

## APPENDIX

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### FRANKLIN PAPERS.

As mentioned in the Annual Report, 1924 (p. 155), Mr. W. F. Rawnsley presented to the Society a valuable collection of Franklin MSS. As circumstances permit, certain extracts will be published. The following account of an attempted visit to Port Davey is taken from Lady Franklin's Diary.

### FRANKLIN PAPERS.—I.

#### EXTRACTS FROM LADY JANE FRANKLIN'S DIARY.

#### EXCURSION TO PORT DAVEY AND MACQUARIE HARBOUR, DECEMBER, 1838.

(Excursion Stopped At Recherche Bay.)

This excursion, or at least a visit to Port Davey, was first suggested to me by hearing Captain King say he wanted to go thither in search of Huon Pine. To this was added another motive, that of laying down S.W. Cape, whose precise position is disputed by different navigators. In combination with Mr. Gould I determined, if possible, not only to go to Port Davey, but to visit Macquarie Harbour on the Western coast, where a penal settlement was made, and after some years abandoned in the time of Col. Arthur. Since then it has been occasionally visited by vessels for wood, but its difficult access, there being a bar across the entrance of the harbour which in winter weather it is sometimes impossible to enter for days together, and its state of utter desertion make always a matter of some little risk and of diminished interest. As the only harbour, however, on the Western coast, I was very anxious to see it, and Mr. Kelly had been invited and engaged to accompany us as our pilot. This was some weeks ago, when we had thought of embarking, but were prevented by the weather.

On the present occasion, he was prevented by business from accompanying us, but recommended Mr. Bruce, of Recherche Bay, as a pilot quite as competent as himself to take us in. It was decided, however, that Mr. Lucas, a veteran pilot now residing on his farm near Mt. Louis,

should be the man, and a signal was made to him accordingly to hold himself in readiness. Mr. Frankland, Miss Barnett, and Mr. Lillie, and Mrs. Gould had all at one time wished or intended to be of the party. Various causes prevented them, so that at last we were reduced to 6. Myself and Elinor, Captain and Mrs. King, Mr. Gould, and Mr. Gunn. To these were added, besides the Pilot, servants, viz., the Snatchalls, and a baker from our home establishment, Mr. Gunn's assistant, and a servant of Mr. Gunn's. We were in the 3rd quarter of the moon and the weather, after some rain which had succeeded several sultry days, was beautiful. The *Tamar*, in which we were to enter Macquarie Harbour (the Schooner drawing too much water for the purpose), had been already dispatched to Port Davey, where we were to make the exchange, carrying the bulk of our provisions, which was calculated for an emergency of 6 weeks on board.

A light breeze brought us to the entrance of D'Entrecasteaux's Channel, about 9 o'clock on Tuesday morning, the 11th, when Captain Booth, who was making his way to Port Arthur with his bride in the *Vansittart*, came on board. Not being ready to see him I sent him a message by Elinor to beg him to get made for me at Port Arthur a light chair on poles such as we have been carried about in on Tasman's Peninsula, with the idea that it might be useful to me in our contemplated journey to the New Country. I also wrote by the *Vansittart* a few lines to Sir John.

About 2 o'clock, when within about 4 miles of Green Island, for which we were tacking, Mr. Gould went off in a boat with the hope of reaching it before us, and of finding some penguin's eggs which he is much in want of. He had landed on the island before and killed penguins, quails, ducks, etc. On this occasion he did not succeed in finding any penguin's eggs, but came back with a live penguin, and with the eggs of various gulls. Some of these were too hard to be blown, in which case he cut with the point of a pen-knife or of a small knife adapted for the purpose, an oval-shaped piece of the shell out of the side, emptied the egg, and replaced the shell.

A fine breeze rising about 5 o'clock carried us past Southport, but died away at sunset. When it rose again it was unfavourable from the S.W. A bank of dark clouds over the land obscured the sight of it, but afterwards rose and spread over the sky. We had a great deal of motion

through the night and at an early hour the following morning, Wednesday, much commotion took place in my cabin, owing to my heavy table breaking away from its lashings and the filtering machine on the drawers coming down and pouring its contents over all the books and other matters on the floor. Snatchall came to my assistance, but much out of sorts, declaring she would never come again. We anchored about 7 in the morning in Research Bay. I was not very well and suffered slightly from the toothache. The *Tamar* had come in the evening before, the weather being equally unfavourable for her proceeding to Port Davey. Mr. Gould went off in the morning to the Acteon Islands, which are about a mile distant from each other and at the distance of about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  or  $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles from Research Bay. The soil of them is sandy and much covered with scrub. He procured there 2 species of parrots he had not yet taken, an albatross, teal, gulls, and the eggs of the latter. Mr. Gunn and Captain King went up the northern division of the bay, called by the French, its first discoverers, Port du Nord, and ascended a little way the river which enters it and since called D'Entrecasteaux's River. After dinner Mrs. King, Elinor, and I were rowed to the same point under the direction of Captain King and Mr. Gunn. I was much struck with the bold and singularly shaped mountains which rise above the dense woods on the W. side of the bay. Between these and the water there appears to be a level tract of forest. On the N. side of the bay, a promontory forms a sort of inner bay which is familiarly known by the name of the Pigsty. On this point, a whaleboat, going down to Port Davey, had bivouacked the night before and was now away fishing, being detained by the same cause as ourselves. There is some shoal water in this pigsty but which may be avoided by keeping in the Channel. The mouth of D'Entrecasteaux's River is divided by a flat woody island, like that in Fleurieu River at Port Cyguet. The passage which presents itself on the r. seemed the only one fitted for the boat. We landed on its bank to collect the beautiful *Blandfordia nobilis*\*, whose branches of scarlet tubes, lined at their scalloped edges with yellow, show magnificently amongst the more delicate plants, generally white ones, which conceal the poorness of this white clayey soil. There is but this single species on V.D.L. but in N.S.W. is another, double the size, called *grandiflora*. Whilst thus engaged Captain King was in chase in his boat

\* [= *Blandfordia marginata*.]

of a poor, solitary duck, which dived at the moment when, believing it to be the same as one he had wounded in the morning, he thought to have caught it. Mr. Gould, hearing the circumstances, thought she was more cunning than her pursuer, and was leading him away from her nest.

We were informed that a barque, supposed to be from England, was seen going up Storm Bay to-day towards Hobarton. The next day, Thursday 13th, 2 other vessels were reported as having been seen on their passage to Hobarton. It made me almost regret our own absence. Messrs. Gould and Gunn set off to-day to the head of the bay to a plain, which appears to run up many miles into the country the hill called South Cape, which presents towards the bay a steep and particularly denuded surface. Mr. Gunn ascended this hill which he thinks is about 800 feet high. It is of sandstone and has some veins of coal, but of a very indifferent kind. He saw a considerable extent of coast and the Mewstone rock from its summit. Mr. Gould expected a rich harvest from the appearance of the plain, both as respects quadrupeds and birds, but it was remarkably destitute. He brought back, however, the nest of an emu wren, and a parrot which he had not killed before. The plain was as poor in shrubs and plants as in living instances. The soil was wet, poor, and boggy. The plants were of stunted growth and there was no scrub. Mr. Gunn, however, found in some more favoured spots 2 plants which were new to him. Both were of the *Proteacea* family—the one, a beautiful shrub about 5 feet high growing very erect with clusters of white flowers, the other of the genus *Lomacia*, which comes next to the waratah in that family—all the *Proteacea*, Mr. G. told me, have no properties whatever and make even but bad fire-wood.

Recherche Bay has a peculiar interest as being the first harbour in which D'Entrecasteaux landed nearly 50 years ago. The French are said to have planted a garden here, and to have left inscriptions engraved on copper on some of the trees—Lucas, to whom we referred for local information, knew nothing of the garden, but 2 trees, he said, blown down by the wind, or uprooted by the beaking away of the bank, were lying on the beach on the S. which still bore the marks of the places where the plates had been inscribed, though they themselves had been removed. We landed on the S. shore, guided by Lucas, in search of these trees, and after passing a little way along a footpath in the fern which the whalers have traced from one station

to another, came down on the white sandy shore and walked on till the 2 dried and ash-col'd. old gum trees in question lay across our path side by side, presenting their decaying roots to the bank from which by violence they had been long divided. Lucas saw them in this state 6 or 7 and 20 years ago, when he first visited this spot. At that time one of the trees retained a portion of the copper-plate inscription which has since disappeared, probably like the rest carried off by the natives. The other tree contains an oblong hollowed space, about 3 fingers long and somewhat less broad, and of sufficient depth to have contained papers which it is supposed were inserted in it and closed down by the plate. The iron nails which fastened down the plate remained round the outer edge of the excavation—worn away and rusted. I carried off one of them, as well as one of two circular knobs carved in a lower part of the trunk near the root—some more pieces were afterwards subtracted from the decaying trunks by the gentlemen on a subsequent visit, the excavated box being left by us all uninjured.

Proceeding from hence along the shore towards the head of the bay, our olfactory nerves were sorely disturbed by the effluvia from some putrid whale carcasses which were lying on the sand, and which were borne by the wind right against us. Thronging past these nuisances we reflected that for the comfort of future generations, the last of these whales would probably have deserted these shores before Mr. Frankland's bathing place of Ramsgate shall have built its lodging houses and bathing machines. This reserved township is at the head of the bay on the plain before mentioned, and on the banks of a small fresh water stream which comes down alongside of it. Our walk extended no farther than the right bank of the stream which we could not cross without wetting our feet, though it is much obstructed by sand and not navigable at least in its present state by boats. A fine lofty hedge of the Babialla, whose berries or seeds were roasted and eaten by the natives, borders the white shore in an even line for some distance eastward of the river, its rich and glowing colouring, though not in flower, forming a beautiful contrast to the taller line of the forest trees behind whose trunks it concealed. Returning to our boat, we crept along the other or northern side of the bay, where the sandy beach presents itself only in small patches slightly embayed between the loose dark rocks, which form the general outline and from which the forest immediately rises.

This side of the bay is more indented than the opposite one, and presents a double cove divided by a point which has a melancholy interest as being the spot on which the convict mutineers of the *Cyprus*, going to Macquarie Harbour landed Lieutenant Crowe, who had the military command of them, with his wife, who nearly perished in the woods, before assistance came to them.\*

The first of these coves which we came to, or the most western, is much obstructed at its entrance along the W. side by sea-weed. A fine streamlet of water is seen on the beach, pointed out to us by Lucas. I asked him if the cove had any name, and being answered in the negative, observed to Captain King that I thought it deserved one, and that it could hardly have a better than Lucas; Captain King in consequence communicated to him my wish that it might henceforth be called *Lucas Cove*, upon which the old Pilot raised his cap from his head and looked infinitely pleased. He merited this compliment from me as having, when a boy, a few years younger, I believe, than Sir John, suffered shipwreck with him in the *Porpoise* on the Coral Reef. Poor Lucas is rather an interesting person when once one can succeed in overcoming the disgust which his first appearance excites. His face has been shattered and greatly disfigured by the contents of a pistol with which in a moment of passionate despair, being disappointed in love, he endeavoured to blow out his brains. His father was an officer in the 108th N.S.W. Regiment stationed in Norfolk Island where Lucas was born.

I was speaking of the coves on the N. side of the bay. The 2nd contains a whaling station of Messrs. Kerr and Alexander. The shears at the farther end of against which the carcase of the whale is erected to be cut up in pieces, indicates that there is deep water along the edges. We returned on board the schooner for dinner. As we were sitting round the table afterwards, a smell was wafted in which convinced Captain King and myself, who observed it at the same moment, that some change must have taken place in the wind, and immediately all hands were at work on deck to enable us to get under weigh. The *Tamar*, not waiting for our signal, was already making similar preparation. The breeze was from the Northward. Lucas seemed doubtful about it, the setting sun behind the hills,

\*On reconsideration, I believe the landing place in question was the W. point of the most western of the coves which I have called Lucas Cove.

though not so red as when he had called our attention to it before as a sign of unfavourable weather, was not propitious, but he did not oppose our starting since we could easily return if the wind did not hold. As we passed Bruce's pilot station, he came off to us in a boat, remained a short time with us, and gave us more hope than Lucas of the weather improving. One of his boatmen was called on deck by Captain King to be examined as to a tale he had told the day before of a boat capsizing as it rounded S. Cape. He was on the look-out station, near this spot, when he saw the accident. He saw one man go over into the boat to leeward, and another *jump out to windward*, he climbed a tree to see better, but when he looked again, could find no trace of what had happened. He ran along the shore to his master, Bruce, when he arrived apparently much alarmed and said he had been pursued in his way by a black snake. Bruce and Lucas walked along the shore in search of an oar or some indication of the accident, but nothing was to be found, and this negative circumstance, together with the man jumping to windward, and even the black snake convinced Captain King it was all a story of his own invention. I was present when the man was questioned. He was minute in his details, and never contradicted himself, but the former property of liars amongst his class is, I am told, a fact of notorious generality.

I was struck as we moved along with the dense gloom and blackness of the woods as they rose immediately from the shore upon an outer base of dark-hued rocks. Over these the mountains behind Research Bay presented a noble and singular outline. I thought the French writers who expatiate so much on the terrible and severe aspect of nature in these Austral regions were not so much in the wrong. We came along the headland called S.E. Cape, or which rather, I believe, has no name at all though it is the most S. point of the island and had an extent of coast before us extending to the promontory called the Whalers' Head. We were not destined, however, to make any further progress. The sails began to shake, the wind had veered round again to the S.W., and about 9 o'clock it was determined to turn about and resume our former anchorage. A gun was fired to direct the *Tamar* also, and after a very rough passage we took up our anchorage again in Research Bay about midnight. The weather was so bad the next day, Friday 14th, that even the gentlemen could not go on shore, it not being deemed prudent to take out a boat. To me

It was a matter of indifference for I was suffering much from toothache, and kept my cabin and almost my bed the whole day. On Saturday I suffered still more in the head and under these circumstances could scarcely help rejoicing that there was nothing to do or to see from the enjoyment of which I should have been excluded. In the forenoon I heard rather a strange noise on deck but took no notice of it as the vessel was full of noises. Presently, however, Captain King desired to see me. I was in bed, but admitted him. It was to tell me we had broken our windlass, so that we could neither lie here in safety nor proceed with our voyage. At first he seemed to think of returning to Hobarton, but presently resolved to go to Port Arthur where we should arrive in four hours' time at the rate of 10 miles an hour before the gale. At last, however, and much more to my satisfaction, I found that the *Tamar's* 2 carpenters, in addition to a single one of our own, could repair the mischief for us on the spot in 2 days' time, there being good seasoned timber to hand which would answer the purpose. This being decided upon, Bruce volunteered to go up in his boat to Hobarton (where his wife is now staying) and to take letters to Sir John. I rejoiced in the opportunity, and a packet consisting of a letter from me, one from Elinor to Sophy, and one from Mr. Gould to his wife, was soon dispatched. It was calculated that Bruce would return before we should be ready to start and that if any vessel wanting to enter the channel in his absence should be seen, Lucas would take his place as Pilot. The gent<sup>n</sup>. went on shore at night with a seine, lighted a fire and caught some fish. I was obliged to keep my room the whole of this day and the whole of the next also. The next was Sunday and Captain King read prayers and a sermon in the cabin to the cabin party.

We were at this time again in motion for Port Davey, a light favourable breeze having sprung up about 10 o'clock, which Captain King thought it well to take advantage of. Leaving the *Tamar* behind to bring on the letters which Bruce might be entrusted with. Our attempt this time was of shorter duration than before—a calm came on, then the wind returned to its old quarter and by 1 or 2 we had returned to our last anchorage which since the accident to the windless was in a more inland and sheltered position. I received a second visit from Captain King in bed, to inform myself of all these movements, and was again not sorry that we were at rest.

*Monday 17th.* It blew very hard, but not so much so as to prevent Messrs. Gould and Gunn going on shore. They visited the stream called Catamaran River in the Port du Nord. I felt better to-day and spent some time in the cabin, but was not able to cat there. Had the weather been fair to-day, Bruce might have returned by night but it blew so directly in his teeth that no hope of his arrivall existed while the wind lasted with this violence. We had a new moon on Sunday last, and Lucas said the present bad weather might still last several days. We swung about at anchor during the night and woke to the tune of the same piping wind on.

*Tuesday the 18th.* The gentlemen visited the Catamaran River, round Rocky Point in the central of the 3 divisions: into which Research Bay may be said to be divided. It is the most considerable stream which enters the bay, being much wider than D'Entrecasteaux River. At the entrance on the r. is a heap of rocks insulated at high tide with an old gum tree growing on the summit. It being now unfortunately low water and the boat not a very light-some one, we made but little way and after grounding several times, turned about again. The river was about 120 yards wide at this spot. Mr. Gunn, who had been some way further, landed on the l. bank of the stream and found a rich soil, likely, however, from its lowness, to be overflowed. Mr. Frankland, in his map, has given the name of Catamaran River to a small creek considerably further to the North, or rather has marked it in a place where no river exists at all. There can be no doubt, however, that he meant the stream at the locality I am now speaking of. The greater part of the W. shore of this division of Research Bay was not surveyed by the French, probably on account of the shoal water under the banks on that side. As we looked at the beautiful range of mountains on this side we thought it was a pity they bore no name and determined to call them the Research Range, and as one of them stands out isolated from the rest and has a striking and noble appearance, we, on this account, and in compliment to Captain and Mrs. King, declared it should be King Mountain or Mount King.

Our next object was to land on Observatory Point on the E. side of the entrance to the Port du Sud (D'Entrecasteaux's anchorage) and where the astronomers of the expedition made their observations. By the emptied oyster shells, the cleared and trodden grass, the remains of cinders and

wattled wind screens it appears to be now resorted to as a place for bivouacking, as was lately the case with a boat going to Port Davey. Having remained a short time here we re-embarked, and coasted along a little further until we came to a beach which is covered with petrifications of wood, many of which we collected. The rocks along this bay are covered with muscles. There are also oysters, but less numerous. A dish of muscles had been much admired to-day at the breakfast table, and a few oysters were discovered here, opened, and eaten on the spot. We now directed our course to the supposed locality of the garden planted by La Haye, botanical gardener to the French expedition. On looking at the map I find it cannot be far beyond the beach of petrifications, but overshooting our mark we turned a point which imbays this part of the shore and proceeded to within a little distance of the mouth of a creek in a nook formed by another projection which is at the entrance of D'Entrecasteaux River. Crossing this creek we were led by Mr. Gunn through some thick cutting grass to a small ascent where, under the shade of 2 gum trees, a semicircular patch of sloping ground appears to have been entrenched from the cutting-grass bottom below, and Mr. Gunn thinks to have been once dug. The soil was of the most wretched description, white clay mixed with stones, and produced nothing but a little stunted and scanty fern and some few flowers amongst which was the beautiful *Blandfordia* which seems to bloom in worthless soils.\* Nothing like a European plant or vegetable was to be seen. We were not at all satisfied with the French garden, but till we re-examined M. Bon-temps-Beaupré's chart did not question its identity, finding no better place to select. On looking again at the chart, however, we saw we had gone too much to the North and that it was in another place we ought to have sought for it. Mr. Gunn accordingly wished to start the following morning at 6 in a second search for it. As we returned to our anchorage this evening we saw a schooner called the *Prince of Denmark*, which had been lying here since Sunday last, with her sails filled, coming out of the Bay in order to go up to Hobarton. (She is a vessel belonging to Messrs. Kelly and Hewitt, and hired on the present occasion by Mr. Stanley, of Launceston, to bring away some oil which had been deposited there and which is going to England in the *Augusta Jessie*.) We had informed ourselves of the probable

\*Mr. Gunn found an orange variety of it, equally beautiful with the scarlet.

hour of her departure before we set off on our afternoon's excursion and felt assured we should have the whole evening to write letters in for Hobarton. Mr. Gould, who was on board the *Eliza* on our return, had witnessed her preparations for departure and made an ineffectual effort to detain her half an hour. As he could not prevail, he refrained from sending any letter himself to Mrs. Gould, out of kindness and delicacy to me who could not do the same to Sir John. Mr. Gunn's ready written letter to his brother was also left behind. The weather was much calmer this evening, but no Bruce arrived. Captain King called out to the master of the vessel as we passed under her stern to desire him to let the Lieutenant-Governor know he was not yet returned.

*Thursday the 20th.* We again entered the Catamaran River and pursued it for about a quarter of a mile up at high tide, when our further progress was arrested by fallen trees or snags. Landing here on the left bank of the stream, we carried away by the roots some native laurel, fern trees, and ferns, and gathered boughs of the beautiful native myrtle (really a beech, *Fagus cunninghamii*) which abounds here and of the celery-topped pine (*Podocarpus aspliniifolium*)\* (from its fruit being sessile, having a small foot-stalk). We have not obtained any wattle trees in the environs of Research Bay, the myrtle and the fern-tree indicate a rich and good soil. As we returned to the schooner after this short excursion we saw the *Vansittart* coming in to bring the monthly stores to Bruce's station, as well as to Bruny lighthouse. On waking in the morning I had found a packet of letters and newspapers from Sir John brought by Bruce, who reached town last Saturday. My packet was taken up to Sir John at 11 o'clock at night when he was asleep, but he was waked to read them, and Bruce set off on his return the next day at 12. The immediate return of the *Vansittart* enabled me to return very prompt answers to Sir John's letters. I was glad to find that he expressed no impatient nor unnecessary apprehensions about us. One of the ships which had been seen going up Storm Bay was the *Thebe*, from London, which brought no letters except the duplicate from the wine-merchant with the wine itself. The news sent me by Sir John is noted elsewhere. I wrote him a long letter of suggestions and recommendations in reply to his letter, endeavoured to make the best of our unfortunate detention, and to give every hope I could of the

\*[Celery-top Pine, *Phyllocladus rhomboidales*.]

future. I did not tell him that Mr. Gould was worn out by our reverses, regretted the loss of time, and this very afternoon had been declaring with many apologies that he must go back in the *Vansittart*. His good humour under his prolonged disappointment had never failed, but his time was precious to him. When he came to V.D.L. he intended to stop only a month. How should he get through his work if he went on in this way? Mr. Gould was to my very great regret in this disposition when Mr. Gunn, Elinor, and I embarked again in the evening to visit the shores of that portion of the northern part of Research Bay where La Haye's garden was planted, and where Captain King had discovered signs of coal. A specimen of this, taken from the bank, together with our petrifications, some of which were of a large size, and other roots were dispatched to town by the *Vansittart*. Mr. Gunn's researches for the garden (which he had made in the morning) were entirely without success, and he did not recommend us to go to the same locality on account of the difficulty of getting through the thick cutting-grass which was 6 feet high. I took the opportunity being alone with him of consulting him on some points in Sir John's letter, of asking his opinion of several individuals and he answered me with his accustomed candour. On our return to the schooner we found Mr. Gould no longer firm in his former determination to depart immediately, and on my telling him he must give me his hand in pledge that he would stay here and work longer if necessary, he, after a little hesitation, consented. As a little compensation I begged Captain King to let us remove either to Bruny, or to Muscle Bay, which would make very little difference when once the wind set in fair, and it was accordingly settled that at daylight we should sail for Muscle Bay.

We anchored here about 7 o'clock on Friday morning the 21st at the midsummer, or longest day of this country. The same S.W. wind and cold and cloudy weather continued. Mr. Smith came on board to breakfast, after which he and Mr. Gould went off to pursue the inlet at the other end of the bay to its extremity. The rest of us followed some time after in another boat, and passing Pelican Island, on which Nanny, the goat, had been previously landed for green-food, and exercise, we advanced towards the point which at the farther end of the bay narrows the entrance to the inner waters. Widening immediately after the passage of this narrow point, the inlet presents a fine basin, bounded with rather steep, but not lofty, banks with trees of moderate

size and density. It was in this basin, and not 200 yards from the shore on the right hand, that poor Burnett's boat capsized and himself met with a watery grave. It happened singularly enough; young Hurburgh, Burnett's companion, and then master of the *Vansittart*, was now steering our boat, having been removed into the command of the *Eliza*, in the room of his elder brother who is going to England on two years' leave of absence in command of the *Wallaby* (a colonial vessel, originally called the *Fanny*, built at Port Arthur, and purchased on speculation by Messrs Willit and Garrett, for sale in England.) Proceeding a little further and rounding a small point on the r. we passed in succession two coves, neither of which appeared to receive any fresh water. On the l. a projecting headland appeared to us to be an island and to have a passage on the other or l. side, as well as on this. But in this we were mistaken, the water, however, forms a bay or inlet under it. The banks were of only moderate height but rose at once from the water rather scantily wooded, so that the sky and the back mountains were seen through them. If similar in soil as we suspected it to be to the banks on the r., the land is of a very poor description. The beautiful Blandfordia, which we were near enough to admire on our right bank sufficiently indicated the poverty of the soil. A third and deeper cove or bay succeeds to the former ones and here the promontory ends, on the l. a broad and deep inlet is seen on that side, admitting a stream which appears to come down from the noble group of mountains at the back. Mount King and Snowridge were the highest of them and though seen in an altered position were easily recognisable. Snowridge, we thought, deserved its name from its preserving patches of snow on this, the longest summer's day. The inlet on the left is the most extensive body of water and receives, as we were afterwards informed by Mr. Smith and Mr. Gunn, a very pretty fresh water stream. We, however, continued our course in a direct line towards the head of the water before us, and which terminates in a rounded beach bordered by a hedge of flowering tea trees with a wall of lofty foliage behind it, leaving a dark gap, however, in the middle, where a small creek enters the bay. The hills rising behind this foreground complete a picture of great beauty. It was low water and the boat could not get up to the creek and scarcely was able to frighten away the swans and sea fowl which thickly studded the wet sands left by the retiring tide. We saw 4 pelicans standing in a procession line and looking like cari-

captures of something, I know not what, and innumerable gulls, duck, gannets, etc. We had passed several black swans which suffered us to approach so close that they were taken for *moulters*, which losing their feathers at midsummer cannot fly and are easily taken without firing a shot. This was not the case, however, for the boat nearing them a little more, they rose hissing in the air and moved off.

On our return to the schooner, we were landed on Pelican Island where we found Nanny and Mr. Smith's 4 sheep, the remains of the 12 which I think were here when we visited Muscle Bay before. The soil of the little island is sandy, but rather black looking. It contains probably 3 or 4 acres of land. Some old gum trees, almost denuded of foliage, rise to a considerable height on it. Mr. Smith placed two pair of rabbits on it, which have multiplied to 26. We started several of the young ones and it was a ridiculous thing to see Captain King amongst the rest hallowing and skipping after them. One poor young thing was caught by hand, but though Mr. Smith had begged the gentlemen to kill some if they pleased, it was released. A minor islet called Little Pelican is scarcely separated from the other at low tide.

We had to wait till a late hour for dinner, not wishing to sit down without Mr. Gould and Mr. Smith. I found the latter grown fatter since I saw him last, and equally amiable and contented. He seemed satisfied with his position and so does his wife, who occupies herself with botany, or at least with collecting and preserving flowers. He had almost 8 or 9 police cases brought before him this last whaling season. The punishment is chiefly fines, extending from a sum not less than £2 nor above £20. Their employers are subject to fines not less than £10 nor above £100. He mentioned that one case brought up to him was by a headman or manager who brought up 2 men to be punished because they were cowards, when the whale was seen, they refused to row up to it. Mr. Smith could not enter into a charge such as this. He believes the existence of a police station here has diminished, as it would be expected it might have done, the number of offences committed. They are sent up to Hobart for punishment on the treadmill when required. It was suggested that if there were a whalebone breaking establishment here the men under punishment might be more usefully employed.