane Seymour to her house; and as they intended resting for a few days, she gladly availed herself of the invitation. Daddy and his five little boys, from five to twenty-five, betaking themselves to a very comfortable boarding-house. Jane was astonished when she drove in Mrs. Sullivan's handsome carriage to her residence, and saw an elegant villa and beautiful garden, men and maid-servants answering to beck and call. She, like many, we may say most others, had formed a promiscuous and strangely confused idea of Australia; instead of expecting to see civilization and elegance in some parts, and all the roughness and uncivilization of the bush in others, it was all in her mind mixed up as a cook

mixes up the ingredients of a pudding, and by giving a friendly stir causes eggs, flour, sugar, lemon, butter, milk, all to coalesce together and form a whole. The cook's pudding succeeds; not so the ideas, all jumbled together—they never can be brought to act till properly separated and sorted. Jane's idea was that the country was all uncivilized, that you might by chance buy a bonnet or a smart dress, but that you would never want them; that all was rough, all was bush, all was totally different from what it really proved to be, and she now had to find that bush life and Adelaide life lay as widely different as London and some little village in the South Seas! In Adelaide she found almost anything could be had for money. As for bush life, we leave her to tell her own tale as to what she found it.

As Jane Seymour has taken you a tour of Adelaide and its grand streets, Mary and Harry Jones and Patrick O'Connor shall give you a bird's-eye view of their proceedings. Harry arranged that their small quantity of luggage should be brought up in a cart; they bargained with the driver to take them too for a small consideration.

"Now thin," said Pat, seating himself; "now thin Molly, jist teach that coat tail to behave itself, and jist put the black one on the top of the blue, so that folks may think that they are both alike."

Molly having attended to orders, adjusted herself, and Mary and Harry completed the group. Each owned a five-shilling piece, and Mary had a good stock of clothes; but how were they to begin the world? However, many had begun with less. It was quite early in the morning when they started, and arrived in Adelaide. To tell of Pat's wonderment and Molly's surprise would take up an entire book; suffice it to say, Pat's conclusion was this: "It was I that was desaved intirely in these foriners; there isn't a blacky among them."

Patrick O'Connor may take comfort in knowing that he is not alone in being, as he said, "desaved intirely." Harry suggested that, as their finances were somewhat

in a weak state, it would not be wise to encroach upon them, and advised taking the driver's suggestion of going straight to the labour office (particulars of which see at the end of this book), with a view to getting immediate employment, and, as Paddy said, "make their fortins."

"Arrah," said he, "my coat and I won't know each other. If I find myself anyways handy—which my mother said I was before I could speak—why, faith and sure it's to be dressed ilegantly, that I will be when I get the siller, and no mistake."

Most fortunately, Harry and Mary obtained immediately a capital situation. A gentleman, hearing of the freshly-arrived vessel, had come down to Adelaide in search of such a couple, and at once engaged them to return with him some distance up the country, though not far in the bush.

Poor Pat was stunned when he found he and his friends were going to be separated, and his expressions of regret were so strong, and his anxiety for employment so great, that it attracted the attention of the aforesaid gentleman.

"Well, my honest fellow," said Mr. W——, "and what sort of a situation do you want?"

"Well, bless yer honour, and sure enough I'd like whatever situation wants me. Mother always said I was handy at anything, and she was likely sure and faith to know, bless her."

"But," said the gentleman, "as she does not happen to be here to testify to all your virtues, tell us what you were last doing before you left England."

"Doing, your honour? why, Harry Jones can tell you that I was hard at work courting and marrying, and had to do it all, and find the girl, and a good one, too, in a week. And if that won't show your honour that I am quick at anything, why thin it isn't in Patrick O'Connor to tell ye."

"Well," said the gentleman, smiling, "certainly, if you are as quick at everything as you were at this, you

are worth something. At all events, I know some one who will try your powers. Your arms do not look very weak, and if it is as you say, you will be handy."

"All the saints bless ye!" said Pat; "hard work and Patrick O'Connor never fell out together, and it's not likely they'll be making a quarrel of it now, I'm thinking."

Pat was retreating, but, advancing a step or two again, and pulling at a lock of his long hair, by way of a bow, as if he intended to pull it out, he thus began—

"Your honour!"

"Well, Pat."

"Barrin' the liberty I am taking, would yer honour tell me if there are any cannibals in your neighbourhood?"

"*Camels?*" said the gentleman, "what does the fellow mean?" (not catching the word directly).

"Well, sir, I mean to say you've no blackies near as will make a meal of an honest feller because he's white, as it's the heart of Molly it would break intirely if she lost me."

The gentleman was vastly diverted, and remarked that others far better educated had made greater mistakes than honest Pat.

"But," said he, "my good fellow, there are enough opossums, and squirrels, and parrots about us to feed all the blacks for some years to come, before they think about eating you, so you need not fear."

A comfortable, roomy German waggon and good team of horses now drove up to the office. The gentleman told our friends to take their places, and to stow away their luggage. Pat said with a sigh—

"If your honour takes me he takes all my luggage; and it's lighter for the bastes to carry it if it is on my back, than if it were in boxes. The bundle we have is so small that Molly dropped it coming along, and it was scarcely the loss of its weight she felt."

Mary and Harry's wardrobe was a comfortable one, and they looked with wonder at the chests of tea, bags of sugar, boxes of soap, bags of rice, etc., etc., which this

gentleman had bought for himself previous to harvest-time. These stores were all packed in the waggon, and our friends packed in with them. The gentleman, mounting a horse, proceeded onward, leaving them to come at rather a slower pace.

Their road lay over the ranges, a good many miles the other side of Echunga, one of the prettiest and best roads in the colony. After proceeding a few miles they commenced mounting the hills. But commencing and finishing the ascent were two different things. However, the road was beautiful, smooth and broad—very widely different to what it was a few years ago, when the author took a journey in that direction, which will never be forgotten.

"Arrah!" said Pat, "why the Queen herself and the Lord Mayor's coach and horses might travel this road, though the osses would be for thinking they'd never finish climbing. To think that the blackies should make such ilegant roads for their carriages!"

"May be," said the good-tempered driver, "you're a little deceiving yourself, Master Pat, for the blackies would sooner run up a gum-tree any day than ride in a carriage, and I'll be blest if it's a stroke of work they ever would, or ever will do, on this road or any other either. Curling themselves up in a blanket, and watching the smoke travel up to the clouds, and making their lubras work, is pretty much their occupation, though there are some fine fellows amongst them, and a very few industrious ones, for all that."

Up, and up, and up the little party went, and now they had ascended the first range of hills. They turned to look on the magnificent prospect that lay behind, and, as it were, beneath them. There lay the city of Adelaide and its environs, a wide-spreading expanse. Little more than twenty years ago that plain was covered with trees, that city was one vast forest. And the few colonists who just pitched their tents on that spot, hung lamps in the branches of two or three trees at night, to prevent their being lost in finding each

other's huts. So different then to what it is now. The noble gum, the beautiful blackwood, and the wattle, all flourished in Hindley and Rundle Street. Where now there are pavements and macadamized streets, the tall grass waved so high that the cattle could not be seen when lying down at a distance, and the cockatoos shrieked and built their nests where gentlemen now walk the Exchange; while the rosella and the beautiful blue mountain-parrots flitted from tree to tree; and the curlew uttered its mournful cry at midnight in those very spots where at the same hour carriages are rumbling home from the theatre, and cabs and Hansoms are returning from White's Rooms, where a concert very different to that of birds has just ended.

Hard is it for the mind's eye thus to wander back, and picture noble forest trees standing in the same spot where now looks forth a milliner's shop that would not disgrace Bond Street; and where, instead of French and English finery commingled together, you would see the agile black notching the bark of some noble tree, springing from notch to notch, till a hundred feet or more above earth he grasps an opossum by its tail, and, pulling him out of his hole, descends with the alacrity of lightning. Such is life, and such was life, as thousands of colonists can testify.

It has been the author's good fortune to be intimately acquainted with some of the first colonists who arrived in South Australia, and to hear their adventures. One lady, now in England, recounted to the writer the first beginnings of Government House. She happened to be one of the circle; a tent was pitched for some of the party, seeing there was only the shadow of a house in the distance, and little yet of the substance had appeared; at all events, there was nothing like room for all. The people in this tent wanted to eat as well as others, but what was there to eat, and how was it to be cooked? A gentleman undertook to kill a sheep, a second to cut it up, and a lady in white kid gloves fried

what she could of it. They had to divide about three knives and a-half and four plates between the whole party; all sitting round the frying-pan, making a dip after reinforcements when so inclined. The dust at night blew into the tents to that degree that a housemaid's broom would have been called into requisition to make features discernible.

We may at a future time amuse our readers with some of the first sorrows of the colony, but we think Patrick and Molly are waiting till we return to them, and we fear their patience will be somewhat exhausted. Mount Lofty Range is very beautiful, and the foliage of the trees in many parts very fine. A spot half way between Echunga and Adelaide, called "Crafer's Inn," is very picturesque, though not so much so as formerly. Here the charioteer rested his horses and himself, as Pat said, "not before it was wanted," after rather more than ten miles of climbing.

After half an hour's rest they proceeded, and found the beauty of the road increase, houses and cottages being dotted here and there, while on each side rose tall and gigantic trees. They noticed many of the wild flowers that were staying to bid a lingering farewell to winter. The magnificence of these beautiful flowrets must be seen to be understood. They die as soon as summer comes on, but towards the end of winter the *Tiers* (that is what in England would be called forests), are perfectly splendid with them! Sometimes for a mile the writer has seen, as far as the eye could reach, one mass of the deepest crimson, interspersed with white and pink flowers. Further on, rose colour or very pale pink would be the hue, lying like a carpet under magnificent trees and brushwood. The plant referred to would be called by the passer-by a *heath*, but it is not its true name; the botanical name is *Epacris*.

The native fuchsias are in great variety, and very lovely; one that is often called the Lezetafolia is pink, tipped with the richest crimson and yellow.

There is another plant that makes great show in the

bush, having something ethereal in its form, and very much like a small butterfly, pink and white, with a long humming-bird's tongue. Mary begged she might linger a moment to gather a nosegay, that might have adorned with grace the most elegant saloon.

A cry all of a sudden was heard from Pat, and all rushed to the place. "Well," said he, "if I haven't found the creature itself that just desaved our first parent, Eve. It's the same, the identical same, as I have heard tell of, and that I should find him in Australia."

How far it was the same that was identical with Eve is, perhaps, best left; but true enough Pat had found an enormous snake, wound up, and rather torpid. The waggoner quickly finished the poor fellow with the butt-end of his whip, doubtless greatly to his dismay, and afterwards remarked that it was not of a very venomous nature, and would rather avoid people than get in their way.

"Oh," said Pat, "would that he had avoided our dear mother Eve, and sure and faith I'd never have half the troubles I now bear, and I never should have had to work by the sweat of my brow."

The waggoner was a thoughtful fellow, and, though somewhat amused, said: "I fear, Master Pat, that if the serpent had avoided Eve, Eve would not have avoided the serpent; and my opinion is we all take after her, for we are continually running into what we should avoid, instead of going straight ahead and keeping out of its way."

They continued their journey, delighted with all they saw. The views were splendid—hills, wooded as far as the eye could reach. They arrived at a bridge near Walland's public-house, a spot noted for its beauty. The Onkaparinga is the pretty river you cross, and certainly it is one of the spots that reminds of England; its well-wooded banks, the peculiar colour of the water, the way in which it meanders, are very pleasing to the eye. Four miles further and they arrived at the pretty

village of Echunga. It boasts two good inns, a good schoolhouse, a pretty church, a chapel, and some extensive vineyards and gardens. This village is in the route to Macclesfield, Strathalbyn, and other places, and has a good deal of traffic, being passed through by some travellers who go to the Murray and Melbourne. Its neighbourhood is lovely, and the town itself very like an English village. The people are far from wealthy, but many of them very comfortably off.

It is worth while here to speak slightly of the Echunga gold diggings, which are only about two miles from that village. They are extremely picturesque, lying on each side the road, and large forest trees and scrub are scattered in every direction. Some time ago these diggings were very remunerative, though nothing equal to Ballarat and other Victorian diggings. A large number of men, however, took out licences and worked out their claims, and many of them were very fortunate. For about two miles on each side the road nothing is to be seen but heaps of yellow earth and holes; the whole ground is a far deeper colour than the freshest gravel in England. Some beautiful nuggets have been found, and a good bit of surface gold, but now the precious mineral is only rarely found, save in very small nuggets and particles, and the men often barely earn regular wages. A quartz-crushing machine, which was erected at very great expense, proved an entire failure. Various companies, however, are now at work to discover, if possible, the quartz reef where the gold is to be found in larger quantities. Great hopes are entertained of its success. Some very pretty specimens of what are called native diamonds or crystals are occasionally found by the digger.

Our travellers had yet a few miles further to go before they finally settled, and Pat said "every inch of him ached intirely," and he thought "the next time he *rode* he should *walk*." The waggoner, hearing this, laughed, and said he would be cleverer than any Englishman if he could do the two things at once.

"Well," said Pat, "I'm sure it's not after desaving me that you'd be, but it strikes me we're very much like folks who are going to the moon, or maybe to the stars, for if ye go much furder I reckon the road will stop altogether."

"Have patience," said the man; "half an hour will see us home."

Half an hour did bring them to the desired haven, and the horses were not sorry to be eased of their load. The master, who had arrived home long before, came out with a smiling face, while inside the house (a substantial brick edifice) might be seen a smiling housewife, busying herself in preparing tea; for she had lost her former servant, and was waiting with some expectation for the new arrival.

Mary was to be indoor servant and her husband outdoor, and they were to have a detached kitchen and room for themselves. Mary was to have ten shillings a week, her husband twenty shillings, in addition to their rations, including candles, soap, etc. Molly and Pat were to go to a neighbouring farmer's, for whom the gentleman had acted who had hired Harry and Mary Jones.

"Now thin, now thin, Molly," said Pat, "drop your most ilegant curtsey to the lady; maybe she'll give us a bite and a soupe afore we go to our own place."

Whether the curtsey took, or whether the kind heart would have suggested it without the curtsey, need not be inquired into; but, at all events, the whole party were seated to a comfortable and luxurious tea, "fit," as Pat said, "for the Queen herself." Having done justice to the fare provided, Pat tugged at his mop of hair by way of obeisance and thanks, and being kindly invited to come over on a Sunday and see the Joneses, he went off with Molly as happy as a prince. Mary found her mistress kind, obliging, and willing to teach, and as she was ready to learn, she felt she had an excellent place and good prospects, and that with their

joint wages they might soon be able to lay by a snug little sum to begin life for themselves.

Having safely deposited both these parties, we will return to Jane Seymour and her promising regiment of brothers, and transport them to their abode; and, having followed Eleanor Dingle and her husband, with other parties, to their several homes, we will then return and inquire as to the progress and happiness of the various individuals who have figured at the commencement. We flatter ourselves that by this means the reader will be able to become better acquainted with "life as it is" in Australia, and will see clearly the different prospects that open to various settlers. The writer would have given a large sum to have had the information before starting that was acquired years after. Libraries were searched, friends were solicited for books, advertisements were carefully investigated, but no practical work on South Australia could be found, and the amount of information concerning Adelaide very much centered in the pleasing information that "dust and mosquitoes both abounded."

But to return to Jane Seymour and her family; they were determined to bush it, and Jane would have been really sorry if she had known she was not to have done so. Mr. Seymour purchased at a Government land sale two sections of land, containing about 160 acres, at thirty shillings per acre. The land was utterly unimproved, and heavily wooded; but contained a self-formed plain, where the timber was somewhat sparse, and where they purposed to camp pending the erection of suitable buildings. As the weather was fine the boys looked forward to this outdoor life with pleasure, declaring it would be "quite jolly."

Their nearest post town would be Port Elliot on the Goolwa, but these were many miles off; they were to travel on the road to Port Elliot for about fourteen miles, and then branch off into the bush—as Jane said, the fairies knew where. The land required to be cleared and fenced before it could even be ploughed.

As Mr. Seymour declared he could not afford to pay for improvements, his boys must make them themselves; consequently they were to busy themselves in the bush for at least a twelvemonth before they stirred. A horse was bought for Jane, and one for her father. Another was bought for the joint use of her five brothers. Jane laughingly declared the fifth would have a poor seat, and she did not envy the fourth; but the truth was this, that the lads were to accompany the waggon, and get a lift at times; and therefore with a horse they could manage very well, and Mr. Seymour prudently observed he should like to have some money coming in before he had more going out. For the carriage of the luggage a dray with a team of fine strong bullocks was bought. The outfit was purchased in town. Blankets, kitchen utensils, pannikins, tents, implements for work, ploughs and harrows, some rough chairs and a table, with some few other things, form a bush settler's equipment. A colonial sofa as a luxury was added. Perhaps no piece of furniture was ever so widely used as colonial sofas; it may be from the want of using eyes, but at all events an exactly similar piece of furniture has never been seen by the writer in England. The colonial sofa is better than a common stump-bedstead, not so good as a real sofa, but answering the purpose of one thing by day and another by night. It is generally made of common wood, and does not boast elastic seats, as hard boards are not soft to recline on, even when cushioned. We, however, strongly recommend to all bush-settlers the colonial sofa as indispensable.

The dray started with the brothers, it being arranged that Jane and her father should follow the next day, as bullocks never kill themselves by travelling too fast. Bullocks have their own peculiar little views and habits. There are leaders and polers, and probably middle men when six or eight are needed. Habit becomes the second nature of bullocks. The writer remarked one day to a man who had six bullocks, and was lamenting he he could not work them, "Why in the world cannot you

use four instead of six?" "For this reason," said he, "I've only two polers amongst them," meaning those who are next the cart, "and the leaders would not take the work at all. And one of the polers is the animal I have lost."

New comers have had many a time to lament their ignorance of this simple fact in purchasing teams and not trying them first; besides which, it is not every one that can drive bullocks, for bullocks know as well the people that do not know them, as a child does when he is sure of mastery. Bullock-driving is an Australian accomplishment, and the very terms used to them must be learnt. The stranger when he first hears the driver's loud shout, expects the bullocks to stop; but no, they go forward. Presently, when he hears a sound that induces him to suppose they are to press forward, he sees them all come to a dead halt. Indeed a peculiar vocabulary of sounds and of words belongs to Australian bullock-driving. This subject has been the more dwelt upon, as in the bush, in some districts, particularly where it is hilly, horses are seldom used either in waggons or the plough; therefore this information may be serviceable to those who have perhaps never dreamt of employing anything but horses.

But oh who shall describe the necessity for care in buying horses, especially for ladies; who shall guard the new comer against all the little tricks to impose upon him a bucking or a jibbing horse? Bucking is said to be a Sydney accomplishment too quickly learnt and spread, like all other bad habits. A great many horses frequently require to be tried before one can be found fairly to face a hill, and yet all warranted staunch to the collar. Sometimes a horse will take you very kindly half way up an ascent, and then thinking he has done his part, he either turns right round or gently backs himself and you down again; and of course if he upsets you, as he generally does, he cannot help it. To see a horse buck must be seen to be believed; some horses prop, which is a species of the before-mentioned accom-

plishment, but not so bad. A real bucker has been known to send girths, saddle, and man over his head, without ever breaking a strap; generally speaking, they send the man flying and burst the girths. Some of the natives are magnificent riders, and can even sit these creatures. They quite beat Europeans in their horsemanship. The mention of one not unfrequent trick amongst Australian horses must not be omitted, namely that of throwing themselves on the ground, and refusing to move; the plan in such cases is to put horses or bullocks before him with chains, and so drag the horse a little way till he becomes tired. Sometimes even these means are ineffectual.

There are many as good (if not as handsome) horses to be had in South Australia as in England, but new comers are always in danger of being taken in. Only very recently a gentleman who considered himself a judge was thus deceived, to his sorrow, and flung from one side of Hindley Street to the other by a buck jumper.

Jane Seymour's horse had been properly educated, and knew how to carry a lady, though its canter would not perhaps have been thought perfection in Rotten Row. Mr. Seymour was also fortunate, for not trusting to himself he accepted the kindly volunteered advice of an experienced colonist.

Having taken leave of her kind friends, Jane Seymour mounts her promising nag, and Mr. Seymour accompanies her. They sally forth to meet their bush fate! The road to Willunga is as good a road as that to Mount Barker, only it is comparatively level after ascending Tapley's Hill, about a mile in length. The road is studded on the wayside with cottages and farmhouses. You also pass through several small townships, and there is no bush; nearly all the land is cultivated, and what is not cultivated is used for grazing land. Willunga, from the Adelaide road, is pretty, and there is a good inn guarding the entrance to invite all weary travellers to repose. Jane did not feel disinclined to

alight after a thirty-mile ride, and her horse did not seem to regret losing its fair burden.

They, after tea, took a stroll and inspected what there was to be seen. Willunga was one of the most beautifully situated townships in Australia, noble gum-trees being scattered here and there, and a lovely view of the sea in the distance. Unfortunately, however, for the picturesque, the heart of the township, which was not sold, has lately come into the market, and been cut up into a number of small pieces, with miserable little houses upon them, while all the trees have been cut down, and ugly posts and rail fences now enclose the patches. There is a pretty Roman Catholic church and an ugly English one; a very large Methodist chapel, two good inns, a recently built institute, a telegraph-office, freemasons' hall, other smaller chapels, and a few good shops. The township is within six miles of Port Aldinga and the sea, and, though rather *status quo*, may be considered flourishing. It must be rather an unhealthy place, as three doctors thrive upon the ailments of the people.

Early next morning, Jane and her father rose to proceed on their journey. The weather was lovely, bright and warm without being hot. They ascended the hill which took them to what is called Stony Point, from which one of the most beautiful panoramic views meet the eye that can be imagined. The magnificent sea view in the distance; the plain here and there studded with trees; the pretty farm-houses dotted about with their farmyards and haystacks; Willunga, whose houses nestle together below at the very base of the hills;—all these constitute a really fine panorama. Many a time has the writer gazed in rapture on this magnificent view of sea and land. The telegraph wire is very obliging, and gives its company to the traveller all the way to Port Elliot, and seeing that there is scarce a hut to be seen on the road, its companionship is not to be scorned. Many a time has the author traversed this road for miles without seeing a human being. It lays through scrub,

is pretty in some parts, but as bad as the other roads we have described are good. The road is covered with stumps hidden by the sand, and your horses are for ever stumbling and threatening your neck and their knees.

Jane was delighted with all she saw, and wild with spirits. There is one little inn, or resting house, half way, called the Square Waterhole, and, rather tired with her previous day's journey, Jane alighted to rest herself.

After a short delay, Jane and her father again mounted their nags, who seemed rather astonished at moving so soon. They proceeded some miles through dust and low brushwood rather uninteresting.

It is not to be supposed that they were trusting to the direction of fairies, but Mr. Seymour had accompanied a friend to view the section, or block of land before he bought it, and with some care was able to find his way. He perceived the track of heavy wheels just where he believed he ought to turn off. He turned off accordingly, but unfortunately he was unaccustomed to "bush tracks," and soon wandered from that which he ought to have followed.

Our travellers proceeded some miles through interminable scrub, till they became uneasy, as their horses could scarce push their way through the wattle-trees, much less could the waggon do so.

"Father, are we lost?" was Jane's earnest question.

"Well, my child, we are not in the track I intended, and the sun is getting low."

Jane's lips quivered and her cheek blanched, but no other sign or sound of fear escaped the brave girl.

"Courage, father," she said, "perhaps we can retrace our steps."

"I have heard much," said Mr. Seymour, "of the intense difficulty of new comers keeping to tracks. I was offered a guide, but I scorned it, and now I see my folly."

"Are the boys safe, father?" was the girl's brief question.

"I do not doubt it, my girl, as the driver lives a few miles off, and is well acquainted with all parts of the bush round here."

"How many miles," said Jane, "have we come since we left the road?"

"Judging," said her father, "by the pace we travelled before, and my watch, we must have come between eight and nine miles, but the first two were in the right direction."

"Well, father, I think that my eyes are better than yours, and I believe, dry as is the ground, I can discern the horses' footsteps all the way back;" and so saying, Jane jumped off, took up her riding-habit, and began her scrutiny. "Follow me," she said.

Jane had always been laughed at by her brothers for having such a peculiar tenacity, as they said, of sight and sound, and had been told that she would have done well for some Indian chief's squaw; but she little thought that this acquirement of hers would save her own and her father's life. Scarcely drawing her breath, she took each step with the greatest care. The dry leaves crumpled under her feet at every step, and rendered tracing the horses' track tenfold more difficult, and apparently almost impossible; but here and there a bough had been bent in passing, and this assisted her. Presently she came to soil where the hoofs were really discernible, and in this way she trod many weary miles with a mind full of the greatest anxiety.

"Father, will you know where we started wrong?" said the girl, suddenly turning round.

"I believe," said he, "a large native cherry-tree stands where two tracks meet, and we took the wrong."

After pursuing another weary mile, the cherry-tree appeared where two tracks went right and left; now her heart revived.

"I believe, father, we shall be saved now from being lost in the bush; but now I see the two tracks I should

scarcely have noticed we were going wrong, had I been here before."

Once more Jane remounted her horse, inspired by fresh hopes of success, and after pursuing their way cautiously for three or four miles, voices were heard in the distance, and Jane joyfully exclaimed,

"I am sure I heard Dick's laugh."

Neither Jane nor her father were at present sufficiently colonized to attempt the celebrated Australian "Co-o-e," which resounds for miles over the bush when properly shouted out, and which has been the means of saving many a lost traveller in the wilderness.

Putting their horses to a smart canter, they soon arrived within sight of a busy scene. Tents were up, bullocks unyoked, packages lying about, men shouting to each other, and above all things a fire outside and a kettle steaming away in style, evidently waiting in anxious expectation of the travellers' arrival. Jane uttered a scream of delight, and all her brothers in another minute were at her side. Then followed an account of their exploits on each side.

"We have baked some dampers," said they, "in the ashes, and they are splendid."

"Ah, but," Jane said, "you shall see what I can produce in the way of bread, and then away with damper."

Jane was delighted with everything; her bright spirits never failed to comfort every one around her. Oh that happy bush tea, which so many English ladies would have thought so dismal; two spoons were merrily passed from cup to cup to stir the tea, or, to speak more correctly, from cup to pannikin, for Jane would not have much crockery. And then that charming damper, and that large half-gallon teapot, which she could hardly lift; then the night's rest to those weary limbs, how sweet though in a tent in the bush; and that evening hymn of thankfulness that rose so sweetly and was borne on the breeze to tell that God was not forgotten even in that lone wilderness! Did not those words of gratitude

enter the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth, and did He not behold with love that lone family? Having now conducted you to Jane Seymour's resting-place, we will leave her for a short time, and return to accompany Eleanor Dingle and her husband to their home in the new world.

CHAPTER IV.

HAVING accompanied some of our friends to their place of destination, we leave them to realize real bush life and all its varieties; we now intend to pursue the history of our gentle friend Eleanor Dingle, and her husband, and ascertain what semi-bush life was found by them to be. That is, they were not inclined to rough it as Mr. Seymour did, neither did they wish to be near Adelaide; and therefore it was a life between the two, and one which may fall to the lot of a large class of respectable emigrants. Having landed and proceeded to town, the Dingles took up their quarters for two or three days at Morecome's Temperance Hotel. They were anxious to hear and see a little about the country before they invested their small property. Mr. Dingle was of opinion that it would be better if possible to hire some small farm on right of purchase, which he found was frequently done. He concluded it would be better to save his small capital to work the land, than to bury all his money in buying the ground, and then fail for lack of means to till it. He fortunately met with an individual whose advice could be depended upon, and who lived in the district of Mount Barker, about twenty miles from Adelaide. He gladly accepted this person's invitation to ride up with him and inspect two or three farms in that neighbourhood. He selected one which had a lease of five years to run, and could be bought at the end of that time if the tenant desired. It had a four-roomed and comfortable cottage upon it, good sheds for horses, straw, etc., and yards where cattle might be driven in, or cows

milked. There was a running stream through the year (how many new comers see a beautiful creek after the rainy season, and forget to inquire whether it runs when it ceases to rain), a garden of nearly two acres stocked with valuable fruit-trees, and an eighty-acre section of cultivated land, besides a small paddock adjoining the house. Mr. Dingle felt it was a small farm, but the rent was moderate. The land was all fenced and everything ready to hand at forty pounds a year; and there was a run outside which would enable him to turn out a few head of cattle or horses free of expense; he would also be within reach of Mount Barker township, to sell his farm and garden produce—a matter of some importance. The outgoing tenant was willing to sell his ploughs, harrows, horses, etc., at a reasonable rate, and this circumstance much influenced Mr. Dingle in deciding to take the farm. He further found that a thickly-wooded section close to his own farm had been purchased by a man who was too lazy to clear it, and who was willing to let Mr. Dingle have the timber for sale provided he would clear and grub up the trees; and furthermore, if Mr. Dingle would fence it he should have the piece of ground rent free for two years, and at a low rent for the third. This offer was closed in with immediately, for though Farmer Dingle had known little of rough work, he was not afraid of shaking hands with it if necessary; and he felt glad and thankful that he had the prospect of making his way in the new country. Eleanor understood a dairy, and butter and milk sold well, therefore all seemed right.

Upon his return, Eleanor was delighted with the account of everything. Though her spirits were not as buoyant as our friend Jane's, who was cast in a sunny mould, yet she made her husband's home bright by the reflection of her own happiness.

Mr. Dingle had arranged to take a return waggon for himself and his effects, as they were rather more cumbrous than poor Pat's. Eleanor busied herself in various little preparations; they had brought out with them

a good many useful things and a chest of drawers, they purchased a few common chairs, a table, a colonial sofa, etc., and having packed themselves and their boxes and furniture in a comfortable four-horse dray, they sallied forth to meet their fortunes.

As we have before said, the ship arrived in the month of October, one of the loveliest in the year, as the crops are gathered in during December and January. Mr. Dingle had to take those standing on the farm at a valuation. Of course the seasons this side the world are entirely reversed, and the new comer finds it very difficult to look for the waving corn and ripe barley at Christmas, instead of the dazzling snow and hoar frost of the mother country. It seems strange for a new comer to find that his goose would almost cook in the mid-day sun, instead of nearly freezing on its road from the kitchen to the parlour; the blazing fire no longer thought of and—but we are forestalling our history, and as our emigrants will have to pass many a Christmas in the new world, we leave them to describe the particulars of the season at their leisure and our convenience.

During the voyage Mr. Dingle had become acquainted with an honest fellow of the name of Curtson, who had been accustomed to farming in England; and though farming in Devonshire and farming in Australia have very many diversities between them, yet English agriculture well carried out will always answer in any of these colonies. It is true, clearing land, grubbing up and girdling trees, etc., are somewhat new work. The ground requires less artificial help, and instead of frost and snow, excess of rain and excess of heat have to be combatted with; but a good farmer or farming man in England can always make his land pay far better than a slovenly one, or than the man who only begins husbandry this side the seas. Curtson had been long under a good master, and was well versed in his calling. Mr. Dingle engaged him for a twelvemonth at twenty-five shillings a week and his rations. Eleanor declined for the present having any assistance; she was well aware her

husband's resources would not survive too great pressure, and she resolved to work as long as she could, though not accustomed to do everything for herself. The route to their new home, at which they arrived safely and pleasantly, pursued the Echunga Road (before described) for about fifteen miles, and then took a branch road to the left. On first seeing her abode, Eleanor uttered a cry of delight; instead of all the roughness she expected, all looked clean, pretty, and homely. The woodbine and the rose peeped in quite impertinently at the neat casement windows, almost like her own dear home. The house was built of cob, an Australian compound of mud, sand, straw, and water, and the white-wash brush had given the whole a most tidy appearance; two chimneys gave evidence that fireplaces were to be found inside, and a nice thatched roof promised cool days in summer and warm ones in winter; a neat wooden verandah ran round the back of the house, and formed a convenient spot for depositing various kitchen appurtenances. The plums were hanging thick on the trees, the standard apricots bore their share of fruit (though this district does not suit them as well as other localities). A very vigorous squeaking was set up by two very respectable-looking black pigs, in a very neat pigstye; and three tractable-looking cows, as Eleanor remarked, not looking in the least ferocious, presented their respects to the new comers by uttering a very modest little bellow.

"Well," said Eleanor, "I shall not grieve any more about what I have left; I shall only think what I have around me now. And how happy my friends would be to see me so comfortable."

She peeped into the rooms, and really there was quite a pretty sitting-room; actually the walls papered (was there ever such a thing known?), the windows and doors painted, and a neat fire-place!

It appeared, however, that she was not to be left in quite undisturbed possession of the premises! A black cat, who had evidently learnt that "possession was nine-

tenths of the law," looked at Eleanor when she entered, but never offered to move an inch; but when she advanced into the room, it rose up on its legs, screwed its back into the form of half a crinoline-hoop, and uttered a sound very much like the hiss of a disappointed politician, when the opposing member numbers some forty more votes than his favourite man.

Eleanor superintended the unpacking of all their worldly goods, and surveyed with delight their arrangement in her new home. The sofa was to be in the sitting-room, and was to tell no stories of having to work by night as well as day. The little table was put in the keeping-room, the strong, large table was allotted to the kitchen, some strong forms were used for meals, and the chairs graced the parlour. Then how many thoughts revived, as Eleanor unpacked the chest of drawers stationed in the front bed-room. There was the family Bible, carefully wrapt up, that the dear old Scotch minister had bestowed as a parting gift; *that* was to be used every day. Then there was dear Granny's gift—a bright, serviceable, handsome teapot—that was to stand on the cupboard (yes, the parlour had a cupboard), and it was to smile on all beholders. Then there was the pretty tea-service Brother John had given her, and the nice tea-caddy Sister Mary had bestowed. And then—what came next? What does she hold in her hands with jealous care? What is it she unveils with something akin to devotion? One slight covering after another is withdrawn, and she holds her breath, as she gazes on what meets her eye. It is her mother's picture! A mother, as we said before, not on earth, but, as she humbly trusted, in heaven. And that dear face must preside over her new home in that far-distant land. And as she hastens with reverent love to place that portrait in the most honoured place, she breathes a prayer that her mother's spirit may hover round her, even if she knows it not.

Leaving Eleanor Dingle and her husband comfortably settled in their new home, we will prepare to follow

some of our other friends to their various localities, and then take a return trip, and visit our various settlers, making inquiries how the world has fared with them since last we met. Mr. and Mrs. Farling, it will be remembered, were amongst the poop passengers, all their interest being concentrated in linen, silks, cotton, etc. The wise man considered that, as he had never seen a tree above half a dozen times since his mother first called him her son, that the bush or even the country would not be the place to suit him, nor he to suit it! He had no yearnings for "dewy meads," and romantic forests, and spring flowers. No, not even when in jackets and frills. He liked the city, liked accounts, and liked the name of business. He was early sent to a suitable school, and as early as possible had been removed from it, and stuck upon a tall stool opposite a high desk, to learn book-keeping thoroughly! Mr. Farling had stuck to business very much like a limpet does to a rock in a storm, inasmuch as it seemed impossible for the two to part company. And when Daddy was taken away from the cares and troubles of life, Mr. F. found himself in a comfortable and prosperous condition. He had, spite of all his business engagements, found time to marry, which was a matter of wonderment to his business friends. Their opinion was, that his ledger and his net profits so absorbed his heart, that there was no room for anything else to obtain the smallest resting-place in it. They were somewhere about correct; for as to having left room for a roving affection in his heart, he would have been almost as much dismayed if he had felt five hundred pounds were laying resting themselves without being turned to account. But, like everything else, he performed his courting (or, rather, got through it) with the smallest possible waste of time, and the greatest advantage to himself. The want of a wife was only urged upon his attention by the loss of a most valuable housekeeper—cross as two sticks, sour as a bottle of the best vinegar, but one who clung to the stuff, and made the most of nothing. After this irre-

parable loss, at the very nick of time, an old merchant died, and left a small but secure property to a one-eyed daughter. It happened to be that she lived just close to the coffee-house where (be it whispered) Mr. Farling sometimes indulged in reading a newspaper, and taking a slight refreshment. It occurred to him that if he only once set on foot the courting, that instead of going to the coffee-house he could get a paper, and spend the same half-hour with his beloved—thus, in reality losing no additional time.

Mrs. Farling (that was to be) did not say "no," because she thought it was her last and only opportunity of saying "yes," and, being also a shrewd manager herself, she was quite an acquisition. The courting took about three weeks longer than Pat's, and was then finished up in due form at church. Mrs. Farling had relations in Adelaide, who had made considerable fortunes in business, and after sundry efforts (very much like trying to move St. Paul's itself) she persuaded Mr. F. to purchase (through his friends) a lucrative business in Adelaide, just about being given up by the former proprietor. We are quite sure that our readers will feel certain that Mr. Farling was never fit to encounter "life in the bush," and that had he seen a wallaby or a kangaroo he would probably have fled as from a lion or tiger. A man such as we have described, could not with any propriety be placed amidst the screams of the cockatoos and the bewildering notes of the laughing jackasses. That there were such things he believed, but that he never intended to see them was equally certain. He intended to remain secure from all intrusion about the centre of Adelaide, and in his handsome shop to realize all his long-treasured ideas of making a fortune. His well-stocked windows evidenced taste and capital; and we leave him for a time with his better half, thankful they have saved us the trouble of accompanying them a lengthened trip into the country.

We would here, however, make a slight digression, for the comfort of those who are but very small capi-

talists, and who may have no opportunity of as quickly jumping into a good business as our friend Mr. Farling. The author knew a young man whose history gives as fair an account of what industry will do as any that can be met with. He was brought up in a general shop, or rather brought up to understand that business. He had extremely small means, and could look for no assistance. He was in the country, about thirty miles from Adelaide, and he commenced a very small *store* (as shops in the country are called there) in a shed or barn. He had nothing in the way of apartments, but used to roll himself up in a snug corner at night in blankets. He soon found his business increasing. He gave it his whole attention, and never neglected the slightest chance of enlarging his connection. He kept turning over his small capital till he could afford a regular shop; he then, after two or three years, took a larger one, and married an industrious young woman in the neighbourhood. Still doing all the work himself in a large business, he continued thriving for years, greatly respected, and the original proprietor of the store in the barn is, perhaps, as substantially well off as most men in Australia. His history verifies the truth of that noted saying, "Perseverance conquers all things."

You will remember young Mr. Ryan, of hopeful memory, with slight boots, silver-headed cane, and, as the boys say in this part of the world, a handsome bell-topper high black hat. He was without many bad points, but most deficient in general information, especially as regards the locality to which he was bound. His destination was to a sheep station no very great distance from Mount Gambier, one of the coolest, most fertile, and most beautiful parts of the colony. Upon inquiry he found that a small steamer left Adelaide once a fortnight for Guichen Bay, and that, though he could proceed overland with a few days' travelling, it would be far less trouble to go by sea, and then take a horse for the rest of the journey. Mr. Ryan and his luggage went on board the little steamer, which behaved better than most

little steamers do. The captain did all in his power to be obliging, and the vessel did the same by carrying her freight to its destination in about fourteen hours. Upon Mr. Ryan's landing, he went to an inn or boarding-house, and was very comfortably lodged. Robetown and Guichen Bay townships join. The roads about are sandy, but the country very pleasant and the climate always temperate, so that in the middle of summer blankets are not dispensed with at night, and great-coats are quite in requisition if the wind blows. Wild-fowl, fish, and cray-fish, abound, and it is a most agreeable summer residence. Mr. Ryan was delighted to think that at present he was within reach of civilization, and could have a good beefsteak, cooked English fashion, and bread instead of dampers, which last-mentioned articles were his dread almost as much as wild cattle.

Next day, having secured a steed, Mr. R. pursued his journey, leaving all his wardrobe to come by a bullock dray that was to follow. Arrived at the station (which, by the way, but for a guide he would never have found had he lived to be ninety), he presented himself at what appeared the front door of a very substantial though roughly-built house. He thought it very shocking that there was no knocker or bell-wire to pull, and, distressed at his own vulgarity, he gave the genteelest rat, tat, tat which his before-mentioned English riding-whip could produce. He expected a polite-looking servant to open the door (as he knew his uncle was a man of wealth), but to his astonishment a man, nay a gentleman, opened the door, in a serge blouse and moleskin inexpressibles, and hands somewhat impertinently browned by the sun.

"Why, uncle, it's *you*," was Mr. Ryan's first salutation.

"Then I am to call you nephew," said the good man, "I suppose, for they sent me word you were coming; but you have grown inches out of all remembrance. And, bless me, why I am not fit to shake hands with *you—I shall soil* your gloves; and really, there's so

much dust about me—for I have just been among a mob of cattle—that I shall make your fine black coat and trousers look as if they belonged to a miller."

"I hope they're not wild cattle near here," modestly interrupted the young man, without attending to the other part of his speech.

"Not wild, boy! why, bless me, what do you think creatures are likely to be, brought up since they were calves in the bush, and never seeing men's habitations excepting once, when they all had a red hot iron applied to their sides, and you won't suppose that left a pleasing impression, do you? Why you've just come in time—they're a mob of the wildest cattle we ever yarded; and if it was not a precious large and strong place, not one should we have kept in. They are off to-morrow morning to a neighbouring squatter's, who is going to take them down with some black fellows, and we just wanted another hand to get them over."

"Do they rush, uncle?" said the young man; "I shouldn't like to have a poke."

"Well, my boy, I don't suppose they'll be satisfied with one rush at you, nor three either. Never fear, only for goodness sake let them have something to poke at stronger than those fine cloth trousers. Why, they'll reach your skin in a minute."

"Uncle," said the young man, nearly petrified, "wouldn't my riding-whip keep them off?"

This was too much for the uncle, and he fairly roared at his nephew's expense.

"Bless you," said he, "you'll have to carry and crack a stock-whip some yards long, and some weight, too, I can tell you, my boy! I can lend you a bush jumper and a pair of moleskins, though by the by they'll be half a yard from your ankles, but that doesn't matter a bit. There is also an old cabbage-tree hat, that belonged to one of the black fellows, you can have."

Poor Mr. Ryan was not comforted with the state of things, and began to feel very much as Pat had done at first, namely, "that he had ever crassed the water;"

but it was too late to repent, and he did not like to show the white feather more than he possibly could help. Still it was very dreadful to die in such an ignominious manner as he feared he should. His uncle was a gentleman, though he shone like a jewel does in the midst of a load of rubbish. The elder Mr. Ryan had married the daughter of a wealthy squatter, who was well brought up, but at the same time was used to the bush, and liked it.

Though Mr. Ryan had a rough appearance at first, his house was not rough in its arrangements. A handsome piano stood in the sitting-room, which was well furnished. A good sideboard was in the dining-room, and chairs, table, and handsome window-curtains and carpet. The bed-rooms were also well appointed. There were also various out-buildings belonging to the station. There was what is called the bachelor's hall, set apart for the different gentlemen who are continually travelling, and claim a night's lodging and the hospitalities of the house. Then there was the servants' hut —a comfortable wooden house, in compartments, where a man and his wife lived, who were servants at the station, and into which any wayfaring men seeking a night's lodging and refreshment were taken. Some distance further on was a neatly-built house for an overseer, and the stock, yards, stables, etc., filled up the rest of the establishment.

Under the overhanging weight of the morrow's duties, it will not be wondered at by our readers if Mr. Ryan eat little and slept less. Dreams of wild cattle disturbed what little repose he found. A mother's tears in fancy bedewed his face, to think her son should be in such imminent peril of life and limb. And just as the horns of a bullock are about being parried by his riding-whip, he is unceremoniously aroused with a loud rap, and his uncle's cheerful voice calling out—

"Time to get up, boy, time to get up. Just four o'clock, and your wardrobe is outside the door."

It will be remembered that poor Mr. Ryan and his

own wardrobe had parted company, and parting and meeting are two different words, which he had to find out to his cost. He was, however, fully aware that he must doff his black attire and don his bush one. The moleskin inexpressibles were, as his uncle had gently hinted, about five inches above his ankles, but what mattered this, they were all the cooler. The blouse, somewhat the worse for wear, was very different to a West-end cut; and the cabbage-tree hat looked as if it had seen some years' service.

Having, however, made the best of a bad job (as he considered), Mr. Ryan sallied forth to meet his fate with as much serenity as he could assume. He thought he would take a stroll into the back premises and view the state of things. There, arriving at one of the yards, his eye suddenly fell on something coiled up in a corner, and upon another glance, he made a precipitate retreat to the house, calling lustily for his uncle.

"Well, well, my boy, what now? How have you slept?" said he, coming forth.

"Why, uncle, pray come directly with one or two men. There's a great snake of a light colour curled up in one of the stock-yards, and it will be biting one of us."

"But why in the world did you not kill it yourself?" said the uncle; "it would not have taken so long as coming for me; but I very much suspect you have made some mistake. I do not believe any snake would be harbouring so near, and none of my men see it."

They proceeded to the spot, where the young man pointed to the cause of alarm.

"Why, bless me," said the uncle, "that's Arthur's stock-whip; it came off the handle, and he left it coiled up in that corner, I remember, and forgot, I suppose, to bring it in. You certainly, when you saw the tail and body of the snake (as you thought), never went near enough to find whether it had a head or not, that's certain. However, we'll forgive you. It's not the first or second time a whip has been mistaken for a snake,

especially by those not very conversant with their colour. Now, my boy, to breakfast," said the uncle, "and then for work."

Poor Mr. Ryan, the thought of all he was to encounter was breakfast enough for him, so he did poor justice to the ample fare before him.

"Now," said his uncle, "you must learn to crack a stock-whip, but you must not think it is an accomplishment learnt in a moment, more than anything else. Our stockmen pride themselves on who can make the woods re-echo the longest with their crack. Now to business."

And to business it was, and no mistake. One lot of cattle had been yarded, another mob had to be assembled, and gathered, or rather driven up out of the bush.

"My dear boy," said his uncle, "I don't think you are quite up to stock riding in the bush, but to-day you can be a sort of whipper-in, and come with us to see what we shall want you to do when you get a little more used to it. Here's your horse and your whip, now crack it."

But if he had said, "Now fly," young Ryan would have done the one as well as the other. He could swing the lash (of some yards' length) so that it came round rather uncomfortably on his own shoulders, but as to cracking it, he despaired.

"Well, never mind," said his uncle, "all this is to come. Now follow."

At a very modest distance Mr. Ryan did follow, and certainly he was astonished. The larger proportion of the mob of cattle happened to be on a plain, but about thirty of them were scattered at a short distance in a very thick scrub, which none but thorough bush horses and bush riders could have penetrated. Some of the stockmen went after them, and the cattle taken by surprise, started off in an exactly opposite direction to that which would have been most convenient; and then the shouting, the hallooing, the riding! No one can enter into it but those who have witnessed it. Men rush

through places where there scarcely seems a crevice, the horses penetrate the scrub wherever there is a chance of a rush to head the beasts. An accomplished stock horse never fails to find some way through the scrub for himself and rider; all he bargains for is, that if he looks to his legs, his master should look to his own head, as he takes no estimates as regards elevations and heights. If he (the horse) can push himself and his rider through the trees, he leaves it to his master to watch the overhanging boughs, to lay his head often nearly flat on the neck of his steed, or at another time thrust it very much on one side, as though it were out of joint altogether. The stock horse takes his leaps over logs and trunks, and pieces of rocks, with this certainty, that if he goes his master will go with him, and that if they part company it is because they are no match, and had therefore as a matter of consequence better separate. A stock horse seems to be utterly absorbed in the pursuit of his object; he will wind, turn and manœuvre in every way to head the animal or animals of which he is in chase, and rarely loses sight of the object of his pursuit. A stock horse and Australia are so combined together, that without a slight history of the one, we could give but a faint idea of the other. Generally these animals can stand almost any amount of fatigue.

After having collected the cattle, the object was to drive them into an immense yard, where, as some stray ones always get in, they would have to be drafted. Perhaps one of the most exciting scenes often or ever witnessed in peaceful life, is the yarding of a drove or mob of wild cattle. Mr. Ryan surveyed it at a little distance remembering "that he who fights and runs away, may live to fight another day." Certainly this beat all the excitement of fox-hunting and taking the brush in England. This was real excitement. Fancy hundreds of wild cattle rushing from the pursuers who are behind them, and galloping at full speed, many of them with tails erect, and nostrils distended, but all arriving at a given spot; and add to this the shouts and

halloes of the men who surround them, endeavouring to get the leaders of the mob to enter the stock-yard. The blacks who were in attendance rendered most efficient aid, and at last, by dint of noise and riding, and a dozen other things, the cattle were safely yarded.

Branding the cattle is likewise a wild scene; but we find we might write a volume on stations, and stock horses, and stockmen, therefore we must bid the subject for the present farewell.

Mr. Ryan came rather in distress to his uncle, and said:—

"I suppose I ought always to carry sticking-plaister and rag with me whenever I go out after cattle. I see young Roy had an ugly wound, and he had to take off his neckerchief to tie it up."

"And so will you, my dear boy," said his uncle. "Sticking-plaister we leave for the ladies; 'twould take a few yards of it every day for all the little bruises we meet with, and expect to do so always."

Having now distributed, or rather followed, to their various places of distribution most of the passengers we were before acquainted with, we will now accompany a few of the general body of the emigrants to their homes, and then shortly return and inquire how the world has fared with our old friends, Harry Jones, Pat, Eleanor Dingle, and Jane Seymour.

Of the many miners on board the vessel, we will select one of the name of Smith, and with him visit the Burra Burra mine, and find out what were his prospects of success. He was a young, powerful man, just married to an industrious young woman, both from Cornwall. Having applied at the Burra Burra office, he was told that men in his capacity were wanted, and that if he went up there was no doubt of the captain giving him steady work. Accordingly, having taken his small stock of luggage to the railway station, he and his better half set forth on their travels. The railway engine did the same in Australia as it does in England, namely, it puffed, *and blowed,* and whistled, and then finally started off as

if the wind carried it, and the black gentleman was behind it to urge its speed. It is rather hot for engines in South Australia, but then they get used to it from their own frames. Arrived at Kapunda, the engine, by its stopping, informed the passengers that it went no farther, and they were then obliged to proceed to their various destinations in carts or conveyances of different kinds. The journey from Kapunda to the Burra, a distance of fifty miles, is tiresome and weary at best, and the road has certainly no claims to being classed with either of the good roads before mentioned, and in winter it is no uncommon thing for a vehicle to be over the axletrees in mud, and that of a description not of the lightest or most agreeable quality. Smith and his wife found themselves stowed away (as the driver said) rather too closely for comfort, or for the pleasure of the horses. The road we must, for truth's sake, say was most unpicturesque and unromantic. There are no lovely woodland scenes or magnificent views here to be described. A few patches of trees may be seen here and there, but as a rule it is a dreary, flat-looking country, and little can be said in its favour. However, Sam Smith and his young wife heeded not a few annoyances; they were of sanguine temperaments, and looked forward with joy to the future. After sundry bumpings and knocks, and one tumbling head foremost, with apologies, into his next neighbour's lap, they arrived at the Burra township. Our travellers at once made the best of their way to a small inn, where Smith intended to leave his better half whilst he went to make inquiries.

A great deal cannot be said in favour of the township of Burra, but, as always is the case, there are honourable exceptions to the rule. A very good inn, a good telegraphic station, an institute, and some other buildings, are very creditable; as a whole, it is chiefly the abode of miners.

Sam Smith presented himself to the captain, who upon various inquiries and testings found him a superior

hand at his calling; he, therefore, agreed to give him the highest rate of wages in that department, namely, fifty shillings a week.* He was to find a house for himself for the first month, and then, if he proved likely to remain, a small one would be given him to reside in, in addition to his wages.

Perhaps, as this book is written to embrace all classes, it may be interesting to miners (and those likely in any way to be connected with mines) to have a list of the rate of payments at the Burra Burra; of course, it will give a good relative idea of wages at other mines, of which there are almost an innumerable number started of late years. The list of wages at the Burra mines and smelting works are as follows:—

Miners	30*s.* to 40*s.*	per	week.
Engine-drivers . .	40*s.* —		,,
Mechanics . . .	40*s.* ,, 61*s.*		,,
Labourers . . .	27*s.* ,, 30*s.*		,,
Ditto, Youths . .	18*s.* ,, 21*s.*		,,
Boys	10*s.* ,, 15*s.*		,,
Smelters—Captain.	40*s.* to 65*s.*	per	week.
,, Mates .	35*s.* ,, 50*s.*		,,
,, Refiners	50*s.* ,, 70*s.*		,,
,, Labourers	30*s.* —		,,

Small houses are provided for the miners in the neighbourhood of the mine.

It is an interesting sight to a new comer, or "new chum," as they are politely termed, to meet a file of mules laden with the Burra ore. Carting the ore is quite a business in itself, and employs a large number of hands and of animals. In the course of a day's journey you will meet seventy or more of these mules laden with

* Captain Roach has been for many years the respected captain of this mine, and still continues to hold his responsible position with great satisfaction to those connected with the Burra *Burra*.

ore, and steadily pursuing their way. Almost all good miners can get employment at some work or other. Such numerous mineral discoveries have been made during the last few years, that the supply of miners has not kept pace with them; as, though many of the discoveries are at present unremunerative, they cannot be proved failures until they have been thoroughly examined. Copper seems the grand mineral wealth of South Australia, and the amount lately discovered has been enormous. Gold is the grand mineral wealth of Victoria. Silver, lead, gold, and bismuth are found in South Australia, but copper is the grand wealth.

Sam Smith and his wife being comfortably settled we will leave them for a time. It is now our intention to return to some of our old friends, and inquire how they are proceeding. After that, we will take a glance at some of the sheep stations, and also other occupations which are likely to engage the attention of emigrants.

CHAPTER V.

We will now turn to our friends Master Pat and Harry Jones, who are situated within a short distance of each other in the country.

"Your honour," said Pat to his master one morning, "it's not in me to wish to lave an ilegant gemmen like yoursel'. But it's not to be laughed at continually that I can be. Though Ireland is where my mother was all her life, so I suppose I was born there, yet it's not in me to see why one side of the channel should make me Irish and another English. But as it is so, I'm proud I was born in ould Ireland."

"Well, what in the name of fortune is up now?" said Pat's good-humoured master. "You work well, I like you, you've got on famously during the past six months, and there is only one workman besides yourself, old Mike, and he is the last to make fun of you."

"Plase your honour, I'll make so bold as to tell you the truth. The summer being very warm, I took to waring of my ould hat, which has no top to it; and Molly said letting the air in would keep me cool and comfortable. I would not wear the one I puts on on Sundays for anything, and I have no other."

"Well, but what has that to do with your work, or leaving me?"

"Well, sir, there's a set of birds in your trees as knows I'm a Paddy, and a poor one too, and whenever they see me a going to work in my ould hat, they sit up the most awdacious laugh that ever was heard. As soon as one begins, half a dozen more join in, till they make

such a din and such a laughing I'm fit to hide myself. They look as if they wore a white wig, and were so wise nobody could do anything foolish that belonged to them; but they know I'm neither Australian nor English, and as how they set on me, and I cannot bear it any longer."

Upon hearing this, Pat's master followed the bad example of the ill-behaved birds, and laughed nearly as loud and as long as they did.

"Well, Pat," said his master, "why, the birds would laugh at me as much as you; they are called laughing jackasses, and if they did not laugh they would not have earned their name. Now we will try, and I will go with you into the fields, and you shall see if they do not make just as much noise at me as at you."

"Very like, plase your honour, but thin it would be for very shame of seeing you with the like of one like me; but still it's not in Patrick O'Connor to make a run of it, if the birds will only behave decently, and let a poor feller alone."

"Well," said Pat's master, "certainly it has never entered my head they were laughing at me, but very certainly when their noise has entered my ears, I have not been able to prevent myself laughing as heartily as they did, for it is impossible."

"Well," said Pat, "I suppose as these forin birds haven't learnt good manners, for there is not one in England or ould Ireland would behave the like as they do."

It is evening where lays our next scene, and the site a comfortable cottage at the back of a substantial farm-house. A young woman is actively preparing the tea-table, evidently expecting guests. All is plain, but all is neat, and wears an air of comfort which has no kinship with poverty. The table is spread with bread, butter, jam, a nice piece of home-fed bacon, a substantial piece of good salt beef, and some good tea and sugar, with a few cakes. The damsel turns her head at the sound of

footsteps, and we see our old favourite Mary Jones, looking brighter than ever, and wearing an aspect that betokens real happiness and contentment with her lot. The footsteps she hears are those of her husband, and of Pat and his wife, who are their visitors for the evening, being, as we have before said, near neighbours.

"Blessings on your bright eyes, Mrs. Jones," said Pat, taking off his hat in a mock reverential manner. "Who would not say that Australia was the place for a poor man to come to, when they see the ilegant food on the table, and the fat cheeks of Mistress Jones, who stands there. It's not in me to make so bold as to say things that should not be said. But time was when yer ta table was thought to be well spread with one loaf and two herring, barrin' the butter, the bacon, the beef, the jam, and the cakes; and little was it but dry bread that either of us saw, from one blessed Friday to another."

"Well," said Harry, "I do think we have great cause to be thankful, for certainly we have done wonders; we have a comfortable house and good food, and a good master and mistress, and we have scarcely need to touch our wages, as we had plenty of clothes. We have been here only one year, and we have saved and put in the savings' bank fifty pounds, and have still left a good many pounds in our master's hands; and this is what I call making a man of myself. Now I intend to stick to my place another year, and Mary too; for there is a great deal I can learn whilst working, and so can Mary; and when we have saved about eighty pounds more, please God give us health and strength, I intend to rent a bit of land. I can work in odd hours, and buy Mary three or four cows. I shall still keep on working at day work, and then in a couple more years we may perhaps be able to purchase a section and get things to work it with; but we will look first before we leap."

"Well," said Pat, "as for me and Molly, I think we may say that it's not in us to be behind an English*man. But* then the clothes they cost somewhat; master

said the coat with the blue and the black tail wasn't quite the thing on Sundays, and my best pair of trousers very nearly saw daylight through at the knees; and Molly, bless her, had only two gowns, and one of them was patched so nately that ye couldn't tell the colour of the piece it was made of, when it first come together. So altogether it has cost us a few gold and siller to set ourselves up ilegantly, but we have saved forty pounds altogether, and that's a fortin for any one; and though it's not in Patrick O'Connor to be proud, it's mighty pleasant not to see the workhouse before ye at the end of your days, and a crust of bread and glass of water all the while ye are on your road to it. It's the like of us that herself the Queen would like to see, God bless her, and it's to the health of the Imigration Society that I'll drink the first glass of whisky that I come near. However, Patrick O'Connor and strong drink have parted company, save and except as master gives a glass on high days and holidays, for whisky and the savings' bank never keep together hand in hand long, and I'm thinking that all I put in, whisky would soon take out."

"So I think," said Harry. "A man who would make any way here, must turn his back on strong drinks, or they will turn his head and his pockets inside out."

"Well, Harry," said Pat, "I've been to see you, but it's only ilegant manners to ask you to come and see me; there's all manner of beautiful furniture in our little house master put in, and Molly I always said was so handy in patching a gown, could do anything else, so she's taken the ould coat what I could wear no longer, for it was just like tinder, and she's made an ilegant sofa cushion at both ends with the bits, and there is three stools as good as ladies' chairs, barrin' the backs; and there's a regular drawing-room table, saving it's made of rough planks; and there's a clock on the chimly piece, and a good fireplace, and a nice bed-room nate enough for any lady in the land, if she could only think so."

"Well," said Harry, "we will come and pay your

place a visit, and in the meantime I think we ought to write home and tell our friends how things really are here, and give them a chance of doing as well as we have, and perhaps better too."

Having paid a passing visit to our first acquaintance, we will proceed a little further towards the neighbourhood of Mount Barker. A picturesque farmhouse takes our attention, and a young woman is merrily plying her needle at the door, shaded by roses and vines. Let us pause a moment; do we remember that fair face? It is a little more matronly than when we last saw it, but not much. It is our friend Eleanor Dingle, as with her placid smile she turns at the sound of a little voice we are not acquainted with, and out of a neat little cradle peeps a baby face with her own dark eyes imaged there; the little Australian laughs and crows as its mother, taking up her treasure, sallies forth to meet her husband returning from his day's labours. It is a bright scene; an October sun is setting and reflects its brilliant tints on the verdure around. "Just about this time last year we came here," said Robert Dingle; "do you remember, Eleanor, and God has prospered us, and the blessing bestowed on us by the dear old minister has followed us, and we must write and tell him so. We have paid our rent, paid our labourers, bought the farming things and the dairy utensils, also the cows, horses, etc., and I have laid by one hundred pounds from the dairy, the crops, the bark and timber off the other section; and I think this is doing well, considering we have only a small farm; but your industry with the dairy has helped considerably."

The baby seems to understand all that is said, and laughs and crows all the louder, nearly throwing himself on to the pitchfork his father is carrying home, and seems fairly to meditate a precipitate descent from his mother's arms.

"Well, my little man," said his father, "you are born under sunny skies, may you have sunny pros*pects.*"

Eleanor's eyes gleam as they rest on her husband, and she says—

"Robert, I have never repented following you over the seas, but I did not expect such a bright, happy home, and so much of comfort. I can scarcely fancy I am not in Old England. Oh, if mother could see us; I wonder if she does," and at the thought of that gentle spirit the tear trickles down her cheek, and witnesses that the lost one is not forgotten!

"Well," said Robert Dingle, "I think we ought to fulfil our promise of writing, and giving some account of ourselves and the country to our old pastor. We should not forget old friends in a new country."

Before we leave the Dingles we would take a glance at their goodly farm. The corn-fields are waving with their abundant produce, announcing by their golden appearance that the sickle will shortly be wanted in one paddock; half a dozen fine dairy cows are grazing, with calves by their side; a nice flock of sheep are feeding in part of the section further on, from which our thrifty farmer supplies the table. Geese, turkeys, fowls, and ducks parade the farmyard, and do justice to any grain that would otherwise be wasted; a succession of grunts and squeaks, varying from bass to treble, are heard issuing from various pigsties, betokening that they are not deficient in occupants. The garden is well stocked with fruit-trees; apricots, plums, apples, quinces, mulberries, loquats, vines, cherries, pears, peaches, almonds, figs, etc., all flourish in luxuriance.

It may be well to remark that different fruits flourish in different localities. For instance, the gooseberry, currant, strawberry, raspberry, all flourish in the districts of Mount Barker, Echunga, Mount Gambier, Guichen Bay, and other cool districts, but save in peculiar instances, scarcely more than vegetate in the warmer districts; whilst the apricot does little in the cool districts, and flourishes to the most surprising degree in the warmer. Apricots, peaches, and nectarines, and all wall-fruit (of England), are standards in South Australia, and the

yield of some of these trees, especially the peaches, almost exceeds belief. Bushels of the finest peaches are often to be seen lying under a few trees after a windy night; and it is a common practice to feed pigs on them. As a rule, peaches are smaller and poorer than in England, but there are splendid exceptions. Many of the standard-grown peaches here would grace a dessert at Buckingham Palace. They are of two sorts, Cling-stone and Free-stone; the former generally much the largest, the latter much the finest flavour. The writer had once a seedling peach-tree ungrafted, and the fruit was equal in size, richness of appearance, and deliciousness of flavour to any wall-fruit in England. The apricots grow in profusion and great beauty. The More Parks are the most remarkable for size and flavour, but numerous kinds flourish. On some of the commoner large standard trees the apricots are frequently so abundant, that a couple of bushels may be gathered without their absence being rendered perceptible. Mulberries and vines flourish in all parts.

Vegetables, like fruit, succeed differently in various districts. In the cooler and richer districts, especially in the tea-tree gulleys, and other moist situations, the potato often yields magnificent crops. They reach an enormous size in some places, but in very dry situations often completely fail. Peas do well in all parts of the colony. Between the hills and the plains, there is a difference of some weeks in both the sowing and the gathering of the various vegetables. The hills, as a rule, are much cooler and much moister than the plains, even to the difference of requiring or dispensing with a fire. The writer has been enjoying a fire of an evening or morning in the hills, when the Adelaidians were nearly roasted without one.

The cabbage, and cauliflower, and turnip, did well in South Australia till about ten years ago, when a destructive blight appeared, which has never been cured; vegetable-marrows grow in great perfection, cucumbers *and rhubarb in the* cooler districts; asparagus thrives

in some places, but is always rather dear. As a rule, all English vegetables flourish. Fruit has become very abundant in the colony during the last six years; gardens are beginning to come into full bearing in all parts, and new ones are continually growing with the increasing population. There has been what the people call quite a glut in the market during the last three years, whereas before fruit fetched a considerable price, and well repaid labour. Nevertheless, there are comparatively few trees to be found. The largest mulberries the writer ever saw in England or Australia, grew in the neighbourhood of Echunga; but the fruit arrives to great size and perfection everywhere. The black mulberry is generally grown. The loquat, flourishes to a surprising degree, and like the mulberry, does well in most situations, but prefers the warmer districts. To any one not used to the sight, a fine loquat-tree in full bearing is an attractive object; some of the trees are poor both in foliage and fruit, but others are splendid. In the districts about thirty miles from Adelaide the writer has seen them flourish the most gloriously. In one garden there were two different kinds, one a standard, with immense leaves, and the fruit hanging in bunches, each as large as a full sized golden pippin apple. These were the finest kind. Another tree grew more in the shape of a most luxuriant shrub. It is impossible to convey the idea of the beauty of this tree when in full bearing, with its weight of golden fruit contrasting with its long, dark, rich foliage, and both leaves and fruit touching the ground. Almonds and figs, all standards, flourish in the greatest perfection, figs, like peaches, being constantly used for feeding swine. Apples attain great size and perfection, as do also quinces; pears and cherries do well, but are scarcer, and the former are in many cases shy bearers, unless in a very moist soil. The water-melon flourishes to great perfection, but will only do well in new soil. The second year of being planted in the same soil it generally fails, and the third or fourth will not grow at all. We have diverged in thus slightly

describing fruits and vegetables, thinking that these particulars would be interesting to our readers, and that we could not select a more appropriate place to mention them. But to return to our friends. The inside of their homestead was as bright as the outside, and many an English comfort had found its way to that home.

Let us now pass on to a scene in England, far away from the spot we have been describing. Let us picture in our mind's eye what we are about to describe.

It is morning; the dew still sparkles in the buttercups' petals, and the grass still betokens the breath of early morn. The birds seem rejoicing in the prospect of a spring day, and all nature looks glad. The little rivulet dances and sparkles as it tumbles over the white stones that impede its course; the flowers send forth their sweetest scent, as they peep in at an open window, where sits some one reading attentively. We think we know that face, though the hair is slightly more silvered and the form rather more bent. A sound reaches the ears of the reader, it is a knock at the outer door, and a few minutes after, with spectacles in hand, he deciphers the following address:—

THE REV. J. McLAUD,

The Parsonage,

Whitmore,

England.

As he casts his eye for the third time on the word England, he heaves a sigh and looks up, and we perceive it is Eleanor Dingle's friend and pastor, with whom she parted on that last Sabbath morn.

"Ah!" he ejaculated, "they have not forgotten me. I know her hand, poor bairn, and crossing the water has not crossed out remembrances of the past." And ejaculating "God bless them!" he breaks the seal. Having perused with earnest attention the manuscript, he *hastens forth* to one of his friends who had known

Eleanor in infancy, and produces the letter, which, if he will allow us, shall be copied for the benefit of those who read this little work. It ran thus:—

"REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—According to promise, we send you a few lines to inform you of our safe arrival in this colony, and of our success during the time we have hitherto been in this neighbourhood. We often think of dear Old England and our happy home, but we have found sunny skies and prospects in this far distant land, and we do not for one moment regret the change we have made. The climate here varies very much in different places, but it is very beautiful where we are stationed, near Mount Barker. The heat is rarely very great, and the nights and mornings cool. Everything here is the reverse to what it is in England, though a great many false accounts have been given of it by many people. The winter here is the time when everything is green and beautiful, and the summer is the time when things look dry and withered, though not so much here as near Adelaide and in the north. The trees never lose their foliage, though many of them shed their bark once a year; and the names of them are entirely different to those in England. The flowers here, too, a great many of them, are everlasting. There are yellow, white, and pink flowers that are of this nature, and grow in great abundance, and the beautiful everlasting grasses grow profusely. The natives are quite black, and very ugly, but at present we have not seen a great many of them; but they are very harmless. Every district we find the flowers and the birds are different, and very often the trees. The flowers here are quite different to those near town, and so are the birds. The white cockatoos fly in great flocks over the wheat-fields, and do much harm, and there are a few black ones with splendid yellow crests and wings, but they are very scarce. The native swans here are black and very beautiful; and in some places there is a great quantity of wild fowl, which are splendid eating. The neigh-

bourhood here is very pretty, and the ground well cultivated. We are in reach of a Scotch church, and there are three chapels and an English church near at hand. The farming here has answered well. We have had on one very good part of the section forty bushels of wheat to the acre, and not less than twenty bushels in any part; but some people have only twelve or sixteen. They say round about here that about twenty bushels to the acre is a fair average of crops. Our hay has done well; we have had more than two tons to the acre in some places, and have sold it at £7 a ton. Wheat has fetched about 6*s.* a bushel, but has been lower; it is likely now to rise. Potatoes sell at about 8*s.* a bag—that is, a cwt.—and are very good. Butter varies from 10*d.* to 2*s.* 6*d.* a lb., according to the time of year—it is generally about 1*s.* 6*d.* for some months. Milk is 2*d.* and 3*d.* a pint; eggs from 1*s.* to 1*s.* 8*d.* a dozen; flour varies from £14 to £20 a ton, according to the price of wheat.

"You will by these prices judge a little of the worth of farming produce; and in addition to all our farm produces, we have a good sale for wood at 10*s.* a load, only having to take it a short distance, it pays for carting. We have had great kindness shown us by the neighbours and clergyman, and really can scarcely imagine we are so many thousands of miles from home, that is from England, for we really feel Australia our home. We desire to tell you that the large Bible you gave us is used every day, night and morning; and we believe that the blessing you asked for has come with us into this distant land. Accept our sincere thanks for all past kindnesses, and with remembrances to all our old friends,

"We are your grateful and attached

"ELEANOR AND ROBERT DINGLE."

The same post that brought this letter conveyed a very different, but perhaps not less interesting, epistle *from poor Pat to his* mother, and it ran as follows:—

"HONOURED MOTHER,—It's not in Patrick to forget her who gave him the ilegant name of O'Connor, and it's not in her to forget her son, who was just the boy after her own heart thirty years ago. Dear mother, it's not in me to know where to begin, for faith and sure I shall never know where to end. If I had not lost my heart altogether, before I took to the water, I should have lost it intirely after, for it nearly heaved itself up intirely with the awkward motion of the vessel, which walked so clumsily over the big waves that it nearly made an ind of us. Dear mother, blessings on your head, it was an ilegant day when I first set my foot in Australia. The blacks are all whites—that is, there are but few of the foriners to be seen anywhere, and it's all Irish, English, and Scotch that you see. The horses and dogs have the same ilegant tails as in ould Ireland, and run upon four legs. It is me that was desaved intirely about the people this side of the water. All the blacks are whites, except the natives, of whom I have only seen about twenty. It was a lane country before the English came to it, for the poor fellers have only bones covered with skin, and no flesh to be seen; they look for all the world like Molly's mop-handle, with Molly's mop at the top instead of the bottom of it. There are a number of audacious birds in this country, who have no manners in them, and cannot be taught neither, and make a practice of laughing at all the poor folks as they set eyes on. Dear mother, it's not in Patrick O'Connor to forget his own flesh and blood because of the siller and goold of this country. Anyhow, it's for a poor man Australia was made, for they never remain long poor when they set their foot in this land. It's jist an ilegant coat that I wear now, and it's intirely a new shirt that Molly has made for the Sundays. As to the living here, the Queen herself, God bless her, could not complain. No more living on praties, though there are plenty of them, but beef and mutton, pork and tea, and sugar and flour are all in our rations or allowance, and I am fatting up like Father O'Malley's

best pig. Molly's cheeks, bless her, are getting so round too that she'll soon lose the sight of her eyes; and it's for sending some of the good things to ould Ireland that I should like to be. There's plenty of wicked people here as well as good, and there's a good many snakes come out of the garden of Eden, I suppose, originally, but there's no convicts anywhere here. It is only once and again that ever one is found. There's creatures here that always have to sit upon their tails before they can think of going any distance, and then they take such leaps. They are called kangaroys, or some such heathenish name. They fight the dogs that hunt them with their legs, like we would use our shillelahs. Many of the horses in this country do contrary to England or Ireland, and pull backwards instead of forwards, that is, instead of going up a hill, they let the cart down it, when they get a little way on. The heat seems to make the poor craturs dislike to carry burdens, as some of them when they get a man on their backs send him and the saddle flying arter one another, and this is to ase themselves intirely; and this is called buck-jumping. The trees are always green, but the birds are not so well educated here to sing, and only know a few notes. Some of the birds dress themselves very grand, in scarlet, green, yellow, and purple, which Molly says is not modest. The wattle bird wears a plain brown coat, which she says is much more her way of thinking; and she's always right, bless her, except when she's wrong, and that's never. And now, honoured mother, as this letter has to be carried so far, if it's any heavier I make it perhaps it may be left behind. Molly and I say it's not in us to have all the ilegant things and send you none; so it's a five-pound order I send you, for which send us your blessing instead is the request of

"Your own son on the other side of the world,

"PATRICK O'CONNOR."

Having visited some of our friends, we think it quite *time to take a peep* at our young heroine of the bush,

Jane Seymour, who has been living among cockatoos, kangaroos, and gum-trees ever since we bid her farewell. In spirit let us rapidly convey ourselves to a spot of land far removed from other habitations and densely wooded round about. When we visited this place with Jane Seymour a year ago we saw nothing but tents, and bullocks, and dampers and uncivilization. Now, though still far removed from the haunts of man, what wonders have been wrought? A neat log hut, with windows, door, and chimney, rears its head erect on the plain, and there is even a very rustic verandah, yet made with taste; and we are sure some female hand has been employed in putting up those snowy little muslin curtains and blinds, with their pretty edgings; and there lays a whole section, cleared and fallowed for the next sowing-time, all the work of the five brothers. Already the opossum and the kangaroo and the native cat have had to beat a precipitate retreat before the axe and the hand of civilization, though they often show themselves on the borders. A good stock-yard has been erected, as also stables and various out-buildings of rough wood.

And where is Jane Seymour? Why, if you step into the back part of the cottage you will see her merrily kneading away a lump of dough; and as she kneads she sings. Yes, it is her happy voice that always gladdens the heart and cheers the steps of those who are her companions in labour. She is a little browner, but not less pleasing and neat in her appearance, and the dimples have, we think, become stronger than ever.

"William," she cries, as one of her brothers pass the outer door, "oh, I'm so charmed; there's such a beautiful new calf of Brindle's, and it's to be my own. It is such a beauty; and do fetch some of the grass you've been cutting and give the old cow a nice feed, because you know I was the first one to make her gentle. And then be a good fellow and take this milk down to those pretty little pigs, for little Joe is away, and I'm

sure I shouldn't like to wait any longer for my breakfast if I had not had it. And——"

"Well now, Miss Jane, what next; I declare you're a regular farmeress."

"Why, what next?" said she; "the poultry that are fit to kill must be taken to market, or we shall have all the new-sown crops destroyed, and it will never pay to shut up so many. And then there are the eggs too I have been saving. Why, I'm quite proud, I declare; only what a blessing it would be if you men could work and live without eating, and then I shouldn't have to go thump, thump into this dough every other day, that's certain."

Having finished the thump, thump, thump, Mary proceeded to the mysteries of baking her bread. Doubtless all our fair readers (who are in the mysteries of cooking), expect to see the iron mouth of a large oven thrown open, the oven itself properly heated, and then the bread duly placed by a shovel into its furthest recesses; but this is not bush cookery. Camp ovens are universally used throughout the country; and most useful things they are, made of iron and of various sizes, either large enough for a turkey or small enough for a dozen apple turnovers (and no room to spare). These ovens stand upon four legs; an exactly-fitting lid has a little hook of iron on the top of it, wherein a stick or poker being inserted, it is politely assisted off when a visit to the interior is contemplated. There is a peculiar indentation on the lid, and a broad ledge, for which the use will be seen immediately. Jane having lifted her oven on the fireplace, proceeds to put some live embers of wood underneath the apparatus, then placing the loaves inside she lifts the lid, previously heated, and places it on the oven; afterwards taking a shovel, she places a quantity of live coals on the lid, the ledge preventing them tumbling off. The writer has seen and tasted as beautiful bread baked in this manner as in the most orthodox oven in London.

"*Now,*" said Jane to her brother, as she brightened

up the fire with a fresh piece of wood, "do bring me in some nice she-oak logs, that is the best for cooking by far; you see I am getting quite colonial. How different," she continued, "are the fireplaces and the fires out here to those in England. How aunts and uncles would laugh at the huge chimney and the great logs, instead of the small genteel grates and the few handfuls of coal taken out of a coal scuttle with a small scooper. Well, I like these blazing wood fires five hundred times better than that dull burning coal. Australia for me," cried the merry girl, "though my hands are a little browner, and I do a few things I never heard of before I came here."

By and by Jane's other brothers made their appearance at the door, crying out, "Oh, we are so hungry; make haste with the dinner, or you'll stand no chance at all of our not making a meal off you."

"Well," said Jane, "that's enough to make one's feet move a little faster than usual; but what is all this bustle about? one would think you had had no food for the last month, and I am sure after you had finished breakfast I wondered wherever you could find an appetite for your dinner before to-morrow."

"We've been girdling trees," said two of the brothers. "And grubbing up the stumps," said a third and fourth. "Now, miss, what are you the wiser?"

"A great deal," said she, very pompously; "girdling means taking the axe in a most ruthless manner, and cutting the bark all round the tree, making a deep incision so that the sap cannot rise at all, and then the poor tree loses all its leaves and dies."

"Well done, sister Jane—capital. Now, please, what does 'grubbing' mean?"

"Well, the signification of 'grubbing,' to-day, means, getting so ferociously hungry for dinner, that I believe if poor pussy had been stewed in her skin you would have declared it a delicious dish. But 'grubbing' really means getting up the stumps and roots of those trees which are cut down, and which if left would pre-

vent your being able to plough and cultivate the land."

"Well, Jane, we will recommend you as the best girl anywhere about, for you have a most capital idea of everything, and though you've been talking, dinner is smoking on the table, and everything looks capital. By the by, Jane, there's a gentleman in this neighbourhood (we won't mention names) who seems to have taken such a strange fancy lately to come and look at all your live things, and how we get on with clearing the land, and he seems to take such pains to find some excuse to come again—don't you think he is a very disagreeable person?"

"I dare say," said Jane, smartly, "he would apply that epithet to you all for saying this of him; but he is much better behaved than you are, for he politely said the other day, 'I am afraid you're overdoing yourself, Miss Seymour: no one could believe you were ever used to work—don't hurry yourself so;' and you boys come in and tell me to move fast or you will make a meal off your poor sister."

"Ah, it's just like boys all over the world, is it not?" said the eldest. "If you had had no brothers, you'd never have been our sister."

"Well, it's very certain you are half a Paddy," said another brother; "but come, Jane, is not young Mr. Ramsey very pleasant, and very agreeable, and——"

"Very much better behaved than you are," said Jane; "so say no more."

"Well," said the eldest one, "I have a strong suspicion that there is something in this house which attracts the gentleman, very much like honey gathers bees; but, however, he is a very nice man, and a very prosperous one, and——"

"Have you finished?" said Jane, standing, in mock gravity, with her hands crossed before her. "Have you finished, sir?"

"Oh, Jane," said her brothers, "there's no doing *anything* with you, so good-bye. Do come and see us

in the afternoon, and we won't tease you till next time.

Just at this moment in rushed the baby of the family, a boy of five years old. "Make haste, make haste," said he; "here, Jane, take that poker, and Harry and Tom bring two great sticks—don't stop to load the gun—and come here. I've found a nest of young bears up in a she-oak tree, as snug as possible; they can't be above a day or two old, they're so small."

"Why, Edward, you goose, who ever heard of bears and hot winds together? and I'm sure it's blowing like a furnace to-day. A pretty dear you are, to be sure, not to know what opossums are by this time, and you may depend upon it that is what they will turn out to be."

"No," said Edward, very indignantly; "they are covered over with spots, quite unlike opossums, and the Irishman that lives close by told me to make haste, for they were young bears."

Jane went, but left the poker behind; and her brothers followed, but took no sticks. Edward, triumphantly leading the procession, pointed to a hollow some distance up a tree. Harry soon scrambled up the tree, and peeping into the hollow, saw some eyes and some hair, and two noses and a lot of spots. The small animals showed fight, but he, nothing daunted, pulled out one of the young "bears" by the tail, when it turned out to be a native cat.

"Oh, you little goose," said he to Edward, "what do you think of yourself now?"

"Well," said the boy, "I never saw one before, and if young bears are half as pretty, they are very handsome."

"Yes," said his brother, "handsome is what handsome does; and if we had not been lucky enough, through your nonsense, to find these young 'bears,' there would not have been a young chicken alive in the hen-roost to-night after they had made their suppers. So we must make an end of them just as much as if they had been young bears."

Poor little Edward hung his head, and looked very silly, but excused himself by saying that Pat was more to blame than he was.

"Now," said his eldest brother, "if you're a good boy, and don't come telling me any more about young bears and tigers, we will go an opossum hunt by moonlight, and get your sister to go too." So poor Edward was comforted, and, holding up his head again, walked erect.

According to promise, all the brothers turned out the next moonlight night, and coaxed Jane to go with them, promising that they would try and take a ring-tailed opossum alive for her to pet. To find opossums without dogs would be something like trying to make bread without flour. The opossums, by moonlight, are so exactly the colour of the bark of the trees, that if they only remain still, they look like an excrescence on the tree, and they are so wily that if they catch sight of the hunter they will remain perfectly motionless for many minutes. When not thinking of danger, they run and skip and jump about the trees in the liveliest manner, though, owing to the heaviness of their bodies, without any elegance in their movements. The ring-tailed ones are very pretty, and much scarcer than the common grey opossum. The blacks make most beautiful rugs or small carpets of the opossum skins, for which they frequently obtain from thirty to forty shillings.

The various members of the family immediately started off, taking with them two dogs, Snap and Fly, and at once proceeded to a clump of she-oak gums, and wattle-trees. By and by the dogs began to scratch at the foot of a tree, and commenced the peculiar opossum yell that dogs accustomed to this description of hunt always set up. The boys approached, but nothing was to be seen. However, the dogs would not move, and tried to increase the music they made. Shortly Jane called out, "Oh, I see them, I see them!" and directed *her brothers'* eyes to two small animals crouched on two

separate branches, rather in the shade, but the slightest movement of the head and tail pronounced them to be the objects of pursuit. One of the boys fired, and one of the opossums fell dead. The other, terrified more than hurt, ran down the tree and tried to escape. The dogs soon caught it, but before they had done more than shake it, Master Harry ran up, and beating them off, rescued the little animal for Miss Jane. To her delight it was a ring-tailed one, and very pretty she thought it. It tried to bite, but Master Harry manfully got hold of it, and rendered it harmless. By and by he called out, "Why, here's three opossums instead of one;" and true enough the pretty creature carried two young ones in her pouch or bag, from which they were putting out their little heads to have a peep at the world. "Why," said Jane, "this is just like the picture I used to look at with such wonder and delight in 'Bewick's Natural History of Animals.' However, I never thought I should really see the strange sight. Now," she continued, "I shall keep this as a pet if I can tame it. At all events, if the young ones live, they will just be at a right age to educate. Her brothers laughed, and said they would try what more luck they had. And presently yap, yap, went the dogs again, and soon they discovered some more of these little creatures. They obtained two of them, but they were of the common sort. Having enjoyed their ramble, they returned with their prizes. When they returned home they found Daddy waiting patiently for them, and the young gentleman whom something extraordinary attracted to the house, there also.

"Bless me," said Mr. Ramsey, as they entered, "what, have you turned sportsman, Miss Jane?"

"Well," she said, "I was asked to help kill some young bears one day, but to-night I went out for the sake of a ramble, and the hope of getting a pet, and I have succeeded."

"Well," said Mr. Ramsey, "it is pretty" (looking at the opossum); "but wait till you get a nice fruit garden,

and then tell me if you will want opossums for pets. They are most destructive, and spoil more than they eat. I have found this to my cost. But what about the young bears?"

The story was then related, much to poor Edward's mortification, so, in revenge, the young monkey said—

"Well, I'm no worse than other people, for brother Jack said you came to this house because you were a bee, and fond of honey. And I'm sure you're not a bee, and we've no honey; and so he makes mistakes as well as me. And Pat said they were young bears."

The hearty laugh that rang through those cottage walls would have cheered the heart of any one on whose ears it fell. And Mr. Ramsey, who somewhat, though not entirely, comprehended the joke and the allusion, was most exceedingly diverted.

Jane made a snug little nest in a box for Mrs. Opossum and her babies, and very pretty it looked. The writer has had tame opossums running about in every direction indoors, and not attempting to make their escape. They are pretty pets as young, but get disagreeable as they grow large. The native squirrel has something of an opossum head, but is much slighter in the body, with a thin brush tail. A servant once caught one in a hole asleep, thinking it to be an opossum, and brought it in her apron into the house. The creature had a most villanous temper, and upon finding itself in captivity, bit and fought in the most vindictive style. It ran round the room and got into a corner, and upon a small stick being used to get it out, it seized hold of it with such force that great difficulty was experienced in pulling the stick away; had it been a thumb or finger, its teeth would have met before it would have relinquished its hold.

The season of Christmas was now approaching, and various were the preparations made by this family in the bush for its reception. Jane laughing, said, she knew it would be too hot for any one to be able to eat a *bit of the goose*, and told the boys to run and try and

find some ice to cool the water. Perhaps no one thing is so impossible to realize in Australia as Christmas. True, that in tropical regions it is totally unlike England; but then everything else is alike different to home. Here it is not so; everything looks English, especially near town—dress, houses, furniture, servants, are all English: but when Christmas time comes, with its waving cornfields, its gardens full of flowers and ripe fruits, and often a hot wind pouring in at your doors and windows (for at this time of year they frequently prevail) it seems impossible to recognize old Christmas. The holly has found its way to Australia, and adorns the shop windows and houses in and about town; and very pretty is it on Christmas-eve to take a turn up Hindley and Rundle Streets, for some of the shops are beautifully decorated. Although our bush friends were out of the way of holly boughs or berries, they were not out of the way of she-oak trees and native cherries, with the pretty little stone growing at the tip of its small crimson fruit. So they decorated the room very prettily, and were quite charmed with their work when they sat down to tea on Christmas-eve.

"Well," said Jane, "I wonder whether those in England we have left are thinking about us; but they do not know how happy we are spite of the roughs we have had to encounter."

"I hope the plum-pudding is made, sister," said little Edward, "and I hope Mr. Ramsey will come and taste it; he asked me if you would make it."

"And I hope," said his sister, "you will have one of the young bears stewed for your dinner, and will offer him either a leg or a wing to prove your good cookery."

This silenced poor Edward effectually, but without bringing much relief to Jane, for at once the elder brother began—

"Have you killed or cooked the fatted calf for to-morrow, sister?"

"If," was the reply, "you will undertake to prepare it and place it on the table, you shall have it; only there

will be no room on the table for any of your plates, and you will have to go to Adelaide to search for some dish large enough to place it on. However, I have a fat goose, and I think that will satisfy all reasonable demands. And there is a splendid piece of beef, fit for an alderman's table in England."

"But Mr. Ramsey's pudding," suggested Edward, forgetting his young bear for the moment.

"Is already cooking," said his sister; "so make yourself happy."

"And if you are served up with it, you will do for sauce," said his brother Harry.

"And you, sister Jane, will be the honey to sweeten it," said Thomas.

And so the merry family discoursed before they betook themselves to rest.

A glorious sun rose on Christmas-day, and the moments were melting ones. The weather had been very wet through June, July, and August; September, October, and November had been almost perfect. The bright beautiful green clothing the valleys and hills, the bracing clear atmosphere, just warm enough, but not too warm, the summer evenings, the moonlight nights—all had been nearly perfect; but now hot weather was setting in, and had been for the last fortnight, with the likelihood of continuing for the next three months.

Very much has been said in praise and in condemnation of the climate of South Australia; but the writer's belief is, that take it the year round, it is perhaps the finest climate of any of the colonies. Tasmania is, without question, cooler, but then the winter is almost too cold, and the winds very high; but any individual really liking a warm climate will find South Australia very pleasant. It is true that when the hot winds (which are certainly very disagreeable) come, the good people puff and pant, and often sigh for England and good old English frosts and snows; but the writer has known scores and scores of these very individuals return to the *mother country* flit about like Noah's dove in all

directions, trying one place after another, and finally, like her, finding no rest for the sole of their feet, return after two or three years to the very land they grumbled at.

Of course much depends on locality, and still more on the difference in constitutions. Persons who really find heat injure them anywhere had better not cross the seas; but as a rule there seems far less of sickness out here than in England. The epidemics are few and far between, and consumption is comparatively rare. We are not prepared to give a medical disquisition on the climate, but for the benefit of those for whom this book is written, we may remark that the climate is healthy and the atmosphere remarkably clear, dry, and bright. Even in winter it is rare for two days to pass without the sun gleaming out, if only for an hour. A young friend of the author's, brought up under these sunny skies, was encased in London fogs for a London winter, and (very disrespectfully we must say to England) went to inquire of his mamma whether there was any sun in England, and whether it was ever seen.

The climate varies exceedingly in different parts of the colony. Mount Barker, Echunga, Port Elliot, Mount Gambier, Guichen Bay, etc., are amongst the coolest localities, the night especially being rarely unpleasantly warm. Adelaide itself is too hot to be agreeable in a hot summer, and the storms of dust and the hot winds which are there experienced are often very unpleasant to bear; nevertheless, even in Adelaide summers occur in which there is comparatively little heat that is unbearable, another summer may happen to be just the reverse. There are many spots within five miles of Adelaide very much cooler than the city and very agreeable. Mosquitoes have been represented as fearful in Australia; but though the writer is severely attacked if these enemies are in the neighbourhood, some years' experience brings to this conclusion that they are not worth a thought. There is something very delightful in seeing green hills, green trees, and lovely flowers all through the winter, instead of frost, snow, desolation, and barrenness; but most cer-

tainly for all those who love frost and snow, icicles and ice, leafless trees and cold easterly winds, South Australia is not the place to come.

But to return to the Seymours and Christmas-day. The boys dressed themselves in their holiday suits, after having attended to the business of the morning, and sister Jane's various little errands; and, the great pudding being ready, and the goose, and the beef, and Mr. Ramsey, they sat down, a merry happy family, to the table.

"Where is your young bear," said Harry, very mischievously to Edward, "that Mr. Ramsey was to taste when stewed?"

"It's where sister Jane's pudding is," said the boy, "*not* on the table."

Jane sat down on a Christmas-day in a thin white muslin dress and pink ribbons, with the doors and windows open to allow what little air there was to blow through.

Jane was one of those who have the knack of doing everything without seeming to do it. True, she had cooked the dinner with her own little hands; but with the speed of lightning, while it was waiting for five minutes on the table, she had arranged her toilet and looked quite nice in her summer attire. And then whilst the boys removed goosy and beef, she slipped away, and with Edward's help assisted the pudding so cleverly out of its hot bath, that she was back again before any one missed her (except Mr. Ramsey). Two of her brothers, with a great deal of ceremony and fuss, placed the huge mass of currants, raisins, suet, eggs, flour, brandy, sugar, and lemon-peel on the table, and declared that was an Australian Christmas plum-pudding, and that three cheers were to be given to sister Jane for making it, with another three for their buying it; but that the stewed bear was nowhere to be found, and they feared must have been eaten by the cat.

Jane said, as the rooms were so small, she would prefer the cheers to be reserved for out of doors after

dinner. The pudding was investigated and thoroughly approved, and Edward asked Mr. Ramsey, in a very loud whisper, whether he didn't wish he had the chance of having a sister to make such a pudding as that.

No doubt if any of Eve's fair daughters have favoured the writer with a perusal of these pages, they are beginning to feel a laudable curiosity concerning this said Mr. Ramsey; and as we do not like to keep the mind in an unhealthy state of excitation, we will announce, first, that he really was "a man;" second, a gentleman; third, he had plenty of money; fourth, he had a heart; fifth, but he was on the very eve of losing this valuable possession, and making it over to our fair friend Jane Seymour. Mr. Ramsey had amassed a large fortune in the profits of sheep runs. He had, however, no inclination to leave the colony, but he had an inclination to share his fortune with a better half. All the ladies he had known had pronounced him prodigiously particular in his choice. It was evident to all he was on the look-out, but that he could not find any one to please him, even were he lucky enough to please the damsel. His kind friends had decided that he would be certain to take a trip to England, and there obtain and bring back the desired prize. But, unfortunately, as it often happens, his friends had made one plan for him, and he had made quite another for himself, and without asking their leave (which was unpardonable).

In his early life he had been brought up in elegance and refinement, and he wanted some fair lady who would not object to take a lively interest in Australian life, and yet who blended with it cultivated tastes and refined feelings. Such a one he had found in Jane Seymour, but he was not at all sure that Jane Seymour had found her beau ideal in himself. He therefore shrunk from the inquiry, very much as a man dreads turning up his lottery ticket, lest it should prove a blank; and he thought time and circumstances might perhaps enable him to prove by his deeds the value in which she was held by him, ere he ventured to tell her in words.

Hence numerous little contrivances were made and carried out by him, to ease her labours, and make them as agreeable as possible; and many a little difficulty which her brothers were supposed to have overcome, many a little surprise they had prepared for her, was at *his* suggestion.

Satan banished our forefathers from the garden of Eden, but he could not banish love from their hearts; and though often grievously abused, marred, and spoiled, it is a fair flower that is ever brightening the most desert wilderness, and the darkest hours. And though old as Adam, love is still the theme that interests all hearts in all countries, and pure affection sheds a halo around it, which nought else can equal. Jane was not one to be easily caught, but if her affections were once given, they would be given and retained for ever!

In this digression upon Mr. Ramsey, we have to ask the pardon of Old Christmas, as we most unpolitely took leave of him when he had only half completed the anniversary of his birthday.

After the merry Christmas dinner, the Seymours betook themselves to the shade of some noble gum-trees, the day being far too hot to admit of any pleasure in walking.

"Janey," said Harry, "here am I spoiling my handsome pocket-handkerchief by the attention I have to pay to my hot face in these melting moments; and there are my cousins in England dreaming away their night in fancying the snowballs, and skating, and sliding on Christmas-day; but for all that, I don't envy them, only I cannot understand it."

"Nor I should think could any one else," said little Edward. "Why, our noses are red with heat instead of cold, and I was too hot to eat half the pudding I wanted to."

"Perhaps," said Mr. Ramsey, "it was owing to the knowledge of your voracity that your sister had to make so large a pudding; and I think she ought to pray for

the hot winds to come generally, and then there would be less demand upon her time and attention in the feeding department."

Towards evening a cool breeze sprung up, and in half an hour Jane was glad to go and change her light robes for a much less sylvan-looking one, and the boys buttoned up their coats, and Daddy put on an extra one.

In the cooler districts, the change in the weather generally comes on very suddenly, and often there is the difference of a blanket in the course of an hour. As a rule, the change in the weather, sudden as it is, does not seem to affect the health, and the cold nights prepare for enduring the warmth of the next day.

Jane proposed that as Christmas-day had passed without their being able to attend any divine service, that they should sing some of their favourite Christmas hymns. And, having good voices, they sounded very sweetly, and bore away the last echo on the evening breeze. Having ended the day as usual with family devotions, the family retired happily and peacefully to rest in their Australian home.

It may be well to remark that places of worship have sprung up since the time here referred to, in various directions, but the Seymours were too far from church or chapel to be able to attend divine service. Yet was the Sabbath made a complete day of rest, and by Jane's thoughtful care they suffered comparatively little from this privation. After the necessary work in-doors and out-doors was completed, all the family were assembled, and each of the elder ones by turns read aloud the chapters and service for the day. Having read the different parts they all joined in singing, their sister, who was a good musician, having taught them to take different parts. A happy walk was generally taken in the afternoon, from which they returned in time to let the boys attend to the cattle, etc., which demanded attention, and then, after tea, an evening service was held. So that, with the good management of this little rose of

the wilderness, all her brothers looked forward with pleasure instead of with tedium to the day of rest. Jane made religion pleasant, and she always wore a smile.

Having given our readers some idea of bush life, and a Christmas-day in Australia, we intend to take a peep for a short time on a widely different phase of Australia, namely, the gay world in the city of Adelaide.

As we have before said, bush life and town life are almost antipodes to each other. People in the bush, however, require from time to time to visit Adelaide for a few weeks, and consequently it is advisable, as well for the sake of those who intend to take up their residence in the bush, as for those who emigrate perhaps intending to fill government, mercantile, or other situations in Adelaide, or elsewhere, to take a peep at life as it is in that city, as well as it is in the bush.

In England, the broad word "Australia" encompasses everything in a heap—blacks, whites; civilization, uncivilization; log huts, and splendid stone edifices; bullock waggons, and the equipages of the rich and great;—all are alike assembled in a heterogeneous mass in the minds of our dear brethren and sisters over the waters. It is like a lady's bag of sewing silk, which, though containing every variety of colour, has become so mixed together by being tangled, that a distinct skein cannot readily be drawn out. There is not a country in the world, we firmly believe, of which so thoroughly indistinct an idea is entertained as of South Australia. We therefore politely invite our readers to accompany us for a few days from the wilderness to the great city, and there let us entertain ourselves with taking a bird's-eye view of some of the proceedings in that metropolis.

It is the hour of noon, a lively bright day in December, neither too hot nor too cold, but just perfect; a really beautiful landau, with a pair of extremely stylish bay horses, coachman and footmen all complete, whirls round and draws up at the front-door of a mansion, which we recognize as our friends the Sullivans'. Two

young ladies attired in French fashions step lightly into the carriage, and mamma and an elderly friend, nc ways behind in gracefulness and richness of costume, take their seats also. Forward is the word given, and at a dashing rate they proceed. But they pass twenty equipages just as handsome as their own, and bow as they pass to as elegantly-dressed individuals as themselves.

"Mamma," said the eldest young lady, "this is reception-day at Government House; we may as well pay our respects there first, and then go shopping for the ball."

Accordingly the coachman makes a graceful sweep into Government House grounds, displaying his horses in best style to those who may at that moment be passing. After paying their morning call the carriage is ordered to one of the first shops in Rundle Street. There, amidst silks and satins, gauzes and muslins, feathers and flowers, one would imagine the fair damsels would be nearly bewildered out of their seven senses. The annual birthday ball at Government House is a display of all the fashions and all the elegances that have emigrated to Australia. And certainly there seems to be no lack of choice, although the goods have been obliged to take a sea voyage. A few of the ribbons and gloves betoken having suffered from the effects of sea-sickness, and have rather a jaded look—these articles, with needles and pins, being occasionally injuriously affected by the voyage. As a whole, however, the materials are as fresh as if Bond Street and Paris were within two hours' drive.

The two Miss Sullivans having selected the various articles most becoming their separate tastes, they again order the carriage forward, as there are half a hundred nameless trifles still unpurchased. The horses begin to feel that as they have only partaken of luncheon, and as it is now half-past five P.M., they would like to dine. Consequently, they paw the ground with restless impatience, as they draw up at the shop where Cinderella's

slippers are to be purchased; and they look forward with gloomy impatience to another half-hour's halt. In this they are not disappointed, and it is quite six before the word "Home" is given to the coachman, and passed to them. But home they go in gallant style, and having safely landed their fair burden, they no doubt feel an increased appetite for their evening repast. Dinner has been ordered for eight, for Mr. Sullivan has invited a select party to his hospitable table. Splendid chandeliers, gleaming with scores of candles, shed a softened light on all beneath; costly plate, richly cut glass, and elegant china, are in rich profusion; dainties in fish, flesh, and fowl, are served in rapid succession; and a dessert follows which would not disgrace a Lord Mayor's banquet in its rich abundance and beauty.

The 24th of May has arrived. It is a brilliant scene at Government House. The grand ball-room and its suite of rooms are thrown open for the reception of the invited guests, and hundreds of ladies and gentlemen assemble to commemorate her gracious Majesty's birthday, and to pay respect to her representatives in the far distant land. Let us for a few moments pass into the vestibule, and standing aside, see the gay throng pass us in rapid succession, as they alight from their carriage. There are judges, government officers of all kinds, lawyers, doctors, merchants, squatters, etc., all bearing with them some lovely burden. A carriage has just set down two gentlemen and as many ladies. The drapery of the latter is most *distingué*. One lady is dark, the other light; one floats in a cloud of India muslin laces, gauzes and French flowers exquisitely wreathed about her dress and hair; the other, some few years her senior, rejoices in rich purple Genoa velvet, trimmed with magnificent lace, and a head-dress of white ostrich feathers. And this is Australia, we mentally exclaim, with its serge dresses, and its sun bonnets, and its roughness, and its savageness, and its horrors. Dear reader, it is Australia, but we have *separated the tang*led skeins of silk, and we have shown

you the difference between bush life, semi-bush life, and Adelaide life, and vast, indeed, is the difference.

The writer fears that the explanation will, perhaps, never be satisfactorily given why Australia, more than any other land, should be viewed, as it were, through a mist; but it is no less strange than true, that in the English mind of those at home there seems no definite idea of classification of persons, places, or distances; and since this book was commenced, increased strength has again and again been given to this opinion.

CHAPTER VI.

We must now leave the gaieties of town for the sober realities of the bush, and bring before our readers a class of men whom we have not before brought on the stage.

Mr. Smith landed in one of the colonies about thirteen years ago, a miller by trade; but he had only worked for others, having no capital of his own. He had a great idea money was to be made in this line, and certainly it seemed desirable to win the fickle maiden Fortune, for after he had paid all expenses, he and his better half boasted but ten shillings between them. Not discouraged by the dark and cloudy state of affairs, he immediately applied for work in his trade, and was fortunate in obtaining large wages, though his employer had not a large business. His wife went out as needlewoman at a small sum daily, and managed to support herself; so that, being without children, he could put by a large part of his earnings. After a time he became head man in a more flourishing business, still continuing to save every penny he could put by, his wife taking in needlework, and living with the strictest economy. After having saved about two hundred pounds, he thought it time to lay the foundation of what he hoped would be a splendid fortune. He was not a man satisfied with being left behind by any one; he must be head and foremost in the race if he once entered the lists. In the place he was now in he had secret intelligence of rises and falls in the corn-market, and added to this, he was possessed of an amount of shrewdness which, if it had *been divided between* two heads, instead of being pos-

sessed by one, would have still been reckoned by others an abundant share. He invested his two hundred pounds in wheat, and in one month, by a sudden rise (expected by him, but not by the multitude), he cleared at one stroke forty pounds. We have not space to enumerate the various steps which this man made up the ladder of fortune, but it seemed something marvellous. After a comparatively short time, he amassed enough to buy a small business for himself, well knowing that small would not long be the word attached to his transactions. It is said, and perhaps with some truth, that in his native county and country there existed a magnificent estate, fit for any nobleman, and that when he set foot in his own business, it was with the steady resolve that he would never slacken his labours till he was master of that princely mansion which he knew could be bought if a large sum were offered for it.

Whether this story be true or not, he appeared to work to it. Building upon building arose, till his store-houses and capacious steam-mill vied with any in these colonies; vessels were bought and freighted by him to all parts; wealth flowed in on every side. Some fluctuations and losses took place, but they were as a drop in a bucket; and a short time ago the writer heard he had returned to visit his native country rolling in wealth. It is not our intention to paint the picture too brightly, therefore, of course, there are but very few who must expect to do all our friend accomplished. Still what we have stated are facts; therefore, as such, let them be stated and known. Others may not be so fortunate, yet we always think that where a prize is held out it makes the race vigorous, even though there be but one winner. This, however, is by no means a solitary case. We know another individual in the same business who began as humbly as our friend before-mentioned, and who, step by step, ascended Fortune's ladder. Though an uneducated man, yet so signally were his efforts crowned with success, that he is reckoned one of the richest men in his trade. Talking of wealth, no men

have made wealth faster in this colony than "squatters;" that is, in plain English, sheep and cattle owners. Enormous fortunes have been realized in these callings, and they have been considered almost to coin money. Times and seasons have altered, and when we now write, clouds thick and dark seem to have risen in their horizon and obscured the sun of their prosperity. Still we trust there is "a good time coming," when they shall again have genial seasons, and abundant recompense for their labours. Nevertheless, owing to Government regulations respecting the valuation of runs, money cannot be coined as fast as it has been, even when the present losses are made up. Numbers and numbers of individuals who have come to their wits' ends for occupation take to shepherding on runs. It is a quiet, though very monotonous life. Their wages are generally fifteen shillings and upwards per week, with rations and a hut to live in. Overseers get pretty well paid when things are bright, as frequently the gentlemen who invest large capitals in runs are not resident there, or perhaps hold several, and therefore, not being ubiquitous, are glad to employ trusty men to take charge of their stations. There is much more to be done at some parts of the year than others; but there is generally a good deal to claim attention. The sheep in South Australia require watering as much as cattle; they have to be frequently counted, and the flocks appointed to different localities for feed. The lambing and shearing seasons especially are times of great bustle and work. The flocks in good seasons increase marvellously, and have hitherto been one of the great sources of wealth. But we shall have again to allude to this subject.

The greatest lack of South Australia is water, especially as so much is needed in this hot climate for man and beast, and the want of it has been increasingly felt of late years. The Murray is a noble river, and very beautiful in some parts; its course continues 2400 miles, after which it falls into the sea at Encounter Bay. *But this is the* only river of note yet discovered in all

South Australia. In many parts it is about the width of the Thames at London. The Onkaparinga (a native name) is very pretty, and some of its banks are as lovely as any the writer ever saw. The Torrens supplies Adelaide with water, and in some parts is pretty; but the Murray is the only navigable river known. Several lakes have been discovered, viz., Lake Torrens, Lake Victoria, Lake Albert, and the Coorong, at the mouth of the Murray, with some others. There are thirteen counties in the inhabited part of South Australia; Gawler, Light, Stanley, and Burra, on the north of the county of Adelaide, Frome on the north-west, Flinders on the west, Hindmarsh on the south, Russel, Robe, and Grey on the south-east, and Eyre on the north-east.

Adelaide, the capital, is situated on the banks of the Torrens. The country in winter is watered by creeks in all directions, but of these only comparatively few stand the summer heat, and out of these few a still smaller number stand an extra dry year. Wells are sunk, of course, and water in most places is attainable; but in faithfulness we are bound to say that want of water is the greatest drawback to South Australia.

Having given a geography lesson, we now think it time to take a peep at our friend Pat, and perhaps from him we shall gather some further account of bush life in its most primitive state.

One fine morning Pat was seen running as fast as his legs could carry him to his master's house—

"Your honour," said Pat, "faith and sure, but I've seen a dromedary; only one hunch on its back is all the crater has, and it's covered with feathers instead of hair. I see one in the Zoglican Gardens in London, and if your honour plase and could shoot the crater, we might preserve it in spirits and send it as a curiosity to the museum."

"Well, Pat, what in the name of fortune have you seen? but certainly you must be bewitched, or possessed, or something."

"Oh no, master," said Pat, "it's only Molly Avour-

neen that ever witched me, and I'm tin times the better man for it; but only bring your gun and we'll have him."

Pat's good-humoured master followed, gun on shoulder, Pat going ahead. After walking some distance, Pat suddenly exclaimed :—

. "There's the crater that I see, and sure and faith isn't it a dromedary."

"Sure and faith," said his master, "you're a goose, and the creature's an emu, and a very fine one too, and though I should not think of putting him in spirits, I certainly will have his skin, which is a very fine one."

Accordingly, taking a good aim, the bird fell, mortally wounded in its side.

"Arrah," said Pat, "if it isn't all up with the dromedary, or emu as your honour calls him; but now I comes near it, it's uncommon like a great bird as I see in the Zoglican Gardens, that ran about, and they said carried all the plumes in its tail that her gracious Majesty wore at court, God bless her."

"Oh dear," said Pat's master, "I wish you were English instead of Irish, for you do make me laugh so that it brings on that bad cough I had in the winter and have only just lost."

"Sure and faith," said Pat, "you'd wish me to be my own mother's son, and if she were niver out of Ireland, is it English that I could be? But your honour, if it hadn't been for going to see those four animals in the Zoglican Gardens, with the dromedaries and their humps, I'd never have made the mistake as I did; but the crater's legs were so long, and its back so large, and its head so high, that the first thing as my imagination came to was to think of a dromedary, only sure and faith it was never in me to see the crater had lost two of its four legs."

Certainly it was a magnificent emu, and in splendid plumage; it stood very high. The speed of the emu is wonderful if pursued by dogs. They are frequently seen *in the* north and other parts in flocks, but when they

wander into more thickly-populated districts, they sometimes come singly or only two or three together. They are generally found in the same neighbourhood where kangaroos abound, and the skins of these birds are much prized, especially the older ones. The blacks are very clever in curing them; the feathers are often used as ornaments, and are very graceful though small.

"Well, Pat," said his master, "can't you skin the bird for me?"

"Sure and faith, your honour, and ye don't be going to think because as I'm a Paddy, I'm a canabil; why I never seed a scalp, your honour, much more took one."

"Oh dear me, Pat," said his master, "what shall I do with you; why it's the skin of the whole bird, not merely his head, that I want; but I see clearly it's no use asking you."

"Ah, but your honour," said Pat, "there's some of those darkies in the scrub yonder, and they built what they call a whirley or two, and I've been told they'd sell every bit of themselves for a stick of baccy; if your honour spake to them, it's glad they'd be to do it, I'm thinking."

"Ah, well, Pat, your second idea is brighter than your first, so trot off and fetch two of them."

Pat made a long face, made a rush at a lock of his hair by way of a bow, and said, very gravely, "Your honour doesn't mane to make a widow of Molly, and may be if I went, and they know as how I'm a Paddy, they might be skinning me instead of the bird by way of practice."

"Well, then, we'll go together," said Pat's kind master, "and I'll tell them that if they touch you, Molly will put them all in a pie; will that do?"

"Anything, please your honour, only nothing, not even the bird, as knows how to behave to a Paddy out 'ere; it's only yoursel that understands the right thing, and knows what I'm made of."

"It's a great mercy then, and one you can't be too

thankful for," said Pat's master, "that you came here then; and I hope you'll stay, as you suit me."

"Bless your honour, I'll stay till I go," said Pat, and off he trotted.

Arrived at the whirleys, Pat's master called to one of the blacks who understood English, and told him what he wanted.

"We understand," said the black, "big bird tumble down, never tumble up again, white feller want scalp, black feller do it very well: what white feller give?" added he.

"Oh, time enough when I see how the work is done," said the gentleman.

"You give us tucker," said another of the party; "squaw very bad, tumble down sick; big lot pain, very ill, want good tucker."

"No doubt," said the party addressed; "but if two of you come that is enough. I do not require the whole party."

Accordingly the two blacks followed, and with great skill in a surprisingly short time scalped, as they called, poor Mr. Emu; a very sharp flint was their chief instrument of operation, assisted now and then by their teeth.

Perhaps this may not be an inopportune place to introduce some interesting particulars about the race of people who occupied South Australia prior to its settlement. Many of the tribes are fast dying out, and some have become extinct; still in many parts of the colony they exist in considerable numbers. They are divided into a great many tribes, between most of which a deadly feeling of hostility exists, and where in some instances black children have been in the care of Europeans (and have after a time desired to return to the wilderness), they have been intercepted and murdered by intervening tribes, long before they could reach their own. Some of the men are good-looking and of tolerable proportions; but as a race they are extremely ugly and badly formed, the women especially. The first time the writer saw

these natives, Paddy's simile recurred to mind, namely, that of a mop-handle with a swap stuck on the top instead of the bottom. Their legs and arms are like spindles, so miserably thin and bony; they are also rather narrow chested; their colour is a dirty black, not near as dark as negroes, and with much longer hair and not woolly, though coarse. Their eyes are often very handsome, and their teeth are splendid, but the features are flat, and those of the women frequently repulsive. They are, as a race, about the middle height, and without much strength, totally different and inferior in every way to New Zealanders. Before Europeans made their appearance, an opossum rug or a skin of any bird was all the raiment they boasted; but since civilization has made its way, those who are about peopled districts are generally decently clothed. They have but very few children, and few of those live; therefore, the tribes are rapidly dwindling away. They believe in a good and bad spirit, but seem to go little beyond this; they have no idols, no places of worship, and but few observances of any kind that savour of religion in any way. At a death they cut their faces and paint themselves white, and the women or lubras call it "crying their man." They used to carry the body about for some time, and then place it in the forked branches of some large tree; but this has been forbidden of late years, though but a short time back one of the writer's friends saw the remains of one of these relics in a tree near Encounter Bay or Port Elliot. Polygamy is permitted amongst them. On one occasion two native young girls, who used to be seen in the neighbourhood, were missing for a week; when they returned their faces were torn with some jagged instrument, and covered with clotted blood, red ochre, and lime, and their hair matted with lime and grease. They were asked where they had been. Pausing a few moments, they burst into tears and said, "Old woman plenty tumble down" (our moder dead). They were asked, "What for tear your face?" They replied, "White feller only sorry along his eye," and

then pointing to their disfigured faces they said, "Black fellers plenty sorry here."

Some of the tribes have a tradition that the blacks when they die become white fellows, and that the Europeans are consequently connected with them. They say, black feller tumble down, white feller tumble up. At one of the stations about fifty miles from Guichen Bay, a considerable number of the natives had congregated, many of them were employed on the station, and some of them became quite attached to the owners; one of the oldest of the lubras used to say to the master of this run, "You my son, I your moder, I take care of you, my big boy plenty tumble down, you white boy tumble up; yer my pickinine." And upon taking to himself a better half and introducing her to his home, she immediately was similarly provided with some kind parent, who laid claim to her, and at all events she learnt to be very fond of the poor creatures. Possibly this curious article of faith does not extend further than some of the tribes.

The lower Murray aborigines have a tradition that they were all birds and beasts originally, and that there was no sun, and that darkness dwelt on the earth; but a quarrel arising between an emu and a native, the latter threw an egg of the former up to the sky, when it broke upon a pile of wood, seemingly prepared for that purpose by the good spirit (Gnamderoot), when the concussion produced fire, and the earth was flooded with light, and the good spirit saw that it was an improvement upon the darkness, therefore he has continued to light it up every morning since that time. There are many other traditions, but perhaps this is one of the most striking on record.

At times the natives will work well, but it is only for a short time, generally, and only amongst some tribes. They cut wood, reap the harvest, and engage in whale fishing, as well as any whites, and quite outstrip them in horsemanship if taught to ride when young. An old settler once related to the writer an anecdote of a black's first impression on seeing a horse.

It was in the earliest days of the colony. Some black fellows came to this gentleman and looked with astonishment at the unknown animal. They had never seen one mounted, and had no idea how to get on to his back. The gentleman made them understand he wanted one of them to mount; presently, to his amazement, one of them caught hold of the horse's tail, pulled himself by this lever up the horse's hind-leg, and seated himself with triumph on its back. Luckily for the poor fellow it was a quiet old stager, or his head would have paid for his temerity. The idea, however, is not quite as strange as at first sight, as the natives are in the constant habit of climbing up the most inaccessible trees, making a notch with a sharp instrument, and going from notch to notch, planting their toes in the small space, and raising themselves by means of the stick to the next hole they have cut in the bark. Their agility in performing this feat is something wonderful, and they scarcely ever miss their footing.

Spears are the weapons they mostly fight with, and some most ingeniously made have been brought from the northern territories. They are extremely expert in fishing, taking opossums, diving under water, and catching wild fowl. Their whirleys are made chiefly of branches of trees and large pieces of bark; they are in the form of half a circle, and are shifted to suit the direction of the wind. A huge fire is made in front, and then all lay round in the inner circle behind the fire. They are fearful gamblers, and, since they have known Europeans, cards are their grand amusement. They will stake everything, to the last rag they possess, and after working hard for two or three weeks, will lose every penny in an hour or two at cards. They are extremely clever at playing, and display more tact than any one could imagine they were capable of.

In general, they are most peaceable and pleasant with the whites; but there have been some exceptions, and there has been lately considerable annoyance caused

by the natives at Lake Hope, and one or two other places. They are usually looked upon with a kindly interest by all parties. Their corrobories are wild and savage scenes, and may be heard for miles. At these they paint themselves all over with oil from head to foot, ornament their heads, then forming a circle begin a war dance, which is a series of the most extraordinary antics ever accomplished by any clown at Astley's. The women sit round, and join in the most unearthly yells, singing, and screams ever heard this side of the infernal regions, and can only be heard to be understood, and being once understood can never be forgotten. These orgies always take place by firelight, when the moon is at the full, which adds to the grimness of the scene.

A missionary establishment and school have been supported at Port Lincoln, and is called Ponindee. The writer has met with some admirable specimens from this establishment, men who clearly proved, both by their living and dying, that labour and Christian care had not been expended in vain. But the great difficulty always arises of their dying off so fast in a state of civilization. Thus, as soon as ever a settled community is any way gathered, it is broken up. There is another missionary settlement on a small scale in another part of the colony, chiefly supported by dissenters, to which the tribes are encouraged to come and settle for a time, and benefit by the means of instruction.

There are many more particulars equally interesting to be told of the aborigines, but our pages are limited, and we feel we have already rather encroached upon them. Nevertheless, the emigrant, be he in what situation he may, feels anxious to know something of those people to whose land he intends to come; hence we feel that we have not diverged from our original purpose in giving rather a lengthy account of the aborigines of South Australia.

We have, it appears, entirely left Pat, and, no doubt, he is tired of waiting for us. He watched with much interest the "scalping," as he called it, of his dromedary,

and then inquired of his master what he was to do with the body.

"Oh, leave that to the darkies," said his master; "'twill make a famous feed for the sick lubra and all her friends."

"Please your honour," said Pat, "would you tell me the raison why white swans are black in this 'ere forin country, and the cockatoos, some of them, the same."

"Well," said his master, "as to that, it's not the white swans that are black, only they're black here instead of white; perhaps out of compliment to the natives," added he, laughing.

"Why," said Pat, "I wouldn't like always to be in mourning as them birds be; it's mighty doleful for them anyways, poor things."

We must now inquire of Pat and Harry Jones how their worldly affairs progressed.

"Harry," said Pat, "it's a fine thing to come to this forin country. Why, it's a gintleman I shall be, save that I'm my own mother's son, and she wasn't a lady, bless her ould heart. But faith and sure, it's a good sum I've laid by in the savings' bank, and a good stock of clothes that Molly and I have to our backs, and she only wears her patched gown as she brought with her on washing days."

"Well," said Harry, "it is a good land. I've been two years with Mary at service, and we've had a good master; and I'm a-thinking, Pat, you and I might go into a little partnership concern, seeing we know each other pretty well. Now I propose to hire a section, a very good one, that is to let with a house upon it. It is ready fenced, and very reasonable—only £45 a-year. Now I propose that we should put up a little place for you with wattle and dab, and then we will go halves in buying what is wanted; but I think for the first year master would let me a team cheap, as we mustn't go on too fast. Then in least busy times one or other of us can go out to work, and we will go halves in everything, and in the profits. I think with care we can manage it.

We will buy two cows, and our wives can attend to them, and the pigs and poultry. I think in a few years we may purchase the section, and perhaps another besides, if we have good crops. Master says he's sorry to part with us, but he would not stand in our way for good, and he does think we might succeed."

"Well," said Pat, "faith and sure it's a gintleman yet I'll be. Bless the Queen for sending me here, or the imigration society, which I s'pose is all the same. And it's Patrick O'Connor that will always have a good word to say for them while the breath is in his body."

"Well," said Harry, "at all events we will try and do credit to the emigration society, so they shan't be ashamed of us, and therefore we will consider the best way to go to work."

Harry and Pat having put their savings together, found that they had ample to buy implements with for farming, also three cows, some pigs and poultry, the seed requisite to set, one team of bullocks, and still to leave a good lump for the rent and for other things needful, till their farm should begin to turn in some ready money. They stocked the garden with vegetables; it was already planted with fruit-trees and vines, and they also set about building Pat's house, of wattle and dab.

"Arrah," said Pat one morning, "and sure Molly Avourneen won't know herself when she has this handsome house to call her own. It's just the place to her heart; and there's an ilegant chimley for the smoke to walk out of doors dacently, and not smother all the folks afore it can make its way to get a breath of air, as in ould Ireland."

Certainly Pat's house was a very decent little affair when finished, and one any poor man might be proud of. Harry and Mary took a grateful leave of their kind master and mistress, and the happy couple commenced life for themselves in the bush, surrounded with mode*rate comforts*, and satisfied in the consciousness that

by their own honest industry they had obtained independence.

One day Pat, being out to find straight wattles for their work, proceeded further than he had any idea, and all of a sudden began to consider whether he was quite sure of the way to retrace his steps. There was a track, it is true, but on passing this a little way, he was not certain it was the same he had taken. He wandered about for some time in considerable distress, as the evening was fast drawing in, but fortunately, hearing the bark of a dog in the distance, his quick ear guided his footsteps, and he reached a hut, where the man put him in the right way.

"Sure and faith," said Pat, "and I thought I should never again see the ilegant house, and beautiful farm, and my own Molly no more. Every step I went forward I went backward, and I thought of the ould mother in ould Ireland, and the chimley where all the smoke would come down because it couldn't go up, and the praties, and the salt herring, and I'd have given my handsome farm, and all the good living, only to be safe there with the life in me; for I thought what was the use of all the fine things, and no breath in my body to eat them, for sure and faith it's starved I should have been, if I hadn't heard the dogs bark, and heard it quick too."

We may here be allowed to make a digression, and say that no one who has not been in the Australian colonies can understand the difficulty of finding or keeping the right tracks, and the ease of losing them. And strange to say, that parties who have laughed at the misfortunes and apparent stupidity of others, and who have for years traversed the bush safely, have at last lost themselves, when and where they least expected. New comers cannot be too much on their guard when really in the bush, either on foot or horseback. It would make a volume in itself to tell the half of all the incidents that could be narrated on this subject. There is a great sameness in the Australian

foliage and scenery. Very often for miles together there is little striking variety. This may be one thing. Then the cattle tracks are so numerous, that before you stop to think, you have taken what appears a bridle path, but in reality only leads into the thickest scrub. But nothing is more difficult of explanation than the number of individuals who have been lost close to their own homes, and never known, but a little care might frequently prevent such mistakes. Two instances of this nature, out of many others, are worth relating, from their tragical interest and truth. The first history is a very touching one, and happened to one of the domestics belonging to an acquaintance of the author's.

A little girl, about thirteen years of age, was employed by her master and mistress to fetch in the dairy cows, and was in the constant habit of doing so. On the afternoon in question she had sallied forth as usual, but she went forth never to return. After the lapse of a few hours, a vigorous search was instituted, the cows were found at no great distance, but no girl! To the credit of this colony, we have always observed that, in any calamity of this kind, every one joins hand and heart to help. And we have known a whole district turn out for nearly a week, riding and walking, to find lost children or people, and never return till they felt sure they had scoured every spot for miles round. In this instance, the most diligent search was made for days, but unavailingly. The master kept continually on the look-out, but never could discover any trace of the missing one.

Two years after, when in a scrub not more than a mile from home, he noticed a few branches of trees placed together on the ground, and in some way or another they excited his attention. He got off his horse and examined them; they had been arranged by some human hand, but not by the blacks. There was a small space underneath, and in this recess lay the bones of the poor lost one, who almost in sight of her home had *become confused* in some mysterious way, and finding

herself unable to discover her path back, had formed this little shelter. How it was that no one found her, or that she never heard those in pursuit, must for ever remain a mystery, as must many other similar cases. But a touching relic proved her death was a natural one, however fearful! A little Wesleyan hymn-book lay by her side undestroyed. On opening it, her master found the following words pricked with a pin in the fly-leaf, "Dear father, love God, and don't drink any more," with her initials.

This touching appeal was sent to the father, who must have felt it something like a voice from heaven. The second instance we shall give was equally strange and unaccountable, and occurred some distance northward. Two gentlemen were at a station with their manservant. Being about to ride over to another station a few miles away, over a road with which they were well acquainted, they arranged the night before with their man that he should rise early and go forward and prepare breakfast for them at this station. Accordingly the man started and got breakfast ready. The gentlemen started also, but though the path appeared so plain that it was impossible to mistake it, they were never seen again, and their horses never returned. Years after, their remains were identified, but in so exactly an opposite direction to the one they were making for, as to render it a matter almost of impossibility how they ever got there. It was conjectured that in some unaccountable manner they had lost their broad track, that losing it and having no compass they had got bewildered, that they then had entirely lost their way, wandered to where they were found, and they and their horses had perished together for want of water. Of course the most vigilant search was immediately made the moment their loss was discovered, but without avail.

Space will allow of no further incidents being mentioned, but never let the emigrant trust carelessly to supposed knowledge of the bush and its tracks, or when he least thinks it he may find himself irretrievably lost.

Hairbreadth escapes have happened to some of the author's friends, who have been too confident in their own powers.

It is now time to take another peep at our fair friend and old acquaintance Eleanor Dingle; her face still wears that sunny smile, and her brow that placid smoothness which betokens happiness and peace. By this time Robert Dingle has been enabled to purchase the section and the adjoining bit of land, and he calls the homestead his own; there have been fluctuations and roughs as well as smooths, but he has been a successful and happy man, and he feels it.

"Robert," said his wife one Sabbath morning, "it almost seems like Old England, and I can scarce fancy that sixteen thousand miles of ocean separate us from that beloved land; there are the little ones just trotting off to the Sabbath school, and then the Sabbath itself seems as sweet and peaceful as if we were in Devonshire; and there is our own place of worship, and others too rising up, and we enjoy an honest independence, and God has given us his blessing."

"Even so, Eleanor," said her husband. "Sunny days have been ours, though many a hard struggle has there been when the clouds looked dark, but we did well when you nerved my heart to leave behind all we had loved, and when you urged me to try our fortunes together in this far-off land. And as our little ones increase in stature, there will be an abundant field of usefulness for them, and they will have every prospect of succeeding as well as we have done, and perhaps even better."

The writer thinks that this is one grand feature in the colony—it not only opens prospects to the parent but to the children; there is always some opening for the industrious, some honest way for obtaining a comfortable living; and this can scarcely be said in our overpopulated mother country. During the late drought there has been some distress, and in so large a city as Adelaide there will always be some cases of destitution;

but real abject poverty or want seems a thing difficult to realize in the author's mind. When one remembers the wretchedness, the misery, the want constantly visible in England, it is something refreshing to feel that it requires a search before you find individuals who would ever thank you for any assistance. Beggars are never seen, except a professional by chance emigrate and take to his old trade. A free and independent spirit seems to emigrate with each new arrival, and persons in England can scarcely credit the difference to be found in persons of the lower class at the end of a twelvemonth. Perhaps a simple little incident will explain how little poverty is felt here.* The author happened to be residing in rather a poor district, perhaps not six rich individuals in a population of some hundreds. Having occasion to make some purchases at the country store (or general shop), inquiries were made as to the price of some articles of luxury, but as the price was considered extravagant, no purchase was effected. A short time after, another individual went to the same store, and wanting to purchase some of those articles of which there was a large stock before, the reply was all had been sold, and that the demand exceeded the power of supplying it. And this was in a year when the affairs of the colony were considered at a very low ebb.

Fabulous stories apparently, but in reality true, are afloat everywhere of the extravagance of the times of the gold diggings, although Melbourne was the principal seat of gay doings. Nearly all the men from South Australia went to the diggings, and on their return bank notes were flung about with far less reverence and care than coppers are in England. Servants were in silks, satins, and velvets. Carriages were seen parading with the fortunate diggers in full costume, and in full glory; men who had never owned a five-pound note before, returned with thousands, and being obtained

* Government provides a comfortable destitute asylum for all who should be really in distress from ill health and other circumstances, and also a noble hospital.

quickly it too often went as it came. Hundreds, however made and kept their fortunes, or built them on what they then and there obtained. One of our governors' wives entered a well-known shop and inquired for a dress of richest satin. The shopman produced his best, and said it was one guinea a yard. Whilst the lady was debating about the price, a rough man in a serge blouse entered the store, took hold of the beautiful article, and pulling it towards him said, "That will do for my Sal; put up eighteen yards, here's the money," and putting down his money and taking the dress under his arm, he walked out of the shop in his glory, rather to the discomfiture of the fair lady.

It is, perhaps, the sunniest side of South Australia that real genuine poverty is almost unknown. Poverty there consists in not having an abundance, or in not being able to obtain superfluities. To see a labouring man sit down to dry bread is a thing unheard of, and to hear of any one dying of want, a thing not to be thought of. Poverty here, as we have before said, is only comparative, and to the steadily industrious is rarely or never known. Children at the earliest ages can earn good wages; women get well paid for labour also; and therefore, even in cases of sickness, want rarely stares any one in the face. And should it do so, the destitute asylum and hospital are in readiness for the afflicted and incompetent.

Then the marvellous difference in the atmosphere makes so marvellous a difference in clothing and fuel. The coldest day in winter is rarely as cold as a spring day in March in England. Frost and snow are a sort of fabulous tale to the children born in South Australia. A very slight fall of snow occurred for about half an hour at Echunga, and one of the poorer class of children ran screaming to its mother and said, "Mother, mother, make haste, here's a lot of soap-suds coming down the chimney as fast as they can." A slight hoar-frost took place in another neighbourhood, and a good-sized boy came in and said, "Lawk, mother, if the grass and leaves

bean't covered all over with white barley-sugar." These two simple instances will give an idea of how little distress occurs for the want of heavy clothing, large fires, or numerous blankets. Of course, frost does occur frequently and perniciously, but a piece of ice the thickness of a shilling is exhibited as a phenomenon worth gazing at. In some of the neighbouring colonies frost and snow are abundant. At the gold diggings discovered in New Zealand, the frost and snow were frightful in the neighbourhood of Otago, and the "Blue-skin," men perished from cold, and on one occasion so considerable was the fall of snow as to nearly bury some of the diggers. Hardships unheard of fell to the lot of many of those unfortunate men who arrived near winter time, and who were destitute of means to improve their lot. As a rule, South Australian winters are little colder than a mild spring in England, though of course seasons vary, and also districts. It is much colder in the north in winter than it is in the districts further south of Adelaide, though, by a strange anomaly, they as a rule, suffer far more from heat and drought in the summer. The climate of Victoria is much about the same as South Australia; the summer may be a little cooler, but the hot winds are worse when they blow, and the dust more insufferable. The two colonies, however, are very much on a par if taken as a whole. Sydney is decidedly hotter than either, being nearer the tropics.

It may be well to remark here, that oranges, citrons, and lemons, arrive to great perfection in South Australia, though at present their culture has been too expensive to render them cheap. Large oranges have been planted, and are now coming into bearing. Lemons bear most plentifully, and citrons attain a prodigious size, and bear in great profusion if well attended to. The orange-trees here blossom in winter, but fruit and blossoms may sometimes be seen on the same tree at once. This is especially the case with the lemon. The hot winds are the greatest enemies to the orange-trees, as the young oranges are often swept off by the spring hot winds and laid in

hundreds under the trees. Irrigation has to be constantly applied in all orangeries; and small windmills have in many places been erected, at considerable expense, by which a constant flow of water is kept up.

Vines, vineyards, and wine, seem now the great rage in Australia. From the richest to the poorest, from the mansion to the cottage, we may truly say that every man sits "under his own vine," and under his own fig-tree. In all the southern and eastern districts the grape in every variety flourishes in the richest luxuriance. Bunches of grapes that would be seized upon in Covent Garden Market, almost like nuggets of gold, are to be seen in South Australia in every cottager's garden by the wayside. The weight of the bunches, and the size of some of the grapes, are almost fabulous.

Wine is now becoming almost as great an object of attention as the diggings a few years back, though, alas, not near so profitable. Our little volume is intended for facts, not for disquisitions on those facts. An immense diversity of opinion is afloat as to the probable amount of profit to be insured from the manufacture of wine in this colony, and perhaps it is after all a discussion which old Time can alone settle to our satisfaction. Very excellent wines have been manufactured, but how far they will, as a bulk, be remunerative as the supply increases, remains to be proved.

There is one fact stern in its reality as regards South Australia, namely, that the love of drinking is the curse of this favoured land. We do not lay it to the manufacture of wine, because it existed long before the people, as a body, turned their attention to the subject. Nevertheless it has been augmented in late years, and only recently we heard a magistrate deploring the quarrels, the misery, the thousand ills that follow in the train of intemperance. And he gave as his judgment that almost every man possessing his own hogshead or barrel of of wine, had materially added to the love of fermented liquors, and its consequent miseries. No doubt the heat induces thirst, and thirst begets the love of something

stronger than water to quench it. But we do desire to lift a warning voice to all new settlers, in what grade of society soever they be, against the first step on this road to ruin. Ardent spirits are drank to a fearful extent, and men toss down one glass after another, by the technical term of "nobblers."

In the bush, and on stations, tea is the grand, and almost only, beverage used. Would to God we could say that that beverage was adhered to by those who, on turning their backs on the bush, seem to rush into the very floodgates of temptation, forgetting every interest they have, not only for time, but eternity. Smoking in the most immoderate manner is another of the evils colonists are much given way to.

CHAPTER VII.

It was about the middle of summer, that is, in the month of January, that the Seymours had their first serious alarm from bush fires. Towards evening, Jane had been attending to her flourishing poultry-yard and colony of young ducklings, and about an hour after she noticed a strong light shining rather strongly in the north-west direction of their abode, just on the outside of some thick scrub. She immediately ran for one of her brothers, to give the alarm. She had heard of bush fires, but never seen one.

Harry declared it was some fire just starting, and that the promptest measures must be taken to arrest its progress. Their cattle not being numerous (and settlers being few and far between), the kangaroo grass had grown to a great height just outside and round about the scrub and their sections, and once let the flames encounter this, and all their efforts would hardly save the homestead and fences.

"If," Harry said, "they could beat it back and confine it to the trees, the flames would run up them instead of running along the ground; but almost everything depends on the wind, which seems very much inclined to shift to the wrong direction."

All hands were called (not to the pump) but to the fire. Jane put on her leather gauntlets, and sallied forth with them. Mr. Ramsey, who by some unaccountable accident was there, was a famous help, from his knowledge of bush fires; but all the extra help to be obtained was the services of two Irish labourers, who had been

helping in the hay harvest, and were waiting to reap the corn which was ripe.

As the twilight flitted away, the fire gained strength and exhibited its powers. A loud crash was heard, as one of the monstrous trees of the forest fell to rise no more; and the fire, having been busy some time before it was discovered, was beginning to make great havoc amidst the scrub.

"Look, look!" said little Edward, "see the flames dancing round that tree like fire-works! Isn't it splendid? There! there! it is up to the top of that big gum-tree, and I know it is hollow at the bottom, and it must come down in a few minutes! Isn't it glorious?"

"Well," said his father, "it would be a good deal more so, if I felt my crop of wheat safe in the barn, and my fences were a little further off. We shall save the house and the homestead, but I fear it's little we shall see of our crops to-morrow morning, if the wind does not shift."

"Oh, courage, father," said Jane, "don't be downhearted. Why, dear me, there's nine of us, and there's many a worse fire than this been put out by fewer people; hasn't there, Mr. Ramsey?"

But Mr. Ramsey either did not or would not reply, and did not seem quite so confident in their strength, or the power of the green boughs with which they waged war upon the devouring element.

Poor Jane! with all her energy, it was no woman's work, and so they told her to go and keep guard, and tell them if any sparks fell towards their section or fences.

The little body of men, armed with green boughs, beat back the fire with unremitting vigour, and got severely scorched by the advancing flames. Spite, however, of their united efforts, things looked very dark, or rather very bright, for the flames were lurid. And now at one moment a gum-tree was illumined as by a phosphorescent light. At another time, one of these gigantic

trees fell with a crash that resounded far and near in the stillness of that summer evening.

Jane could have enjoyed the spectacle, had it not been for her fears; but it was terrible to see desolation impending on the work of their hands, and on the labours of years. With the greatest presence of mind she herself dipped blankets into water, and with Edward's little strength they succeeded in covering the roof of the cottage partially. Her brothers had made a bush ladder, which they ascended, and though little good might be done, yet all was done that was in her power. Hour after hour the men battled with the flames, till fairly exhausted. Still they had prevented its crossing the grass paddock, and there was hope that the homestead might be saved. Jane made a large pail full of tea, which Edward carried to the weary men, and which somewhat refreshed them.

By and by a shout was raised, "The wind is changed, the wind is changed, we are saved." And the wind had changed, and the fire went crackling and roaring into the thick scrub, and amongst the tall gums, and turned its back on the abode of man.

Perhaps nothing is grander than a bush fire, and nothing much more terrible when it approaches the haunts of men! The writer has seen the most extraordinary accounts of this devouring element, and the most marvellous pictures sent to England have come back to Australia, of great serpents sitting upright waiting for the fire to approach, and all such like extravagancies, which it is supposed will be fully believed by our brothers and sisters over the water. Perhaps few in every-day life have had more opportunity of witnessing bush fires than the author, who time after time has been in the greatest peril, and times without number has gazed, at safe distance, on the devouring element. One of the grandest sights ever witnessed was in a ride on horseback from the very same neighbourhood where our friends the Seymours were located. The writer had started with a party on horseback from Port Elliot,

and as the bush was approached, vast columns of smoke arose in three different directions. As the hills were ascended, a view was obtained of the destroying element, but it took an hour's hand gallop to arrive close to the scene of destruction. Never was there a grander sight than was viewed that day, and never did the author understand, before that occasion, the meaning of those words, "Chariots of fire!"

But how vain to attempt to describe what can scarcely be understood by being seen. The volumes of flame and smoke wreathed and curled and rolled along the ground as if it went conquering and to conquer. It was only low scrub, consequently there were no trees to hide the view. Two volumes of fire met, and then seemed as if they vied with the lightning's speed in their progress. Another fire on the other side had started up near Mount Jagged, and here were the party riding as it were in the midst of destruction. The terrific splendour of those overwhelming chariots of fire will never be forgotten, but though rolling on each side, yet they were some considerable distance from the road, or the heat would have been too intense to bear; by and by the fire was observed to be taking an angle, and making at the most tremendous speed for the square water hole. If it crossed the road, which was narrow and surrounded by bush, the journey could not be continued for that day; consequently the horses were put on their full speed, and rode a race with the devouring element. There seemed little chance, as no angle could be made to shorten the distance. How the flames were watched and the distance measured with our anxious eyes, and how difficult it was to encourage the horses to head their fearful antagonist; once or twice it seemed as though all was up, and that a retreat must be beat; but as the water hole was reached, a shout was set up, "We can pass, we can pass; the fire has taken another direction." Seeing the great danger that threatened, the owner of the square water hole had burned all the scrub round for half a mile, and put the fire out afterwards. Thus

the devouring element had nothing to feed upon when it arrived at this spot, and consequently it took another direction. This plan is continually adopted to stay bush fires, and is often very effectual.

About five years ago the most destructive fire took place that has ever been known in South Australia. A fearful conflagration started at two different points in one of the hilly districts. After spreading desolation and destruction in every direction, the two fires converged and swept through the valley of Hindmarsh, destroying property to an enormous amount: it continued its desolating course for a vast extent till it swept round to the district of Macclesfield, where its progress was terrific; hundreds of people were rendered homeless and penniless, waggons, implements, houses, stacks, everything but the clothes on their backs was lost. A subscription was set on foot and liberally responded to for the sufferers' benefit, and most of them were enabled to combat once more with the world and its difficulties.

But to return to our friends. A most amusing incident in bush life occurred some few months after the fire, namely, a bush wedding. Readers, don't be alarmed, it's not our little friend Jane Seymour going to take flight at present, her wings are not ready for such a feat. But it is the story of a wedding of one of the men who had been employed at times on their farm. He was a very respectable fellow, pretty well off for money, but not for manners, as you will presently see. Somehow or another he had managed to win the heart of some fair damsel, and he was about to take her for better for worse. There was no church within less than twenty-five miles, and so they were obliged to wend their way on horseback for lack of a carriage and four. Some of the boys got scent that this man would be married, and determined to witness the wedding. At an early hour the bride sallied forth to meet her fate, and the bridegroom followed about half an hour later, the father-in-law bringing up the rear; he was to give her away,

bridesmaids being dispensed with. Arrived at the church or its vicinity, the bride dismounted without assistance, hung her horse by its bridle to the fence, and waited patiently for the arrival of her future spouse, thus learning her first lesson of submission. In about twenty minutes he arrived, and, without speaking, tied his horse up likewise to the rails, after which he said, "Come on, the parson's waiting." So the bride did come on, and so did Daddy, and they all stood round the communion rails in silence. Whilst our damsel was waiting a little outside, a circumstance occurred which may interest our lady readers. The bride pulled off her rough cotton gloves, and gingerly drew on a pair of white silk; but, alas! the white silk were too small, or the hands too large, which amounts to much the same in the end, and certainly the contrast presented by three inches of red wrists and snow-white gloves was not becoming. Nothing daunted, she sailed up the church as we have before said, and the service was begun, and the clergyman was obliged to tell the bridegroom he must answer the responses. Presently he came to the part where the ring requiring to be put on the hand, the bride had to pull off her gloves, and this was no small job. She tugged, and twisted, and pulled, but the glove seemed determined to do anything rather than yield. It was at last forced to give way, and took to splitting, and by this means the hand was prepared for the ring. The question being asked, "Wilt thou have this woman for thy wedded wife?" the bridegroom sturdily replied, "'Spose, sir, that's what I com'd for." The clergyman gently told him to respond properly, and giving him the ring back to place on her finger, the man seized her hand and began to make the effort; but alack, the ring took after the gloves, or the gloves after the ring. The hand was hot and swollen, the ring was not elastic, being gold, and at last he groaned forth, "It's a jolly tight fit and no mistake," and settled it down barely half way over the joint. After the service was completed he put his cross to his name, marched out one side of the

church, and the bride followed down the other side. He got on his horse and rode off, doubtless to prepare the way, and left the bride to mount her horse and follow as best she might; they arrived at their future home half an hour after each other.

We trust our readers are gratified with the account we have rendered of a bush wedding, though we will not answer for it that all bush weddings shall have as much piquant interest as that of our friend in question.

As our friend Jane Seymour had plenty of work to do, her brothers planned a little amusement for her; but, of course, Mr. Ramsey had nothing to do with it, only by some strange mistake he was there. The horses and dogs being got ready for a journey, they started, a merry party of five, including Jane, for the hunt. They proceeded some miles before they got scent of their game, and then two or three kangaroos were seen hopping about and some more quietly feeding; but soon the pretty creatures raised their ears, and scenting the dogs' approach forthwith started for flight. But one of the ladies was carrying her two young ones in her pouch, and was less nimble than the others; one of the best kangaroo dogs gained rapidly upon the creature, who at last, finding the race unequal, stood up, turned round, and, fighting with the greatest desperation, kept the dogs at bay. One lay dead at her feet when the hunters came up, but the others, spite of scratches and bruises, pressed on to victory. The result seemed, however, doubtful, the animal being a remarkably large and powerful one, and apparently as ready to turn upon the men as the dogs. One of the gentlemen seized a club, and, to save the dogs, levelled it at the poor kangaroo whilst fighting. The conquest was then soon finished, and the kangaroo secured as a prize. The young ones were saved, and taken home as pets by the victors. The hunters had no sooner overtaken this animal than they set to work and followed up their other game. Fine fun they had, leaping over pieces of rock and logs, rushing through the scrub, now here, now there; horses, with distended

nostrils, enjoying the sport almost more than the riders. Such a chase they had, and the dogs literally flew over the ground. A good kangaroo dog is worth a good sum of money. These creatures are something of the appearance and nature of greyhounds in England, only much larger and stronger. Some of them have magnificent heads, such as Landseer would like to depict on canvas—so much intelligence and such brilliant eyes, that you cannot help feeling there is something superior in them.

Presently, whilst pursuing the kangaroos, they started two of Pat's dromedaries, *versus* emus. They were noble birds, and very politely taking the same course as the kangaroos, increased the amusement of the hunt. One of the gentlemen had a rifle, and after pursuing them half a mile, brought one of them down; the other, taking a different course to the kangaroos, was allowed its life and liberty. Jane was a capital horsewoman, and thoroughly enjoyed the hunt, declaring she would be first in getting up to the kangaroos. They had taken the tail of the other kangaroo (a ponderous article) for soup. Two more were despatched, and two more tails were added to the store; and then, with light hearts, they proceeded to their bush home, some miles distant.

Soon after this hunt Jane took another ride about ten miles distant, and was nearly wild with the beauty and luxuriance of the bush flowers. The exquisite carpet Nature had spread rivalled the richest work the Brussels loom ever effected. Scarlet, pink, and white flowers were arranged in rich profusion in every direction; a beautiful native creeper hung its delicate white blossoms on the branches and scrub within its reach. All Nature looked lovely, as arrayed in spring garb and festal costume. The first heavy rains had produced all these beauties, and had made the wilderness gay as a parterre.

The trees in Australia are like the flowers and birds; each kind is found belonging to especial districts. The tiers, as they are called, or ranges of hills, are chiefly covered with stringy bark trees, and amongst the stringy

bark the flowers most abound that we have been speaking of. Then you will find for miles little else but white gum-trees of all sizes, interspersed with the wattle and the native cherry. Again, in another district, you will see little else than the she-oak, a peculiar tree, with long hanging foliage, like thick tufts of green horse-hair; and this is of great service in feeding cattle. Again, the black wood and the red gum are found, and in other districts the native pine is most abundant, and very beautiful in foliage, very much like the *Cypressia* tribe in their appearance. The flowers differ with each district, and so do the birds. Many of the parrots are most gorgeous in plumage. The rosella, shell parrots, lauries, black and white cockatoos, blue mountain parrots, rock parrots, ground parrots, are amongst the number the most to be admired. Some of the cockatoos with pink crests are splendid; the black ones, with yellow crests and wings, have a magnificent effect.

One day Jane's brothers were sadly disturbed by finding that some large eagles had built a nest in an immense tree in the neighbourhood. Poultry of all kinds disappeared to supply the wants of the family table; a young kid, or two or three young lambs, made a diversity in their repast; and a party was formed, if possible, to get rid of these formidable creatures. However, the boys had a great idea of capturing the young birds whilst their mamma and papa were absent on a foraging expedition. Accordingly, watch was kept, and when the birds went off, one of the party was deputed the task of ascending. The nest was situated in the forks of a tree, but it was of such enormous size, height, and width, that were the full particulars given, it would be set up as a traveller's wonder. Suffice it to say, they had to get upon the top of the nest before they could attempt to get at the birds, and the person could stand with safety on its walls. The young birds were an enormous size, several feet from tip to tip of their wings. With some difficulty the young eaglets were secured, and handed down, just as Mr. and Mrs. Eagle appeared

like specks in the horizon, returning with some dainty morsel. The boys hurried home with their prize as fast as possible, and secured them in an out-house. Mr. Ramsey then loaded his rifle, in the hopes of at least bringing down one of the parent birds. They swooped down over the nest, uttering the most piercing cries, and seemed as if consulting as to the best method of recovering their offspring. By and by one of them rested on the branch of a dead gum-tree, and afforded a splendid mark. Mr. Ramsey aimed, but though wounded, the noble bird did not fall, but with heavy wing flew to a tree at some distance. The other one took fright and soared away, leaving his wounded companion behind. Mr. Ramsey reloaded his rifle, and taking aim at the bird's head, it fell with a heavy crash to the ground. It was a magnificent bird, and an enormous size.

Some few days after this, in a sandy part of the scrub, the boys came upon one of the greatest curiosities in Australia, namely, a native pheasant's nest. Certainly it is a most extraordinary production, and one which can be hardly believed by those who have never seen it. It consists of an immense conical mound of sand, scraped together and piled up by the claws of these indefatigable birds. The native pheasant is somewhat about the size of the common pheasant, only stronger built, and rejoices in plain plumage, and with very strong claws, adapted for scratching. They commence nest-building first by making an immense hole, and filling it with dry leaves, etc., then throwing up the sand behind them till it becomes a large heap, the leaves causing extra heat. A number of birds belong to the same establishment; the eggs, about the size of a large duck's, with extremely brittle shells, are deposited in layers round and round the conical mound, and the sand being slightly scratched over them, they are then left to the care of the winds of heaven. They are some weeks in hatching. It has been said by some that the parents place food, such as grubs, etc., within the reach of the young birds, to feed on as

soon as they come out, but the author does not vouch for the truth of this statement. Certainly it is one of the most remarkable circumstances connected with the feathered tribe in Australia.

As regards birds, there is little idea of music amongst them. There are one or two which make a feeble attempt at a few pretty notes. The chorus of the magpies is about the most musical thing to be heard. There is one bird with two notes extremely like those of an English nightingale, but it there ceases its song. Some of the very small birds are exquisitely beautiful, and some are no bigger than a good-sized Canadian humming-bird. The bronzed-winged pigeons are very beautiful and excellent eating.

A short time after the capture of the eagles, Jane Seymour received an invitation to a farmer's and sheep-owner's on the River Murray, and having sedulously stuck to her duties, her father thought the time was come for her to take a little pleasure, more especially as she desired to see a different part of the colony to that which she had before been in. One of her brothers accompanied her on horseback to the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Brown. It was a long journey, and they had to take more than two days to accomplish it. The house was not well built, but situate in a most picturesque spot directly on the banks of the river. Two or three fine trees shaded the house, and the Murray reeds grew in rich abundance all along the edge of the water. A pathway had been made down to the river's edge, where a boat lay moored, looking very inviting. Both the riders and horses were glad of a rest, and Mrs. Brown hastened to perform the duties of hostess. Rather an extensive sheep-run was rented by her husband, who had resided in this locality for some years, and had realized some considerable property. Whilst sitting at tea a loud cackling of geese was heard outside. Jane ran to the door, and such a magnificent flock flew over the house, and settled themselves down on the water, about a quarter of a mile or less up the river. The hostess laughed, and said Jane

would not get up and have a peep at the geese when she had been there as long as they had, for they were tired of the sight of them. The native goose is a beautiful bird, of a more graceful shape by far than the English goose, and with such an exquisite touch of bright green near the bill. It is very good eating when young, but rather strong and coarse when old. It is rather difficult to know how to make the delicate inquiry of age when shooting promiscuously, and therefore your dish is of an uncertain nature as to its quality.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown promised Jane's brother a morning's shooting next day, and Jane was to go in the boat. They also said if some of the blacks came, they would exhibit their diving powers. Next morning Jane was up with the sun and peeping about everywhere, but she thought she would not on any account change her own dear little home for that locality, though pleasant in summer. The Murray looked a noble river certainly, and its broad expanse of waters sparkled in the sunlight. After breakfast some provisions were got in readiness, and the party proceeded to the boat. They were to go down the river some distance to a noted spot for wild fowl, and then land and partake of luncheon; afterwards Jane's brother was to go in pursuit of some wild turkeys known to be in the neighbourhood, and then they were to return by water in the afternoon. Jane thought she would like to handle an oar, but the oar did not at first approve of her handling; she caught what they called crabs every few minutes, but laughingly said she must conquer, and so she did; and before they had been on the water an hour she really had attained quite a masterly dip. They arrived at the spot where a number of teal were to be seen, and having taken a good water-dog, Mr. Brown fired a double-barrelled gun, and, killing two or three close together, the dog swam and brought them to the side of the boat. These birds are beautiful eating, and more delicate than other wild fowl. Soon after, some of the party landed and greatly enjoyed a luncheon of cold fowl, ham, pastry,

etc. Mr. Brown proposed the ladies should remain and watch the blacks did not take some baits he had put down for Murray cod, while the male members went in search of the wild turkeys. This was accordingly done. After a walk of two or three miles, Mr. Brown and his party espied two turkeys in the distance: Australian turkeys are much bigger than the English turkey, and more delicious than any kind of game found in Australia. They sell for as much as fifteen shillings apiece in Adelaide, and are never found except in the bush. They are not near so plentiful as wild geese and other birds, and are reckoned quite an article of luxury.

Jane's brother was fortunate enough to bring down one of the birds, the other was wounded but got away. They espied a few more at a further distance, but time being expended they thought they had better return with their booty. Jane was delighted with the turkey, as it was the first time she had seen one, and examined it minutely.

Mr. Brown commenced also an examination of his lines, and soon found there was a tremendous large cod fish on one of them. With some care he brought it to land, where it splashed and dashed as if surprised at its treatment. Fish had become so common to Mr. and Mrs. Brown, they scarcely now troubled themselves to catch it; but Jane wished to see and taste everything. This was about a twenty-four pounder, and when cooked was of delicious flavour.

We would here remark that the fish of South Australia is, without a question, rather inferior to that in England. The butter fish is, however, very delicious, but very scarce and dear. Whitings, snappers, and snooks are very fair, and also the rock fish. The salmon and mackerel are not bad in themselves, but when associated with these names seem so inferior to expectation, that the author never could care for them. Sharks abound in many parts, and there has been a whale fishery established in the neighbourhood of Port Elliot for some years. Not proving sufficiently productive, it *has fallen* off; but the writer is informed that it is

about to be renewed. Shrimps, crayfish, and crabs are constantly to be obtained in town in the season. Oyster beds are formed in several places, and are tolerably abundant; but like the other fish, cannot take a place with an English oyster in flavour.

But to return to our party. The blacks had come up as Mr. Brown expected, and he told them to follow him a short distance; he then proceeded quietly along the banks of the river where the teal and ducks abounded, and taking aim killed two or three. The blacks leaped into the water, and brought them out like poodle dogs. A little further on they saw another flock, which the blacks approached noiselessly, let themselves into the water underneath some shrubs, so as not to be noticed, dived under water, and most cleverly caught hold of the legs of some unfortunate duck, and instantly pulled it under to prevent its screaming and frightening the others. The blacks just taking breath with their mouths for a moment above water, dived again, and several more were captured in this manner; they then swam to shore with their booty, for which they received some small payment.

Jane was delighted with this feat, for it was quite novel to her. Rowing home, they saw some wild pigs snorting and grunting amongst the reeds. There are a large number in this neighbourhood. Arrived at the landing place the little party went ashore with their trophies, and heartily enjoyed a bush tea. The next morning they mounted their horses by daybreak, and took a ride to survey the country. The appearance was totally different to that of the bush where Jane lived. The ground was much flatter and altogether of a different description: in many parts the Murray scrub was thick though low, and here and there flowers might be seen altogether different to those in the neighbourhood of the Seymours. On the morning of the fourth day our travellers again returned home, and as we have not time to accompany them on their journey, we leave them to the Fates, whilst we pay a short visit to our friend Pat and Harry Jones.

CHAPTER VIII.

"ARRAH," said Pat, one fine morning, "and is it in me to desave you, Harry; sure and faith but I've found the wedge of gold that Achan buried, and as how I can't get it up, and it's at the bottom of the big field where we've been ploughing."

"Good gracious," said Harry, "what nonsense is this, old fellow? I hope you've found the Babylonish garment as well, for if it wasn't too mouldy it might be useful; but what are you fooling thus for, my man?"

"Well, come and see," said Pat, no way distressed or discomfited by Harry's unbelieving words; "you go and see. Faith and sure, because it's ould Ireland I com'd from, no one will belave it, if I said I was my own mother's son."

"Well, if your mother's brain were half as active as yours," said Harry, "there wouldn't be such a pair found this side the water, I'll be bound, my boy, at any rate; but come along."

On arriving at the spot Pat showed his prize, but certainly Achan would never have endangered his life for this wedge; it was a piece of quartz certainly, of a most peculiar shape, and there were several sprinklings of particles of gold in its surface, perhaps a quarter of an ounce in all, upon examination. It had been partially ploughed up and set on an end, and presented rather a peculiar appearance.

The author may here remark that it is a common thing in South Australia to find traces of gold in various parts. A boy picked up a piece of quartz in the garden

walk the other day, very respectably sprinkled with particles of gold, and several such pieces had been found near the locality, and yet no gold in paying quantities has ever been discovered.

"Well," said Pat, "it's not quite a fool that I be, Master Harry, for if it isn't Achan's wedge of gold, it's a stone as looks mighty like a wedge with gold a glittering on it."

"Well," said Harry, "my opinion is, that this ground has been worked by wiser hands and heads than ours, and I do not think it will pay us to lose silver in hunting for gold we may never find. So we'll take Achan's wedge and put it as an ornament on the chimney-piece."

"Ah, well," said Pat, "it isn't in me to run away from work, if work runs after me, and I'm thinking that will be as long as I've legs to stand on."

"Very likely," said Harry, "that will be my case too. But nevertheless, there is some comfort in working when we get something for our work. And now, my boy, I think that we might almost scrape enough together to be buying this section in another year, when the lease is up."

"Arrah," said Pat, "and it's a lady then that Molly will be; and it's a bright day when I shall see the siller and goold that buys a bit of land to call my own."

And now let us take a peep at Mary Jones. Why, she looks as plump and as rosy as a damsel can be, and she is bustling over her nice dairy, setting up her bright milk-pans with an air of womanly pride, listening to the pigs squeaking for breakfast, with the ear of an amateur for sweet music, and preparing, after she has relieved the milk of its cream, to satisfy their appetites. All things look flourishing. Molly is in the poultry-yard, with her turkeys, ducks, geese, and fowls. The ducks, when fat, will fetch seven shillings a pair; the geese, according to size, from nine to twelve shillings; fowls in the country about four shillings a pair; turkeys rather more than geese. And she has been very suc-

cessful in rearing them and taking them to market. All has a look of honest plenty and comfort—of work, but not of toil; of labour, but that labour well requited, well rewarded.

"Oh dear," said Pat one day, "it's not in me to be complaining of the land as I've found so good, but certain it is I wish the flies had never taken it into their heads to imigrate, for I am sure more take a free passage over here than ever belonged to ould Ireland and England together, and it's crazing me intirely to keep the craters from making the sheep walk when it's dead."

Poor Pat, this lamentation and assertion was not far-fetched; no doubt, dust and flies are two of the greatest discomfitures of the colony, in some places far worse than others, and in some localities there seems some attraction which is undefinable. The writer has sat down to tea in houses where scarcely a fly was to be noticed, and after the meal was begun it was a matter of question as to who was to gain the day, the table and eatables were so covered by the intruders. As to meat, it is very hard to keep, especially in the summer, the flies penetrate everywhere; still nothing so bad as in India, where the meat has to be eaten as soon as killed. No way is better than hanging meat up in a tall tree. But certainly flies are a perfect pest to the housekeeper, and swarm and increase so rapidly that a whole colony will be hatched and come to life in a few hours. We are bound to give a truthful account of the Australian homes, and this is one of the greatest disagreeables attendant on the colony. Poor Pat certainly was not discomfited without cause, though we are not prepared to say whether the flies emigrated, or whether they were just inhabitants of the colony. Mosquitoes are troublesome, but nothing equal to our friends the flies.

"Molly, my dear," said Pat one morning, "it's an ilegant lady intirely that you'll be now, though it's the pigs and the poultry and the cows that 'as helped you

to be so. It's the section we've bought now," said Pat, triumphantly; "and Harry Jones and Patrick O'Connor have got two halves of it, and that makes the whole. And it's mighty hard I've worked, and it's many a goose and a turkey and a duck that you've taken to market; but it's the siller we've got, and the goold too, and now Patrick O'Connor has got to call no man master. Hurrah for Australia and ould Ireland! for if I hadn't been my blessed mother's son, I should never have been here, I'm thinking. It's only six years since we crassed the water and since we were courtin', and now to think that yer mistress in your own house and land; and not a drap of whiskey has crassed my lips this many a day, or it's not the section that would have been mine. Oh, it's a lucky day as the Imigration Society and Queen sent me over the water, God bless her."

And now we fear it is almost time to take leave of Harry and Pat. We do it almost with a feeling of regret. We have followed the latter in his coat of many colours to his first situation in abject poverty, though in brightness of spirit, and we have traced his onward career to the time when, master instead of servant, he could boast a moderate competence in a comparatively short time. The history of Pat has been the history of hundreds, who, beginning by being servants, end with being masters. Pat and Harry did not fall into the temptation that shipwrecks so many, namely, going on too fast, and so losing all. They and their wives earned large wages, and had nothing to pay for food or house rent. They not only saved a large part of their wages, but put it into the savings' bank, and there it accumulated during their two years of service.

The great fault in Australia is, that as soon as people get a few pounds together they begin to scout being servants. They perhaps hire something, for which they can barely pay the rent. They then have to borrow money, or go into debt; a family comes on; they struggle against poverty, and never overcome it. Large

wages are always attainable in the colonies for respectable couples; and if they would only adopt the plan of our humble friends there would be far more of prosperity than often exists among the working classes. Australia is the place for the poor man, and we unhesitatingly say no one need be in poverty there, and few with any management can avoid getting a fair competence for after years. We consider, as a rule, that the poor of England are those who do the best in Australia; still if young men and others who come out here would adopt Pat's plan, though in a different sphere, much more could be effected for their advantage. Suppose, for instance, either a single man or a young married couple make up their minds to bring out their small capital, to set up farming or keeping sheep, they will generally find that if they proceed at once to spend their little all in what they know nothing about, ruin will soon stare them in the face. Whereas if, according to what they are capable of, they seek for some situation where they not only learn Australian ways, but earn some Australian money, they are able to leave untouched their hoard till they see the best way to spend it, the best locality in which they can be situated, and the best time for becoming their own masters. So many things have to be learnt which nothing but experience can teach, and which if bought dearly leaves no capital whereby to profit by the money lost and the experience gained.

There are also people always on the watch to fleece new comers, and to give them advice to suit their own ends and purposes. Some individuals, in fact we may say numbers (who have brought out even handsome capital with them), have, through falling the prey to designing people, and through over haste in investing their money in what they knew nothing about, lost everything. Australia is England's antipodes; is it likely, then, that English notions, English ways, English ideas, hold good there? True, English manners have emigrated to an extraordinary degree; but, nevertheless,

most things are totally different to those of the mother country. The seasons are entirely reversed; many of the things cheapest here are the dearest in England, and *vice versâ;* employments the most profitable in the mother country may be the least remunerative here; property invested in England yields from three to five per cent. at highest; the same safely invested here, yields eight, ten, twelve, and even more, per cent., according to the sums in which it is placed out, the securities, etc.

Two instances, in different grades of society, to illustrate the writer's remarks as to new comers, shall be introduced. A most industrious young man in the humble walks of life, emigrated, with his wife and child, to South Australia, and after paying all expenses, had thirty pounds in the savings' bank. Having an excellent character, he could immediately have obtained high wages, either as coachman, gardener, or labourer, being very clever, and having had experience in these various occupations. He, however, thought that, having a little money, he would keep his own master. He accordingly took a little cottage, bought a cart and horse, gave a considerable sum for the goodwill of a little business, which, had he waited a few weeks, could have been obtained for half the amount. He went into this business just at a time of year when the customers wanted but little carting to be done. He had to feed his horse at a high price, whilst he was scarcely earning enough to keep it; and after getting into all this mess, then applied to one of the author's friends for advice. The money having been spent that might have kept him going till his trade increased, he contracted debts he could not pay. He had to be sold up, and the last time the author met him he was finishing where he ought to have begun, namely, by earning good wages by driving a cart belonging to his master. This man has put himself back years by his anxiety to begin too largely at first, and by acting on first impressions, instead of waiting to gain experience. One out of hundreds of instances in the higher grades of society may now be mentioned to elucidate the same

thing. A young man of high family went out to South Australia with enough property, properly employed, to have made his fortune. Like many others, he instantly commenced purchasing—of course utterly ignorant of the sudden fluctuations in value of what he bought. He hired men to assist him in his work, at enormous wages. What he had purchased suddenly fell in the market. He hoped for better times. But he had invested everything. However, worse times came instead of better; the wages that were due he was compelled to pay, and so he was forced to sell at any price. At last he found himself without five shillings to call his own. Some friends assisted him, but his spirit was broken, and he was not one who was fitted to turn round and work for others. His tale was a sad one. Some of his old servants are literally, through lucky chances, wealthy men, and some little time ago their unfortunate master died, and his funeral expenses were paid through the kindness of a friend. Had this man only acted wisely, he might have now been worth his thousands a year.

Space would utterly fail to tell half the anecdotes of successful and unsuccessful emigrants that have come under the author's notice, but one remarkable instance of almost fabulous industry and prosperity may be here quoted. A young woman emigrated with her husband some years ago to South Australia, having been unfortunate in a neighbouring colony. They brought next to nothing with them. They were by trade market-gardeners, and commenced in an extremely humble manner, selling a few vegetables, fruit, etc., the man hiring a small piece of ground, and tilling it himself, to procure their daily bread. Whilst engaged in this occupation, he was suddenly taken ill, and had to be removed to the hospital. The wife, of a most energetic character, was then left to fight her way as best she might. She hired a little stand, or very small shop, in Adelaide, where she could take the vegetables and fruit her husband had grown, and which were now ready for sale.

She had to drive many miles into town, and had two small children. Nevertheless she sedulously plied her trade, which at that time was an extremely profitable one, gardens being very young, fruit and vegetables very scarce, and a great demand for them existing. This indefatigable woman, after selling all day and visiting her husband, would not be able to wend her way home till long past the usual hour for resigning work: then, during half the night, she would mend, make, and wash for her children, prepare the next day's food, and, rising at dawn, she would again be at her post as saleswoman. Having found that there was an extraordinarily beautiful piece of garden ground for hire (on the right of purchase), she determined never to rest till she had obtained this piece of land for her husband. After working almost night and day for some time, she saved enough to feel certain of the first half year's rent. She then went to the owner, told her tale, and was allowed to hire this garden, on the right of purchase if the rent was kept up. By this time her husband was discharged from the hospital cured, but not strong, and this indefatigable woman never slackened in her undertaking. Her husband was able to plant vegetables, etc., with some help in the digging. She continued her visits to town by the earliest dawn, and so established her character for honesty and first-class produce, that her little shop was constantly crowded, and she has told the author that often she had hardly time or space to serve all that came. By this unwearying industry and great cleverness, she not only saved the next half-year's rent, but a hundred pounds towards the land's purchase, in the course of a year. A succession of good years, high prices, and large custom, followed. The owner came one day and said:—

"I am in distress; I must raise money somehow. I did for you all I could when you were in distress, and made things as light as I could."

"You did, sir," said she. "What do you want of the purchase-money?"

"Two hundred pounds," said he; "the other two hundred to be paid in another twelvemonth."

"Sir," said she, "there is the two hundred pounds, and there is a cheque for the other two hundred, and then it is my own; and if I keep the money I may spend it."

And this heroine in humble life, with her own lips, has told the author that she paid this sum down with her own hands in the short space of four years, besides the rent and living. Of course times are changed, so many having their own gardens, and though hundreds still drive an excellent trade as market-gardeners, money could not be made at this rate. But we do say that this woman deserves to be held up as a pattern to all of what may be done. She was showing the author over their splendid fruit-garden and orangeries the other day. "This," she said, "I may honestly say is the produce of the work of my own hands." Yet she was the very reverse of anything masculine or rough, and had been well brought up. She and her husband have had a capital house built in a beautiful situation. They are now seeing their children growing up around them a credit and a delight to them, and they are people worth thousands.

We must now take a last peep at Eleanor Dingle and her spouse. But a cloud has darkened their otherwise sunny picture. She is in mourning for her first-born, a boy of seven years old, his father's pride and his mother's sunshine. They have become well off in this world's goods, and are surrounded by plenty. Perhaps the following letter may tell more than we can of particulars. It is addressed to her old pastor:—

"HONOURED AND REVEREND SIR,—God has indeed prospered us in the work of our hands, and we now have abundance for ourselves and our children. But a heavy bereavement has overtaken us, and we seem for a time as if all was gloom. Our first-born has been summoned from us, and the first child that opened its eyes in this

sunny land is departed for ever. He was playing as usual one bright summer morning, and followed his father to the field, to crack his little whip, and, as he said, help drive the horses. After some time he complained of sickness, and his father brought him home; low fever set in, and seemed to gain ground rapidly. There was a good doctor in the neighbourhood, whom we sent for, who at first gave great hopes, but on the third day a change for the worse was evident, and on the sixth day our child was no more. The bitterest pang was to feel that, in this hot climate, we could not keep the dear remains to gaze on them. Instead of doing as in England, we were obliged to have the dear little body deposited in its last resting-place the evening of the second day. And this is a thing which always occurs in this colony. People are seldom ill a very long time, as a rule, and when they are taken, interment has to take place almost immediately. I think it is the greatest of the few trials we have met with in this colony. But our dear one is at rest. He loved his Sabbath-school, though so young, and always went with us to a place of worship once a day; and it seems like a dream that next Sabbath no Willy will be running by our side, when we wend our footsteps to the house of God. We know you have thought of us in your prayers, and we know that you will feel for us in our sore trouble. As regards this world, we have prospered as much as we could almost desire, and we have every reason to rejoice that ever we crossed the seas. And bitter as has been the parting, our little one is safe from all the trials and sorrows he might have had to encounter.—That you may be long spared to us, is the earnest desire of, your ever grateful,

"ELEANOR AND ROBERT DINGLE."

We must here remark that the speedy interment of friends and relations, as described by Eleanor, is perhaps one of the greatest trials in a hot country. As we have before said, we consider there is far more health here

(in proportion to the population) than in England, and there are fewer pestilential diseases. Typhus fever and colonial fever frequently occur, and scarlet fever was very much about three years ago; but many of the fearfully desolating pestilences that sweep England are scarcely heard of, much more known in South Australia. There is, however, no doubt that there is often a very rapid termination to illnesses. And people sometimes seem well, ill, dead and buried, in an incredibly short time, but not so suddenly as in India and other hot countries.

One of the peculiarities of Australia is its dust-storms. They are much worse in and near Adelaide than in the hilly regions, and they are far worse further north than in Adelaide. The whole atmosphere for a few hours seems impregnated with sand; you swallow sand at every breath you draw outside, and yet it produces no lasting evil. It is an old saying, "Every man must eat a peck of dust before he dies," but certainly no one could confine under such modest limits the amount every man has to dispose of in the Australian colonies. The wind rises, and then the dust, till often the air is as much thickened as in a fog. This is one of the disagreeables of South Australia and its sister colony Victoria. Small whirlwinds are very common, and that sometimes on a perfectly tranquil day.

The author has stood in the garden, and all at once, a hundred yards off, has seen everything springing into the air, in the most ludicrous manner—dry leaves, dust, bits of hay, sticks, etc., all performing a sort of reel in the air, and twisting round and round as if they would never cease going. This lasts about three minutes, and all is placid again, but fearful winds are frequent in their occurrence at some time in the year. The thunder-storms are sometimes very fearful, but of late years the author has not witnessed one which could be called as severe as those in England.

Great floods occur, as well as great drought. Melbourne has suffered most severely from these inunda-

tions, and South Australia has often been a sufferer to a smaller extent. The rains of late years have scarcely amounted to the name, compared to what they were during the times of the first settlers, and for some years afterwards. About six years ago, the author was in a neighbourhood where a tremendous flood occurred from excessive rains and overflowing of some large creeks. There were hedges on each side the road, and so high did the water rise, that it carried a cart, man, and horse completely away over these hedges—trees were torn up by the roots, whole gardens laid waste in an hour, houses clogged up with mud driven in and rushing through them; barrels floated in every direction. One child was lost in trying to cross part of the torrent. Bridges were broken in. The author's cellar shared the same fate (being dug out of the ground and roofed, away from the house), it fell in with a tremendous crash. Milk tins, milk pannikins, bottles, casks, all were overwhelmed in the same fate. The water rushed through the garden like a sea, ploughing up the ground deeper than any plough-share could have done, tearing up the soil and its produce in the most relentless manner, and causing a scene of desolation the writer will never forget.

At such times it seemed difficult to understand that drought, fearful in its consequences, could ever overtake a colony where such floods were witnessed.

Slight earthquakes have been felt in different parts of the colony, but have never been known to do any amount of damage. An old crater of a volcanic mountain exists in the neighbourhood of Mount Shank. Hail-storms occur sometimes with fearful force, the stones having been known as large as a pigeon's egg, though this is not common. Hail-storms do much damage to the gardens at the spring and fall of the year, especially to the young fruit just setting.

Flowers that in England only are reared with care in greenhouses and hot-houses grow out of doors here in the richest profusion. The author's verandah is one mass of scarlet, white, and purple passion-flowers,

Geraniums of all kinds flourish in the open air; the most beautiful creepers flourish in rich profusion and variety. One of the most beautiful flowers of this colony is called the sturt pea. It has a magnificent blossom of the richest crimson, and large black knobs or spots in the centre of the flower, formed very much like a pair of butterfly's wings. It is most difficult to rear in gardens, but grows wild in profusion in some parts of the north. There are various parasitical plants, some of them very pretty. A most beautiful crimson creeper adorns the ground in spring, running over the surface of the earth for yards, with its bright blossoms peeping everywhere.

There is one feature in Australian life which, though decidedly on the improvement, wants amendment, and that is the perfect complacency with which people, even with excellent means, still remain in the bush in huts and houses which abjure the name of comfort. It is not that we deprecate a bush or log hut, or a wattle and dab one, with a shingle roof, and fire-place big enough to swallow up the house itself. The writer has spent many happy hours in a bush hut, where the stars could be seen shining through the roof, and a little duck-pond of water in front of the fire was always the first consequence of a shower of rain. But what we are speaking of is this (and we hope it may stir up a feeling of emulation)—people that really have made their hundreds and thousands, and have brought up families around them, are still contented with a tumble-down hut of two or three rooms, furnished by a couple of chairs, a colonial sofa, a rough table, and perhaps a couple of bush bedsteads. These people, instead of enjoying what they have saved, and really ending their days in comfort, "grub on," as they call it, always going to put up a house that is never built, priding themselves, perhaps, on good stables, stack-yards, etc., and living in a house that the author would have mistaken for a cow-shed that wanted repairing. It is the love of keeping money, and also a kind of indolence that in no way

keeps pace with their former industry and perseverance. As we have said before, this state of things is mending, nevertheless there is great room for improvement.

We think it now time to take a peep again at our friends, the Seymours, and to inquire how it fares with them in the wilderness. It is the beginning of winter. The extraordinary growth of verdure which, after the rains the warmth occasions, can only be seen to be understood. Whole plains that looked as dry as chips and as yellow as a guinea start up as if by magic with vegetable life, and in incredibly short time the grass is inches in length. The earth literally seems to heave with the mass of vegetation bursting forth from its prison to life and freshness. All nature looks glad, the hills are clothed with verdure, and a more beautiful sight need not be desired than this robing of nature in her garb of loveliness. Jane delighted in the autumn of the year; she loved to watch all these changes, and to gaze on the beauty of the surrounding landscape. Mr. Ramsey has not been idle during our absence. He has besieged the fortress of that gentle heart which had led him a willing captive (unknown almost to the conqueror), and the citadel has surrendered. Jane declined leaving her father and brothers, on the plea of having no one who could supply her place; but, fortunately for her, the eldest brother had found a heart and hand willing to be linked with his, and therefore, as he had agreed to remain at home, his wife was not unwilling to take some of Jane's duties, though we hardly fancy their being done as well by any other hand. As we have before said, Mr. Ramsey had amassed a considerable fortune by sheep runs, and liking the colony and its climate, he did not desire to leave it. On one of his stations an excellent stone house had been built, and was really a handsome structure, and to this he intended to take his fair bride, as soon as she would consent to accompany him. She had been a sunbeam in the path of all that knew her, and she was not likely to be less so in her new home. The boys and her father deeply

grieved at her loss; nevertheless, they said it was only fair that her labours should in some measure cease, and they could not be selfish enough always to wish to keep her. It was arranged that she should go and stay at a friend's house, where a church was within a few miles' distance, and that after the ceremony she should return with her husband to his station, distant about ten miles from her own home.

Speaking of churches, it is perhaps a good opportunity to allude to the Sabbath and its observance, and also to the state of religious opinions in South Australia. As regards the Sabbath, there is an immense improvement (even in the bush) in the manner in which it is observed. Cattle-hunting used to be too often the employment of this sacred day, and often little difference was made between it and working days. In well-peopled districts chapels and churches have risen in all directions, and the Sabbath, as a rule, is made a day of rest. Of course some break it, and there is certainly a lack of love for attending places of worship. Still, as a whole, the Sabbath is observed religiously. There is no doubt that Dissenters are far the most numerous body in this colony, and have an immense number of places of worship. By means of their lay agency there is doubtless much good effected in the bush. Churches of England are rapidly on the increase, and are building in all parts of the colony. There are thirty-eight clergymen at present belonging to that body scattered about in the colony. There are six churches in Adelaide, and several a few miles distant. Sunday-schools have sprung up in all directions, and are well attended; and there is, altogether, a very considerable amount of religious institutions of this kind, for the information of those with families. Schools of all kinds have sprung up in South Australia. A college and several public schools offer the means of good education to boys, and ladies' schools are most numerous and dispersed over the colony. Government schools for the middle and lower classes exist in every district, and are well managed and very

reasonable. Sixpence, ninepence, or a shilling a week insures a good amount of plain schooling.

It was a bright sunny morning in an Australian spring month, when a bridal party wended their way through the bush to the nearest place of worship in the neighbourhood. There was Jane Seymour, our sweet little friend, all smiles and blushes, in her pretty, simple white muslin dress (she would have no silks and satins), and her delicate dove-coloured mantle, and simple bonnet with its sprig of orange blossoms and its delicate veil. All looked like the owner, simple, but in perfectly good taste. No one could see her and not say "God bless her." They had borrowed two waggonettes, and Mr. Ramsey drove his own and a pair of horses, a decidedly stylish turn-out; and he did not look one whit less bright than Jane. After a beautiful drive they arrived at the little church, and there, with reverence, promised all that those do promise who go through that solemn yet happy ceremony. Perhaps some of my readers would like to know whether a handsome bride-cake decked the table, and for their information I can assure them that a box had arrived from one of the first confectioners in Adelaide the night before, and upon being opened, a bride-cake of no mean size or pretensions offered itself to view, and was placed with great exultation by the boys on the breakfast table the wedding morning.

It was about two months after this, that we will take a peep at a sheep-station in the neighbourhood of our former little friends. It is early morning, and the last dewdrop lingers on the petals of a beautiful rosebud which some little hand is gathering. It is not Jane Seymour's, but it is Jane Ramsey's. Bright and joyous as ever, her garden and her poultry-yard her delight, she sallies forth to enjoy the deliciousness of an early summer morning. As we have before said, the house was good and handsome, and adjoining it were the various offices always appended to a large sheep station. There were the kitchens, the servants' rooms,

the bachelors' hut, or hall, as you choose to call it, and some other detached buildings. Hospitality was the order of the day with Mr. Ramsey as with most of his class, and the wayfarer, be he poor or rich, always finds hospitable bed and board at these stations. If any comes whom the master and mistress particularly wish to invite, they are made one of the household; if not, the bachelors' hall, or the men's kitchen, affords entertainment to travellers of every grade; and few days passed without one or more visitors, and often several, going up or down. The house was well, we may say richly furnished. As a rule, our squatters show considerable taste in their houses and furniture when they decide on building on their runs for a permanency. Many handsome houses have been erected in the last few years, and great pains taken to furnish them with every luxury and comfort. A beautiful Brussels carpet, rejoicing in its bright hues, adorned the floor of Jane's drawing-room. A large and lofty room it was, with French windows, and handsome cornices, and draperies to match the elegant damask of the rosewood chairs. A splendid piano adorned one end of the room, and an elegant French couch, lounging chairs, etc., filled up the other; an elegant chiffonier, with large mirror, was adorned with vases of wax flowers; small tables, of beautiful workmanship, were covered with elegantly-bound books, and various fancy articles; and a small round table in the centre of the room was covered with a splendid cloth, to match as near as possible the carpet; and on its centre was a blue cornucopia for flowers, in a massive silver stand, the present from Mr. Ramsey to his fair bride. This she always delighted to fill, and she was gathering flowers for this especial purpose when we first saw her in the early morning. Now, surely, ladies in England will not say this drawing-room was so very badly furnished, nor so very despicable, because it was in Australia and in the bush. Jane delighted in riding out with her husband, and going *with* him round the station. Sometimes he had to go

to out-stations, and she often accompanied him, but this was the head station.

Shearing and lambing were the busy times, but there was always work to be done. Mr. Ramsey employed overseers, but he was always about taking an interest in everything himself. There were a number of shepherds on the head station who took their sheep out every day, and returned with them at night to fold them. They had to be frequently counted. The shepherds had huts on the borders of the station, miles away from Jane's grand house, and there they were provided with rations, and about fifteen shillings a week. Shepherding is a most monotonous life, but perhaps not so unpleasant as some, especially to those who do not care much about great activity. The sheep sometimes require, however, sharp looking after, as if a hundred or so get detached, they often go off in a body, and get entirely lost, or destroyed by wild dogs. Two instances of this occurred within a few weeks of writing, to two different parties. Sheep also require, if possible, fresh ground each day to feed over, and not to be taken to the same spot many days consecutively. Watering the sheep is a great labour, where running water does not exist. Immense sums of money are spent in sinking wells, sometimes to enormous depths; and then the labour is great to draw water for thousands and thousands of sheep. In dry weather the sheep will drink a gallon of water at a time. The salt and blue bushes, which are low shrubs growing on many of the stations, are of great service in feeding the sheep when grass gets scarce, and of the greatest value to sheep-owners. In good years the lambing is considered to be about a hundred per cent., to live; and this increase of course produces wool next shearing time; therefore, in good seasons, the profit is most considerable. The sheep are generally in their third or fourth year before considered fit for mutton. The wild dogs are terrible enemies to the sheep-stations. They are worse in some places than others. But they often commit frightful havoc among both sheep and lambs, not contenting

themselves with killing a few, but worrying, and biting, and gnawing a number of their unfortunate victims, without finishing any. The native dog is very ugly, has a sort of woolly appearance, is generally light coloured, with bushy tail, and sharp nose, and large set-up ears. It utters a most unearthly howl, and its yell is always heard with dismay by the squatter. Native dogs are not so numerous as they used to be, but at the same time are very troublesome. Shearing season is a most busy one; everything gives way to the all-absorbing occupation, and all hands are pressed into service. Shearing is quite a harvest in this colony, and men from all parts go up to the north to officiate in relieving the sheep of their woolly coats.

On every station there is a store, containing every article likely to be wanted by the settlers. Food of all descriptions, from a sack of flour to a box of sardines, needles, thread, tapes, sugar, tea, coffee, common clothing, etc., all form part of the store, and all the shepherds, and every one belonging in any way to the place, buy everything from the master, who procures the things and retails them out for the accommodation of his men.

And here we may say a word about stores in the country. They are totally different to English shops. A country store means an *omnium gatherum* of everything that can be disposed of, from a sack of flour to a needle, and from a needle up again to a ploughshare. They certainly are most useful places when at a distance from town. And the store almost always gets the post-office, and the post-office brings customers.

Telegraph stations are now built all over the colony, and telegraphic wires run in every direction. Passing, the other day, on the road to Echunga, the writer saw the trunk of a tree that was left standing made use of as one of the telegraphic posts; and looking at it caused a train of thought which certainly interested the writer if not the reader. A few years ago, and the road that was being travelled was one dense forest, where nought was seen but the kangaroo, the opossum, and

the emu, and nothing in the shape of man was to be seen but the dark savage and his lubras, and no dwelling save the native's whirley of bark and leaves. How strange! In a few years a carriage-road has been formed that might compete with the Queen's highway in England. Houses of refreshment occur every few miles; settlers are scattered in every direction, and the hand of man has cultivated the soil and made fair the wilderness. Those very trees, up which the native climbed in search of the opossum and the squirrel, are now the medium of communication to the whole colony, by means of the most finished invention man has ever produced. And when we glance back and remember that thirty years ago the white man was not known in this land, certainly it is strange, wonderful, and hard to be understood.* Civilization has indeed made rapid strides, and almost outstripped our most vivid imagination.

Speaking of trees, the Australian foliage is totally different to England in every way. There is a great want of depth of shade in the green, and there is nothing in the slightest degree to compare with the English oak, the chestnut, or the beech. There is a great sameness in the foliage, and though we do not in the least agree with a lady who said the trees all looked like a bundle of dead fire-wood, we certainly must say the trees can neither in foliage nor form vie with those of England. The writer has a great partiality to the Australian bush and its peculiarities, but there is certainly nothing here that will compare with the luxuriance and beauty of England.

We have taken a long flight from the sheep-station, and must now return quicker than we came. Jane Ramsey lived in the hearts of all who had the happiness of knowing her, or of being under her gentle rule. She had the happiness of seeing most of her brothers happily married, after realizing a comfortable competency

* The settlers have penetrated, and have their stations, as far into the country from the coast as John O'Groat's House is to the Land's End.

by their honest labours; and now we must reluctantly bid her farewell, trusting that her example, her resolution, her brightness, and her success may be a star of hope to many a sister emigrant who may hereafter follow her footsteps.

We began the book with Harry and Pat, and so must we finish it with a few more lines concerning our first friends.

"Harry," said Pat, one day, "it's a pistol that I must get, and that's certain. Why, sure and faith, if the rogues haven't stopped up every blessed keyhole in the house, so that it's not a door nor a drawer we can lock; and the next thing will be, I'm thinking, that our money will all be going faster than it came, if we have any."

"Good gracious! Pat, what in the name of fortune do you mean?" said Harry, "have you seen the thieves?"

"Seen them? no," said Pat; "why, do you think the awdacious willans would let me see them? Faith and sure they shall see a pistol first time I see them, they may depend upon it."

"Well, let me see," said Harry, who, though accustomed to Pat's peculiarities, could not this time quite fathom as much as usual, "I'll be bound it's something like Achan's wedge of gold. But let's see."

Upon Harry accompanying him, Pat with many a gesticulation, proceeded to exhibit to him the work of the willans, as he called them.

It certainly was true every keyhole was filled up, and not a key could turn to be of the slightest use.

"And," said Pat, mournfully, "there's all the ilegant clothes as ever I bought in that long drawer, and if it's taken they are, I should have to go to church without any; for sure and faith I could never put on my work-a-day clothes nohow."

"I have it, I have it," said Harry; "I recollect now what I have heard. Do you hear that little sort of ticking, in that large keyhole?"

"Faith and sure I do," said Pat, "it's very much like as if the craters were at work now, only they must be spirits."

"Well, they are at work," said Harry, "but they are insects, and not spirits. It is the mason wasp, building her nest where she lays her eggs. And they always choose these unfortunate places; I remember now being told so."

"Well," said Pat, "that's a blessing, for sure and faith and I began to think it was nothing of our own we should soon have but our skins."

One day the poor fellow came, in sad trouble, and declared there had been an earthquake in the floor of his back kitchen, for the "boarding of the floor was all going to pieces, as if it had been blowed up."

All the misfortunes always seemed to follow poor Pat, though he certainly had also his share of prosperity. The white ants, those fearful intruders, had taken the liberty of continually living at his expense, and now they had finished their repast, the boards had given way like so much powder.

Time would fail to tell of half the havoc that these minute but fearfully mischievous little insects commit in South Australia and elsewhere. The author has lived in an apparently well-built house, where at nearly every footstep you expected to be precipitated into some unknown chasm. The rooms being partially carpeted, the extent of the havoc was not always known. Sometimes a lady would move her chair into an unfortunate corner, and plump would go down one leg of the seat, and up would go the other, leaving the unfortunate damsel wondering where she was departing to. Perhaps a servant would be crossing the room with a tray of glasses; all of a sudden one foot would be nearly lost sight of, by a sudden plunge, endangering the affrighted owner of breaking her nose by tumbling on the glass beneath it. Perhaps the author or a friend was inclined for a lounge, whereupon, not balancing oneself to a nicety, the extra

weight on one side the sofa or couch caused the leg to descend into some fearful hollow with a sudden crash, driving all sleep effectually away for the next half hour. It became at last exactly like living on the top of one of those large pits covered over with boughs for the purpose of entrapping wild animals. And all this was the work of the white ants.

This is part of dear-bought colonial experience. Various ways may be devised very much to prevent this mischief, and some wood can be obtained which the white ant will not even touch. The author has dug thousands and thousands of them up in the course of a few hours in the garden, at certain times of year. Nearly all the fences are made of posts and rails, and fearful is the havoc these little creatures make of the posts. Burning the posts before putting them into the ground very much prevents the evil. The author had a valuable collection of illustrated works, which were seldom used, and put out of the way. Some little time elapsed without their being taken down, but one morning the housemaid disturbed their repose. Upon taking down some of the largest volumes, she ran in great distress to show the fearful inroads of the white ants. They had made grooves an inch deep in every direction, and had so utterly ruined the books, that unless one had seen them, it could scarcely have been believed.

There are a great many insects in South Australia, but nothing to compare with India. The most disagreeable are the enormous centipedes and the scorpions, the bites of both of which are very painful. Beetles of all kinds abound, but not much more than in England. Spiders are numerous, and some of them enormous in size. The spider which forms the curious lid to its underground nest, is a native of this colony, and frequently found. Snakes in some places are numerous, and the small ones are very venomous; but so far as the author's experience goes, they are more numerous in Devonshire than in South Australia. Lizards are

very numerous, and quite harmless. Some of an enormous size, others very small. On a fine warm day they may be seen running about in scores by the water's edge, on stones and bits of rock.

As regards the butterflies and moths, they are most inferior to those in England, which seems strange, when we look at the exquisite beauty of the birds in this region. The author has never seen a really splendid butterfly in the colony, and but few fine moths, and still fewer handsome ones. There are some very beautiful smaller insects.

Speaking of the colour of birds, a considerable traffic is carried on with the procuring of birds for English vessels. Thousands of birds leave every year for the benefit of a sea voyage. The shell parrots, or Budgerry gars, are one great attraction, and are sent away in large numbers. Cockatoo parrots are very beautiful, and very much sought after. Parrots and cockatoos all come in for a share of patronage, and captains of vessels make considerable sums by turning part of their vessels into an aviary. Some of the most beautiful birds, such as cockatoos, with pink crests, etc., are seldom seen except in the overland route to Victoria.

Speaking of that colony, we may as well inform our readers that steamers ply between Melbourne and Adelaide about twice a week, their passage varying from two days and a-half to three days. Sailing vessels are continually plying to and fro, and a telegraphic wire enables colonists to learn each other's proceedings in a few minutes.

We have hitherto said little as regards the bulk of society as it is in this colony, and we would here make a few remarks on the subject. It is an entirely mistaken idea that South Australia has anything to do with penal settlements. And perhaps there is no colony where there are fewer stray convicts than in South Australia.*

* The laws are very stringent in preventing convicts coming to this colony.

The tone of society is good, and a most evident desire is evinced to keep it up.

Merchants and tradespeople here form a most numerous, respectable, and influential portion of society. There are a very considerable staff of government officers, several banks, and consequently a considerable number of clerks belonging to them. There is no lack of medical men in the colony, though we believe there are still openings for good practitioners in the country districts. Lawyers and auctioneers likewise flourish to a most extraordinary degree. Printing offices are established both in town and country; and the newspapers that are dispersed throughout the colony are highly creditable to the land.

The individuals residing in the bush are divided principally into three classes—farmers, squatters, and labourers. There are some extensive slate and stone quarries, all of which afford work to numerous hands. Some of the original shareholders in the Burra Burra mine have made immense fortunes. And there certainly has been a very large amount of money reaped in different ways from South Australia. The author always considers that a penny in England and a shilling here are about equivalent. Only that far more importance is often attached to the expenditure of a penny in England than of the shilling here, even by the poorest classes. In Melbourne this feeling exists in a tenfold degree.

Magistrates, local courts, and police are distributed all over the colony, and everything is conducted with order and regularity in the different districts. Much has been said in England about bushrangers and all their horrors in South Australia. But, as usual, South Australia is confounded all in a lump with New South Wales, New Zealand, Victoria, and Tasmania; and the truth is, that regular bushrangers are scarcely known or heard of in this colony, though extremely troublesome in all the surrounding ones.

A gentleman told the author the other day, that his

friends had all such an idea of the horrors attendant upon convicts and bushrangers in South Australia, that he was quite afraid they would be in perfect distress as to his being out there. A tale that the author once heard in England exactly sets forth the way in which everything that occurs in the colonies is jumbled up together.

One day a woman came to a cousin of the author's in great distress, telling him her husband had been a sodger, had been so sick and ill that he was disbanded from his regiment, and that, as his half-pay was very insufficient in his ill state of health, she hoped he would give her something. The gentleman, being a little interested with the woman, began to question her, and inquire what service her husband had seen?

"Oh," she answered, "he had been a great traveller, in fact that he had been all over the world."

Of course the hearer instantly began to include in this wide range Hindostan, China, Australia, Spain, France, and a few more nameless countries. And turning to the woman, he said:—

"But what countries was it where he had been most in?"

"Lor, sir," said the poor woman, "I'm sure I can't tell you, only he has been to every one of the *sheers*"—a term given to all counties in England that end with "shire."

Now this poor woman's ignorance seemed most palpable and most laughable, but if we come to analyze it, it strikes us that her geography lesson was not so widely different to many of her educated cotemporaries; for if the English public, because they hear of bush-rangers and convicts in Tasmania and New South Wales, consider that one and the same as South Australia, we can say but little in favour of the extent of their information beyond hers.

There is one thing we would mention in our closing pages, and that is, that no one should attempt to come

and bush it in this colony, who does not bring a large supply of the ingredient—contentment.

Money is very pleasant to handle, but it is not always as pleasant to gain. The history of a lady friend recurs to mind, who, something like our young friend Jane Seymour, turned everything to brightness. Having been brought up in luxury and refinement, she had consented to share her fortunes with the man of her choice. He, owing to adverse circumstances and ill health, deemed it advisable to quit England, and it was at her suggestion that they determined to battle with the roughs of an Australian bush life. Our heroine did not appear even commonly fitted for the life she had chosen, inasmuch as she had known little else beyond the elegancies of life, and but few of its sober realities and experiences had come in her path. However, she determined that her motto should be, "Perseverance conquers all things." Arrived in the colony, and perfectly ignorant of everything, she still bravely battled with all difficulties.

Soon after she came, it was the author's lot to pay a visit to her home in the bush, and it certainly did prove what fair fingers, with a light heart and strong energy, could effect. The log hut contained but two very small rooms, with bad earth floors—only a wooden partition partially raised between them, and the only extra, a small room used as a kitchen, stood on the left side. On entering, it seemed as though one was in some magical abode. All outside was rough and unfinished in the greatest degree, though picturesque; inside, spite of wooden partitions and mud floors, all was taste and brightness. The walls were hung with a quantity of beautiful chintz that this fair damsel happened to have brought out in her stores, and the effect of the drapery was excellent. Over the window, so small as only to own four panes of glass, were arranged some snow-white muslin curtains, with a pretty little arrangement of the same material at the top, and looped up with ribbon. A miniature chest of drawers stood in one corner, covered

with crochet-work, and on it were placed some beautiful little articles of foreign china and glass. The table in the centre was only deal, but covered with a bright table-cloth. A few pictures and other ornaments were scattered here and there. The husband's handsome gun was suspended over the fire-place, and a nice piece of cocoa-nut matting concealed the worst irregularities of the mud floor.

There was the little lady herself in the midst of making a batch of bread, but looking as nice and neat as if in her own home in England, only her hands were white with flour, and her sleeves neatly looped up.

"Oh," she said, joyously, "you've caught me; but I'm so proud, my husband says I make the best bread he ever tasted, and that the first time I made it, it was better than the person's who taught me."

And this was the joyous spirit with which she has gone through the career she marked out for herself, forgetting the clouds, and only dwelling on every ray of sunshine that brightens her path. Prosperity soon spread her mantle over the happy pair, and she is now no longer obliged to loop up her sleeves ere she makes a descent into the flour. But, nevertheless, her love for bush life has ever remained the same, and she has often laughingly remarked: "My servants never make my husband's bread as I used to make it for him in the slab hut."

These incidents in true life may cheer many a faint heart, and strengthen many a faint spirit, afraid to encounter difficulties likely to come within their path. The old Irishwoman's beautiful remark holds good here as well as in her own country—"There's a silver lining to every cloud;" and if people in general (particularly emigrants) would look (as the lady before mentioned did) to the silver lining instead of the cloud, an immense amount of happiness would be obtained, where otherwise there is nought but grief and vexation and disappointment. Life is made up of trifles, and as the world is not made for us, but we for the world,

surely it is best to tread with light step over the daily troubles and little wearisome perplexities that are always occurring in our path.

Before we drop the curtain, we must take one more parting peep at poor Pat. He has just finished writing an epistle to his mother, which runs as follows:—

"HONOURED MOTHER,—As this laves me in health this side of the water, faith and sure may it find ye same on the other side. It's not in me to desave you, nor to say more than should be said, but it's a jintleman that your son Patrick O'Connor is intirely. Harry Jones has been the boy, and a good one too, and it's together we've bought the fine section, and the house, and the cows, and all that's belonging to it. It's not in Patrick O'Connor to be living on all the grand things in this countrie, and not to think of the herring and the praties, and the dry bread in ould Ireland that ye're eating. And it's proud he would be, and Molly too, if his ould mother would crass the water in the big ship, and leave the herring, and the praties, and the dry bread behind her. No more of seizing for rent, no more cowld, no more wanting blankets; it's the Queen herself could-na' wish a more ilegant dinner than Molly brought before me last Sunday—two beautiful fowls that the life was in them but twelve hours before, and a bit of the pig as was killed in Easter week, and a pudding made of the milk that wasn't made into butter, and praties and bread besides. And it's so fat that Molly O'Connor be, that her eyes are grown much smaller since she came from ould Ireland. It's not the siller or the gould as Patrick O'Connor would grudge for his honoured mother, only if the Imigration Society helps, it's proud he will be to forward the remainder. It's mighty quear as the big ship will make you feel, and it's your heart that will very near jump overboard when she begins to move, but never mind, Australia is the land for the poor man, and it's not poor that he'll be long. Some awdacious willans called mason wasps stopped up all Molly's

keyholes the other day, so it was nothing we could fasten or unfasten; and the white ants has been making of an earthquake in the wood of the back kitchen. But it's little the matter it be, so long as we get the siller and the gould, and all the comforts round us. It's the beautiful beaf and the powltry, and the bacon, and the white bread, I'm a thinking that will more than make up for all this, and leaving ould Ireland into the bargain. And now, honoured mother, it's the son of your ain flesh as sends you the money for you to come over the water, the sooner the better.

"From your ain flesh and blood,
"PATRICK O'CONNOR."

It's a bright summer's morning, and all nature looks bright and gay; years have rolled on since Eleanor Dingle and her husband first left the home of their forefathers, and sailed forth to an almost unknown world to try their fortunes. Prosperity has, as we before said, brightened their path, though sorrow has at times dimmed it. A group are gathered together at a pretty church not twenty miles from Mount Barker, and white ribbons and gloves, and white dresses, remind us very much of our previously formed ideas of what a wedding should be. Let us draw nearer, and take a peep, and gratify a little laudable curiosity.

We think that pretty dark-eyed, gentle-looking maiden reminds us strongly of our early friend, Eleanor Dingle, and yet there can be no daughter old enough to think of anything connected with this occasion. The problem is soon solved. Eleanor and her husband have gradually advanced into more than competency, and are now worth their thousands. Eleanor's thought was for those she had left behind, and who had not been so fortunate as herself.

Her orphan sister was accordingly invited to make her home this side the waters. And a lovely girl of eighteen, she had arrived about a twelvemonth ago in the colony. A young and wealthy farmer in the neigh-

bourhood, struck more with her gentleness even than her loveliness, sought and won her hand, and the happy party we now see is assembled to celebrate a marriage pleasing and gratifying to all parties.

A handsome house now occupies the place of the former humble cottage of Robert Dingle. Tall trees wave their shady branches over the drive up to the house. A beautiful garden lies on each side the drive, and the land, splendidly cultivated, in addition to other sections he had purchased, lies at a short distance. All tell a tale of peace and plenty. All looks joyous, all bright. A handsome waggonette, the property of Robert Dingle, drives up with the bride and bridegroom to the front of the residence, followed by their relatives and friends. An elegant but simple breakfast is laid out just like the taste of our Eleanor of olden times. And she, surrounded by four little olive branches, greets the new-made bride with a hearty and loving welcome.

"May you," said Eleanor, "have all the blessings fall to your lot which God has in his mercy showered upon your sister and her husband. That large Bible, which was my wedding gift from our dear pastor, has guided our steps, and taught us from whence all prosperity has flowed. And may you, dearest Mary, find as I have done, that joy, gladness, and prosperity may be indeed found in the emigrant's home.

CHAPTER IX.

PRACTICAL HINTS TO EMIGRANTS.

THE following hints to intending emigrants, founded upon personal experience, it is hoped may not be deemed uninteresting. The emigrants sent out, or assisted by Government, are first assembled into a large and comfortable depot previous to embarkation, where every arrangement has been made for their comfort and convenience. Every box should be marked in large white letters with the name of the owner; and should state whether it will be required or not during the voyage. When on shipboard, the boxes may once a week be had up from below, but if not marked "Wanted on the voyage," they are stowed away out of reach.

It is most important to provide well against the misfortune of getting things wet, owing to the difficulty of getting them easily dried. Warm clothing is also of great importance, as there are no fires allowed in the cabins, however cold the weather may be. This is a thing often forgotten. Government provides tin plates, cups, water-cans, etc., for the use of the emigrants, and if they behave well, these articles belong to them on their landing (no unacceptable addition to a bush kitchen).

The emigrants are generally divided at meal-times into small companies, or messes, and then the one appointed to take the head fetches the provisions for the table. The fare is generally good—biscuits, good pea-soup, salt beef, pork, rice, etc., etc. A surgeon always accompanies the vessel, as well as a matron and school-

master. Those who are really ill, and in want of additional comforts, are allowed supplies through the doctor by his order. Preserved milk, wine, sago, arrowroot, etc., are provided for the sick. All the emigrants who go free, or partly so, are considered under the care of the matron, doctor, and schoolmaster. Divine service is held on board, if the weather be suitable, on Sundays, and the children have the opportunity of improving their minds, and being under some restraint at the same time.

As a rule, the directions given for one emigrant ship will apply to another; but the voyage must much depend on the vessel, the time of year, the captain, and the doctor, the state of health on board, the character of the emigrants, and last not least, the temperament and disposition with which the emigrant embarks.

A determination to be satisfied and happy spreads a bright light on what might otherwise be considered dark and dreary. A contented mind is a continual feast, and this fact is never more evident than on shipboard. The writer has frequently heard the most conflicting accounts of the same voyage from parties who came out under the very same circumstances, in the very same vessel, and with the very same appointments. One must also remember on shipboard there is no grazing land for cows, nor brewers, where fresh yeast can be obtained; and no room for any amount of sheep or cattle. These things borne in mind, the fare may be considered excellent.

As this little work is really to prepare the emigrant, it may be useful to enter into a few little details that may interest the careful housewife.

The comfort of the voyage will be greatly increased by the possession of a few trifles otherwise only granted to those passengers who happen to be upon the sick list. People have a great idea of taking home-made preserves with them, but lamentable experience has generally proved that jams do not choose to pass the tropics without being terribly disturbed. The writer was much

amused with an account given of one emigrant ship, where the person speaking said, "that they believed, off Brazil and the Azores, there was not a pot of jam on board the ship that was not working its own free passage." Of course, if it is thus busily engaged, it loses all its good qualities; it takes up much room, creates much disappointment, and is also too sickly for a sea-sick appetite. There are preserves, made air-tight, which may be bought reasonably, and which will keep. But the thing of all others to stand a voyage, and the most adapted to a sickly appetite, is the old-fashioned Scotch marmalade. It may be bought extremely cheap in some places; and a few pots of this, a few boxes of sardines, a few good small biscuits, and some such simple things, are invaluable.

As regards furniture, persons must use their discretion a little. Government emigrants have little room allotted for stowage, beyond boxes; and those who can afford to pay, will find it better to buy what they want on arrival. Bedding of all kinds is useful to take, being very expensive to buy. Indeed anything that can be taken free of freight is valuable on arrival. But if the parties intend to rough it, little furniture is thought of in a bush hut; and if more is required, the auction rooms and second-hand shops in Adelaide will supply tables, chairs, and colonial sofas at a comparatively moderate rate.

Civilization is so on the increase, that furniture shops may be found situated above twenty miles from Adelaide. This is a very considerable advance towards the bush, inasmuch as parties residing round about can suit themselves so much short of town.

Wearing apparel suitable for England, for the working class, is suitable for South Australia. The women dress exactly the same, the men generally adopt a blue serge shirt, and some kind of a broad-brimmed felt or straw hat. Servants wear the same things here that they do at home, but dispense with caps, though not with finery.

The poop cabins are generally good and commodious, opening into the saloon, and no Government emigrants are allowed, without leave, to go to that end of the vessel. An excellent table is ordinarily kept, and plenty of delicacies provided for invalids. Any luggage or furniture taken in these cabins is not charged as extra freight; but all furniture or luggage not taken into the cabin is charged so much extra if over the weight allowed, and the charge is heavy. Different vessels make different regulations as to the quantity of luggage that may be taken without extra cost. Half a ton to each individual is sometimes allowed. This seems a good deal, but in reality is very soon found far short of requirements in many cases. Before starting, all hanging shelves, boxes, washing-stands, everything moveable, should be fastened to the cabin floor, or sides, by a carpenter, otherwise, some fine morning may find all your things scattered north, south, east, and west, and yourself, perhaps, underneath all. The sea asks no leave, and the pitching and tossing of some vessels exceeds all idea. Whatever is wanted for immediate use should be close at hand, as sea-sickness often disables masters, mistresses, and servants for some days; and it is a great consolation if, in such times, there is a place for everything, and everything is in that place, and that place is near. The writer would have given much for a few of these hints learnt by bitter experience; but kind friends often have no knowledge on the subject, and if they have, they forget to give the advice till too late. The very great and unavoidable closeness on ship-board, and the peculiar smell which haunts nearly all vessels, makes it most desirable to take some refreshing scents, but nothing that is sickly. A few drops of Rimmel's vinegar in a basin of water will refresh the weary voyager in an extraordinary manner. All these little luxuries make unpleasant things very bearable. It will depend on the size of your cabin whether you have berths or a small bedstead, either of which the passenger furnishes.

The generality of cabins are furnished with small lamps, to be put out at the hour of rest, and a large one is kept burning during the night in the saloon on many vessels. The steward generally attends to the cabins.

APPENDIX.

I.

It is very important that new comers to the colony should be well acquainted with the various national provisions that are made for their necessities, should occasion require. The following details are therefore given of Government and other institutions.

HOSPITAL.

A large, airy, well-appointed building is appropriated for the sick, whether suffering from accident or general illness. Able medical men and efficient nurses are provided, also abundance of good food. Tea and other little luxuries are provided by the patients or their friends.

If any one requiring the benefit of the hospital are in circumstances to pay something weekly, it is expected that they do so. But if in necessitous circumstances, they are provided for entirely. Of course, those who are able are glad to contribute a portion to this valuable establishment. Most of the medical men appoint certain hours in the week, when they see patients gratuitously.

LUNATIC ASYLUM.

It is painful to think of the necessity of such a refuge, but it is a comfort to know there is such an establishment, should the afflicted

require it. This asylum is a large airy dwelling, near the hospital, and close to the Botanical Gardens.

It has all the needful appointments that such an establishment requires.

There would be comparatively few within these walls if a due regard was had to sobriety. In this warm and exhilarating climate, fermented liquors of all kinds take great effect on the system, and affect the brain with fearful rapidity. Let all *new chums* take heed to this warning. It is too late if they learn this sad truth from painful experience. Sober men, if blessed with health, are certain to obtain at least a comfortable livelihood.

DESTITUTE ASYLUM.

In South Australia, as in all other countries, there are some unfortunate persons who, from various causes, known and unknown, get into difficulties which prevent their supporting their families for a time. In such cases the children are taken into the Destitute, and are clothed, fed, and taught. Women also are provided for, if incapable of providing for themselves. Widows with families (if represented as requiring it), are assisted with rations for the younger children, which is an important help, and yet there is no feeling of degradation in it. If a man from sickness is incapable of providing for his wife and family, provision is made for them by rations, whilst actually required.

The Destitute Asylum is near the hospital. All districts have officers appointed to make due examination of cases, which are duly reported, and relieved from the Adelaide Asylum, with rations, or orders on stores to provide them.

ORPHAN ASYLUM FOR GIRLS.

This invaluable institution is supported by public subscriptions, and directed by a committee of influential ladies, who take unwearied pains

ding it. They make all needful arrangements for the benefit and ect of the orphan girls. Government has purchased a large, well-inted house as an asylum. This gift leaves the funds at liberty end on the children.

The matron directs the household affairs, and instructs the girls. e children are taught to perform all the domestic duties of the m, as well as instructed in reading, writing, cyphering, needle-k, etc. Thus they are gradually fitted to take respectable situations rvants, etc. These orphans are provided with everything, they neatly clothed, and make all their own garments. The children ear so cheerful and happy, that it is quite a pleasure to visit the titution.

Boys require no asylum, even if orphans. They can soon earn their living, and fight for themselves. The ladies who watch over this titution take a kind interest in the orphans, after they are placed , and start them with a neat appropriate supply of clothes.

SERVANTS' HOME.

This institution is of great importance to new comers. It is situ-d in Adelaide.

As soon as female immigrants land, they can go direct to this Home," if requiring places. At a small cost (1s. 6d.) per day, they comfortably lodged and boarded, and every pains is taken by the dies' Committee and matron to direct them to appropriate places. d as ladies go to inquire for servants to this Home, as soon as a el arrives, the servants and masters or mistresses are immediately ought into contact. But should the females be unsuccessful at first, y can remain in this Home till they find the right place.

The Servants' Home is equally adapted to provide a safe and com-rtable home for young women out of place, or for any interval curring in changing places. Or even if poor health necessitates them take a short relaxation, they will, under any of these circumstances, d their wants anticipated at a very small cost.

LABOUR OFFICES.

These offices, situated in King William Street and Rundle Street, are the places where men, most especially, can obtain all needful information relative to situations of every description. Women also often get places from this depot, as they are regular register offices for both sexes.

CAB STANDS AND OMNIBUSES.

It is perhaps worthy remark that there are omnibuses at a very cheap rate running during the day to the suburbs of Adelaide; and covered carts, cars, and carriages of all descriptions can be hired at a moderate price to any part of town or elsewhere.

Omnibuses run to all parts of the colony at a very moderate charge, and at a very good speed.

SERVANTS' WAGES.—FEMALE.

PER ANNUM, WITH BOARD AND LODGING.

Domestic and Dairy Maid-Servants.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Dairymaids	18	0	0	to	23	0	0
General Servants...	18	0	0	„	26	0	0
Good Cooks	26	0	0	„	30	0	0
Kitchenmaids	18	0	0	„	21	0	0
Housekeepers	23	0	0	„	30	0	0
Housemaids	20	0	0	„	26	0	0
Laundresses	26	0	0	„	31	0	0
(According to distance.)							
Nurses	15	0	0	to	20	0	0
Nurse-girls...	5	0	0	„	15	0	0
Upper Nurses	20	0	0	„	26	0	0
Waiting-maids	26	0	0	„	31	0	0

MALE SERVANTS.

Domestic and Farm.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Farm Boys (13 to 14)	10	0	0	to	15	0	0
Men Bullock-Drivers at Stations	45	0	0	„	52	0	0
Ditto for Roads	45	0	0	„	60	0	0
Ditto for Farms	40	0	0	„	52	0	0
Gardeners	40	0	0	„	60	0	0
Coachmen ... ... about	60	0	0	and upwards			
General Farm-Servants ... ... per week	0	14	0	to	0	18	0
Harvest-men ... ... „	0	18	0	„	0	25	0
Hutkeepers (according to distance) per annum	26	0	0	„	31	0	0
Married Couples (according to distance) „	45	0	0	„	60	0	0
Milkmen ... ... „	45	0	0	„	52	0	0
Ploughmen, single ... ... „	40	0	0	„	52	0	0
Shepherds, single (according to distance) „	39	0	0	„	53	0	0

Per Week, with usual Rations.

Bakers	1	5	0	to	1	10	0
Bush Carpenters	1	5	0	„	1	10	0
Butchers	1	10	0	„	2	0	0
Cooks (male)	0	15	0	„	1	0	0
Grooms (with occasional perquisites)	0	15	0	„	1	0	0
Ostlers (with perquisites)	0	15	0	„	1	0	0
Slaughtermen	1	10	0	„	2	0	0

Per Day, without Board and Lodging.

Watch and Clock-makers	0	12	0	to	0	14	0
Wheelwrights	0	9	0	„	0	10	0

Per Week, without Rations.

Carters	2	0	0
Confectioners	2	2	0

Per Scale below, without Rations.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Brickmakers, per 1000, without burning ...	0	12	0				
Fencers, per rod	0	2	6	to	0	3	0
Sawyers, per 100 feet, Cedar	0	11	0				
Ditto ditto Deal	0	8	0				
Stone-breakers, per cubic yard	0	2	0	,,	0	3	0
Wire Fencing, per rod	0	1	6	,,	0	2	0

Per Day, without Board and Lodging.

Blacksmiths	0	7	0	to	0	9	0
Bricklayers...	0	10	0				
Cabinet-makers	0	8	0	,,	0	10	0
Carpenters	0	8	6	,,	0	9	0
Carriage-makers	0	8	0	,,	0	10	0
Coopers	0	7	6				
Engineers	0	9	0	,,	0	12	6
Galvanized Iron-workers...	0	8	0	,,	0	10	0
Iron-founders	0	9	0	,,	0	12	0
Labourers	0	6	6				
Masons	0	9	0	,,	0	11	0
Millers	0	8	0	,,	0	8	6
Miners	0	5	0	,,	0	7	0
Painters	0	8	0	,,	0	10	0
Plasterers	0	9	0				
Plumbers	0	10	0				
Quarrymen... ... ... (and piecework.)	0	7	0	,,	0	8	0
Saddlers	0	7	0	,,	0	9	0
Shoeing Smiths	0	7	0	,,	0	10	0
Shoemakers (labour market over-stocked) ...	0	7	0				
Storemen	0	7	0	,,	0	8	0
Tailors	0	8	0	,,	0	9	0
Tanners	0	8	0	,,	0	9	0

ADELAIDE, *May 24th*, 1866.

ODD FELLOWS.

It is perhaps worthy remark that various Lodges are in existence in this Colony, and in a flourishing condition. It is with great pleasure that we see this is the case, as there is no question that they are of the greatest benefit to society; the members, in case of sickness, being supplied with efficient help, and widows and orphans receiving a considerable sum in case of death.

II.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

IMMIGRATION REGULATIONS.

Regulations for the issuing of Embarkation Orders and the granting Remission Certificates, framed by His Excellency the Governor-in-Chief with the advice of the Executive Council, in accordance with Act No. 4, 21st Victoria.

ASSISTED PASSAGE REGULATIONS,

Under which Settlers may obtain assistance out of the Public Funds, towards the introduction to this Colony from Britain, of persons in aid of the cost of whose passages they may contribute certain sums.

CONDITIONS.

1. Any person, resident in this Colony, desirous of procuring a passage from the United Kingdom to South Australia, for emigrants of the undermentioned classes, coming within the following regulations, may effect that object by contributing in this office such of the sums of money named hereunder as may apply in each instance. (For Application Forms, see Schedule A.)

2. On payment of the money at this office, a certificate will be

issued (Schedule B) guaranteeing passages to an equivalent number of persons as per scale hereunder, on presentation of the certificate to the South Australian Emigration Agent in London, provided they are approved on inspection by such Emigration Agent.

3. The certificate will have twelve months' currency, will be transferable, but only to persons of the same nationality as those mentioned in the certificate—and in no case will the contributor have any portion of the money paid refunded to him; but, in order to prevent any injustice arising through the non-emigration of any of the persons for whose benefit the certificate was in the first instance obtained, the Emigration Agent will receive, in Britain, any money balance which may be required under the regulations, to entitle the persons who actually claim under the certificate to passages.

CLASSES ELIGIBLE.

4. The following are the classes eligible for passages:—

I. Married agricultural labourers, shepherds, herdsmen, and copper miners, not exceeding forty-five years of age.

II. Single men, or widowers without children under sixteen, of any of the above classes, not exceeding forty years of age.

III. Single female domestic servants, or widows without children under sixteen, not exceeding thirty-five years of age.

IV. Married mechanics (when required in the Colony), such as masons, bricklayers, blacksmiths and farriers, wheelwrights, sawyers, carpenters, etc., also gardeners, not exceeding forty-five years of age.

V. Single men of class IV. (when required) not exceeding forty years of age.

VI. The wives and children of married emigrants.

5. The emigrants under these regulations—personally, in the case of single adults of sixteen years and upwards, and by the head of the family in other cases—must, prior to embarkation, sign an undertaking in the sum of £20; which, however, will not be enforced unless the

person, or any one or more of the persons named in such undertaking, or on whose behalf such undertaking shall have been given, shall leave or attempt to leave South Australia within two years after arrival.

6. The Emigration Agent will, after approval by him, issue embarkation orders to persons thus nominated and approved in rotation, according to date of acceptance, so far as may be consistent with their sanitary precautions, regulating the proportion of young children proper to be embarked with adults in vessels; regard being always, had, also, to the current rate and proportion of Government emigration to this Colony.

PAYMENTS TOWARDS PASSAGES.

7. The following sums must be paid in aid of the passages of:—

	£	s.	d.
For each Male	4	0	0
„ Female	3	0	0

Children under fourteen years of age, half the above rates.

QUALIFICATIONS.

8. *Eligible Candidates.*—The candidates must be in the habit of *working for wages* at one of the callings mentioned above, and must be going out with the intention of working for hire in that calling. They must be sober, industrious, of good moral character, in good health, free from all mental and bodily defects, within the ages specified, appear physically to be capable of labour, and have been vaccinated or had the small-pox.

Ineligible Candidates.—Passages cannot be granted to persons intending to proceed to the other Australian Colonies; to persons in the habitual receipt of parish relief; to families which have more than two children under seven, or than three under ten years of age; to parents without all their children under *sixteen*, then in Britain; to children under sixteen without their parents; to husbands without

their wives, or wives without their husbands (unless, in the last three instances, the parents, husband, or wife be in this Colony); to single women who have had illegitimate children; or to persons who have not arranged with their creditors.

APPLICATION AND APPROVAL.

9. The first step is to address the Emigration Agent in London, or his nearest selecting agent, for an application form (Schedule C), which must be accurately filled up and returned to the officer issuing same. If the applicants are married, the certificate of their marriage must be sent at the same time. Time and place for a personal inspection of the applicants will thereafter be appointed, and they will also be informed what other certificates (if any) are required in support of their applications. The candidates will, on or after inspection, be informed whether or not a passage can be granted. If it can, they will, as soon as possible, receive an embarkation order from the Emigration Agent in London (*which is not transferable*), naming the ship in which they are to sail and the time and place of joining her.

OUTFIT, ETC.

10. Candidates must find their own outfit, which will be inspected before embarkation by an officer duly authorized by the Emigration Agent. The smallest quantity that will be allowed is—for each male over twelve, six shirts, six pairs of stockings, two warm flannel shirts, two pairs of new shoes or boots, two complete suits of strong exterior clothing, four towels, and 2lbs. of marine soap; and for each female over twelve, six shifts, two flannel petticoats, six pairs of stockings, two pairs of strong boots or shoes, two strong gowns (one of which must be made of a warm material), four towels, and 2lbs. of marine soap.

[N.B.—If any difficulty is experienced in procuring good marine soap where the applicants reside, there will be ample opportunity for purchasing it after their arrival at the depot.]

Two or three coloured shirts for men, and an extra supply of flannel for women and children, are very desirable.

The quantity of baggage for each person over twelve must not exceed twenty cubic or solid feet, nor half a ton in weight. It must be closely packed in one or more strong boxes or cases not exceeding fifteen cubic feet each. Larger packages and extra baggage, if taken at all, must be paid for. Mattresses and feather beds, firearms, and offensive weapons, wines, spirits, beer, gunpowder, percussion caps, lucifer matches, and any dangerous or noxious articles, cannot be taken by emigrants.

CAUTIONS.

11. Candidates must not reckon upon passages, or make any preparations for departure, unless they receive notice that they have been approved on inspection. Persons cannot be received on board ship without an embarkation order issued by the Emigration Agent, nor unless they are in a fit state of health for the voyage.

Any false signatures, mis-statements, or omissions to state a material fact in the candidate's papers, or any attempt at deception whatever or evasion of these regulations, will debar such candidate from all after consideration for a passage to this Colony; and in the case of false signatures. will, moreover, render the offender liable to a heavy penalty under the Passengers' Act.

Failure to attend at the time and place of embarkation, without having previously given to the Emigration Agent timely notice, and a satisfactory reason, or any insubordination or misconduct in the Emigration Depôt, or on board ship before sailing, will subject candidates to the loss of their passage.

All communications by intending emigrants to this Colony, are, until further notice, to be addressed, post-paid, to G. S. Walters, Esq., Emigration Agent for South Australia, No. 5, Copthall Court, London.

SCHEDULE A.

Application under Assisted Passage Regulations.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

*

I, † , having resided in South Australia for the space of six months, hereby apply to contribute the sum of £ towards the passage to this Colony of the persons named on the back hereof, or of such persons as may be nominated by me, or any person authorized by me, in the United Kingdom, under the above-named regulations current at this date.

[Signature.]

[Witness to signature.]

* Address in full and date. † Occupation.

SCHEDULE B.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

Crown Lands and Immigration Office, Adelaide, 186 .

I hereby certify that , of , in this Province, has this day paid the sum of pounds shillings, under the Assisted Passage Regulations current at this date, for the purpose of procuring the conveyance by sea to Port Adelaide, of the persons named on the back hereof, or of an equivalent number of such eligible persons as may present this certificate in the United Kingdom to the Emigration Agent for South Australia, and be approved of by him.

Secretary to Commissioner.

SCHEDULE C.

[NOTE.—This application must be returned, duly filled up, to the Emigration Agent for South Australia, 5, Copthall Court, London, or to his officer from whom received, accompanied by the authorizing certificate issued in the Colony, within twelve months from the date of the latter.]

Application of a Passage to South Australia, in virtue of a payment made for benefit in Adelaide, under the Assisted Passage Regulations.

I, , hereby make application as above, and beg to annex hereto a certificate that did on the 186 , pay to the Commissioner of Crown Lands and Immigration, at Adelaide, the sum of pounds shillings, to entitle , subject to the undermentioned regulations and conditions, to passage to South Australia in a Government Emigrant vessel.

[Applicant's signature and address in full.]

[Date.]

[Here follow the "Assisted Passage Regulations" *in extenso*; also, usual columns for particulars of age, sex, occupation, etc.

Assisted Passages obtainable in England under certain circumstances.

When, and in case the applications from persons resident in the Colony shall be insufficient in number, the Emigration Agent in England will be authorized to grant assisted passage certificates or embarkation orders to persons in Britain, subject to, however, and in accordance with the foregoing regulations, so far as the same are applicable.

FREE PASSAGE REGULATIONS.

Regulations for the selection of Persons in Britain for Free Passages to this Colony.

CLASSES ELIGIBLE.

1. The following are the classes eligible for selection for free passages:—

I. Married agricultural labourers, shepherds, herdsmen, and copper miners, not exceeding forty-five years of age.

II. Single men, or widowers without children under sixteen, of any of the above classes, not exceeding forty years of age.

III. Single female domestic servants, or widows without children under sixteen, not exceeding thirty-five years of age.

iv. Married mechanics (when required in the Colony), such as masons, bricklayers, blacksmiths, and farriers, wheelwrights, sawyers, carpenters, etc., also gardeners, not exceeding forty-five years of age.

v. Single men of class iv. (when required) not exceeding forty years of age.

vi. The wives and children of married emigrants.

QUALIFICATIONS.

2. *Eligible Candidates.*—The candidates must be in the habit of *working for wages* at one of the callings mentioned above, and must be *going out* with the intention of working for hire in that calling. They must be sober, industrious, of good moral character, in good health, free from all mental and bodily defects, within the ages specified, appear physically to be capable of labour, and have been vaccinated or had the small-pox.

Ineligible Candidates.—Passages cannot be granted to persons intending to proceed to the other Australian Colonies; to persons in the habitual receipt of parish relief; to widowers and widows with young children; to parents without all their children under sixteen then in Britain; to children under sixteen without their parents; to husbands without their wives, or wives without their husbands; to single men over forty; to single women over thirty-five; to single women who have had illegitimate children; or to persons who have not arranged with their creditors.

APPLICATION AND APPROVAL.

3. The first step is to address the Emigration Agent for South Australia in London, or his nearest selecting agent, for an application form, which must be accurately filled up and returned to the officer issuing same. If the applicants are married, the certificate of their

marriage must be sent at the same time. Time and place for a personal inspection of the applicants will thereafter be appointed, and they will also be informed what other certificates (if any) are required in support of their applications. The candidates will, on or after inspection, be informed whether or not a passage can be granted. If it can, they will, as soon as possible, receive an embarkation order from the Emigration Agent (*which is not transferable*), naming the ship in which they are to sail, and the time and place of joining her.

4. The emigrants under these regulations—personally in the case of single adults, and by the head of the family in other cases—must, prior to embarkation, sign an undertaking in the sum of £20; which, however, will not be enforced unless the person, or any one or more of the persons named in such undertaking, or on whose behalf such undertaking shall have been given, shall leave, or attempt to leave, South Australia within two years after arrival.

OUTFIT, ETC.

5. Candidates must find their own outfit, which will be inspected before embarkation by an officer duly authorized by the Emigration Agent. The smallest quantity that will be allowed is—for each male over twelve, six shirts, six pairs of stockings, two warm flannel shirts, two pairs of new shoes or boots, two complete suits of strong exterior clothing, four towels, and 2lbs. of marine soap; and for each female over twelve, six shifts, two flannel petticoats, six pairs of stockings, two pairs of strong boots or shoes, two strong gowns (one of which must be made of a warm material), four towels, and 2lbs. of marine soap.

[N.B.—If any difficulty is experienced in procuring good marine soap where the applicants reside, there will be ample opportunity for purchasing it after their arrival at the depot.]

Two or three coloured shirts for men, and an extra supply of flannel for women and children, are very desirable.

The quantity of baggage for each person over twelve must not exceed twenty cubic or solid feet, nor half a ton in weight. It must be closely packed in one or more strong boxes or cases not exceeding fifteen cubic feet each. Larger packages and extra baggage, if taken at all, must be paid for. Mattresses and feather beds, firearms, and offensive weapons, wines, spirits, beer, gunpowder, percussion caps, lucifer matches, and any dangerous or noxious articles, cannot be taken by emigrants.

CAUTIONS.

6. Candidates must not reckon upon passages, or make any preparations for departure, unless they receive notice that they have been approved on inspection. Persons cannot be received on board ship without an embarkation order issued by the Emigration Agent, nor unless they are in a fit state of health for the voyage.

Any false signatures, mis-statements, or omissions to state a material fact in the candidate's papers, or any attempt at deception whatever, or evasion of these regulations, will debar such candidate from all after consideration for a passage to this Colony; and, in the case of false signatures, will, moreover, render the offender liable to a heavy penalty under the Passengers' Act.

Failure to attend at the time and place of embarkation, without having previously given to the Emigration Agent timely notice, and a satisfactory reason, or any insubordination or misconduct in the Commissioners' depôt, or on board ship before sailing, will subject candidates to the loss of their passage.

All communications by intending emigrants to this Colony are until further notice, to be addressed, post-paid, to F. S. Dutton, Esq., 37, Great George Street, Westminster, London, S. W.

REMISSION CERTIFICATES.

Regulations under which Remission Certificates, available in the purchase of Crown Lands, may be claimed, where Immigrants have been introduced by private persons.

Persons having resided in South Australia for at least one year,

who may introduce from the United Kingdom, at their own cost, immigrants of either of the classes specified in the *Assisted Passage Regulations*, shall be entitled, on the arrival of those immigrants, to receive from this office a certificate for an amount equal to the cost which might have been incurred by the Government for the emigration of such persons; such certificate to be receivable as cash at the Treasury for the purchase of Crown Lands on or after maturity, and the amount expressed therein to be based upon the average contract rate payable per statute adult for emigrants by the three Government emigrant vessels then previously reported as chartered: Provided—

I. That such persons have been inspected and approved by the Emigration Agent in England, or that notice of such intended introduction of immigrants be addressed in writing to this office at least six months prior to the date of their arrival in the Colony.

II. That, on landing, a certificate be obtained from the Emigration Agent at Port Adelaide, to the effect that the immigrant so introduced is eligible for acceptance by the Emigration Agent at the date of departure from England.

III. That on presentation of the money certificate at the Treasury after its maturity (two years after date), there be attached thereto a declaration, in form of Schedule at foot hereof, that the persons in respect of whose introduction the certificate was issued, have been constantly since arrival, and are then, resident in South Australia, and have not during such residence been recipients of public relief.

SCHEDULE.

I, , being one of Her Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the Province of South Australia, do hereby certify, that on this day of , 186 , personally came before me, at of (whose signature was hereto appended in my presence,) who solemnly and sincerely declared that the person named hereunder (who also appeared before me and acknowledged the accuracy of the

statement), w introduced by h to this colony at h private cost, and the person referred to in a certain Remission Certificate, dated (also produced and now signed by me), entitling , the said to the abatement of £ , in the price of the South Australian Crown Lands. And I also certify that the said and further declared before me, that had not since the been absent from this Colony, and had not been at any time, during residence here, recipient of public relief.

[Name of Immigrant referred to.]

(Signature of Magistrate)_____J.P.

(Signature of holder of Remission Order) _____

SUPPLEMENTARY REGULATIONS,

Gazetted 18th June, 1863.

Any person, though ineligible under clause IV. of these Regulations [Assisted Passage Regulations], who shall pay to the Emigration Agent in London the full contract rate of passage-money of the ship in which such person comes to this Colony, or on whose account there shall have been paid to the Commissioner of Crown Lands and Immigration, in this Colony, or some authorized person in his behalf, a sum to cover the passage-money, such sum to be based upon the average contract rate payable per statute adult for emigrants by the three Government vessels then previously reported as chartered, shall be allowed a passage in a Government emigrant ship, provided that such person is in good health and not likely to become chargeable on the Colony, and that he or she sign an agreement to conform to the rules to be observed on board ship.

The provisions of the existing remission certificate regulations may be applied in respect of any person coming out to this Colony in a Government emigrant ship, provided that there shall have been paid to the Emigration Agent in London the full contract rate of the

passage-money of the ship in which such person comes to this Colony; or that there shall have been paid to the Commissioner of Crown Lands and Immigration, or some authorized person in his behalf, a sum to meet cost of passage, such sum to be based upon the average contract rate payable per statute adult for emigrants by the three Government emigrant vessels then previously reported as chartered; provided, however, that such emigrant sign an agreement to comply with the rules and regulations of the ship.

THE END.

HARRILD, PRINTER, LONDON.

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