CHRISTIE PALMERSTON

A North Queensland Pioneer Prospector and Explorer

by

F. P. Woolston and F. S. Colliver,*

being part II of Palmerston's Diary of a Track-Cutting Expedition from the Johnstone River to Herberton, 1882.

[continued from last issue]

November, 8 [1882]

Still raining. Started again through this dreary stretch of blackness in a north-westerly direction over a basalt tableland covered with dense jungle. In about three miles ran foul of another precipice, could hear the roar of impetuous waters hundreds of feet below me. Rain, rain, everywhere I try to look there is a black patch between me and the object I wish to look at. Turned southward again and had level travelling all the afternoon, gradually worked my way north-west again and in two miles struck a large river, the Beatrice, the bed of it being full of huge boulders, current broad and very strong. Camped here, raining fast and so piercingly cold that my companions' limbs are thoroughly numb. Mr. Kevin O'Doherty gave me two bottles of rum which I broached here. I never thought rum was such a delicious drink, seemed to instil new spirit into my boys. Blacks very numerous following us most of the day, one requires more than the usual share of patience to kindle the fire with wood as soft as a boiled turnip. I carry candles for the purpose; and in fact if it had not been for the candles we should never have got a fire but seldom. I have to handcuff the two Johnstone boys every night and all the scrub knives and tomahawks are stacked for me to sleep on, this precaution being needed because not one shred of reliance can be placed on my boys. I am acquainted with these aborigines' treacherous ways only too well and am inclined to look upon with suspicion their every action, trusting them just as far as I am obliged and no further, for at any moment they may attempt to steal a march on me and one feels unutterably lonely with such companions for they are actually worse than non entities.

November, 9—

Raining very fast all night, and no appearance of ceasing this morning. The Beatrice River rising very quickly, and it was

*Not all publications agree with the date which we have quoted in Queensland Heritage vol. 1 no. 7, Nov 1967, p. 30 for Palmerston's death. Our authority is the North Queensland Register of 24 Feb 1897: "By the "Changsha" (says the Townsville Star) news was brought from Singapore of the death of Mr. Christie Palmerston, well known North Queensland prospector. Under date Jan. 22nd 1897, Mr. E. B. Wilkinson, Chairman of directors of The Straits Development Co. wrote to Mrs. Palmerston as follows—"Dear Madam . . . It is with the utmost regret that I have to inform you of the death of Mr. Christie Palmerston who died on the fifteenth inst. at a place called Kuala Pilah, in the Malay Peninsula . . ."."
hear rushing waters all afternoon, about west I think; must be Beatrice River. It was very nearly dark when I struck the river again and camped. The leeches are terrible this evening; our legs are one mass of blood. The irritation caused by these vermin combined with the scrub itch is far from being pleasant. Current of the river here is sluggish, rich land on both sides of the river. I soon rolled myself up into my wet blanket to pass another cold and dreary night, listening to the drip of the rain caught by these masses of leaves and large fronds, sliding from one to the other in large drops eventually helping to swell the many perennial streams that issue from these jungles.

November, 10—

Up very early, quite as tired as when I lay down. Tried to kindle a fire under a drizzling rain. From this place, I altered my course, to as near as I could guess, a little north of west. I awoke from a doze on several occasions last night by rude shocks and long crashing noises caused from monster trees falling down and dragging numbers of smaller ones with them, after their becoming entangled in the complicated masses of twisted and plaited vines which cling with such pertinacity to these large falling trunks. Got an early start walking as fast as circumstances would permit. Clambering and sliding over slippery logs and up to one’s ankles in cracking nut shells; the rip and tear of one’s clothes, or rather rags, the pertinacious lawyer, well named, clinging to one while there is a rag to one’s back, also taking a little skin and flesh at times. It resembles wire in strength and is of various lengths and sizes tapering towards the extreme end with hundreds of fish hook points settling in each side of its entire length, these points reversed of course. One finds it a rather difficult customer to deal with. Once in its meshes it is not easily disposed of, yet it pays to be calm and extricate oneself leisurely. Sometimes when clearing oneself from them, one gets hooked by the nose and ear by juvenile lawyers of a very frail species. Many times this day that healthy tropical plant, the stinging bush, reminded me that my arms and legs were not quite as numb with cold rain as I thought they were.

Shortly after leaving the Beatrice River the country became ridgy; geological formation, granite; this continued until about dinner time. Crossed many running creeks, their course being about north-east, I think. Leeches frightfully numerous and troublesome. The country being changed to basalt tableland; undergrowth very thin in some places. Saw several cedar trees. Crossed a very large main black’s track in the afternoon bearing about north and south I think. Charlie knocked up late in the evening. Made great progress today. The basalt land we are now camped on is as level as one could wish, and very fertile. Gathered about two dozen turkey eggs. Rolled myself up in my red blanket as it was too cold to sleep; awake for hours listening to dispiriting and appalling voices that issued from various night birds. The full sounding voice of the scrub turkey and scrub curlew’s note strike one with a desolate, dismal, dreary feeling: the latter bird resembled the open country curlew that is a much smaller species. There is a small brown coloured bird whose voice echoes through the jungle like the distant and constant tapping of a mallet.

The dingo also traverses these jungles walking stealthily round ejaculating its hollow and piteous howl; and there are other numerous and diminutive intruders. Dozed off towards morning, but woke up in a short time almost suffocating, my nostrils being filled with clammy, crawling leeches. The boys had batters decomposed logs to pieces in search of grubs. These battered substances shed broad patches of phosphoric light which gave the damp scrub a wierd aspect.

November, 11—

This tropical surface of foliage has unusually large drops. Started away under still gathering rain which rolls down on us in this incessant drip drip, in search of Herberton. I would give anything for just one slight glimpse of the sun. Travelling over basalt tableland with odd sudden jumps; passed several cedar trees, undergrowth very thin in places. Between nine and ten o’clock, discovered that Charlie had given the kanakas the slip, taking a swag with him, my boots and hat and a revolver. The cunning beggar had insisted in carrying a large billy full of bread and beef, in fact loaded himself up with many things the other boys had been carrying: this accounts for his goodness. I never felt Satan upon me more stronger than on this occasion. and if I had only got the slightest glimpse of that broad mouth[ed] hypocrite, I would have despatched a leaden missile that probably would have rid the earth of a hopeless wretch. Delayed here about an hour; then ordered the boys to lose no more time looking for him, told them that I thought we could reach the big town tonight, “Two or three week, I think”, they replied in a whining tone. Started again over the same kind of basalt land, scrub light. Rain ceased about two o’clock p.m. and I got a slight glimpse of the sun, bearing a little to my left; I am going as straight as an arrow for Herberton. In about three more miles struck a large track; travelled along it very fast for about two miles, then it junctioned with another large cut track a couple of mile or perhaps more. I saw large pine and cedar logs cut for the sawmill and in short time I emerged into open country at the head of Nigger Creek. Could have gone into town easily, but we had such a number of turkey eggs that I thought it better to camp and eat them. Saw several cedar trees today. The boys manifested great joy next morning at being in open country, and I am free to confess that I, myself, felt very pleased at our success having fathomed the mystery as to the practicability of the route for a railway, for I am positive if these plateaux are properly traced, the Coast Range can be surmounted and the altitude scarcely noticed. Yet it is intensely delicious to me to get clear of the trackless jungle and be able to shake off those slimy vermin, vapors and chilliness that clung to one while hidden in its obscurity, and it was also very pleasing to the eye to see everything flooded in sunshine. I emerged from the jungle almost shirtless, quite bootless and hatless. Many readers might wish to ask me what distance I reckon it—60 miles from Mourilyan to Herberton, and 50 miles of jungle without break. Too much parasitic verdure for my taste.

HERBERTON, December 21—

Transcript of the Diary which was faithfully kept on my journey from Herberton to Mourilyan, will show that the Sub-Inspector Douglas had the misfortune to come in contact with can be avoided. I left the Johnstone aborigines at Herberton, and enlisted two of the Thornborough aborigines; this I had not much trouble in doing, being able to speak their language. I also had the two kanakas and my little black boy Sam, who accompanied me up. I only took half the quantity of rations that I carried when starting from the Johnstone. We bade farewell to open country this morning, and entered the scrub on a cedar getters track between Nigger Creek and Slatey Creek, and in a short distance struck Messrs. Joss and Little’s track. My intentions to try and pick up Douglas’ track, for I must admit that they seem somewhat obscure to me. After traversing this track for about three miles, it branched, one bearing eastward, and the other very much south. These tracks fairly puzzled me for a short time; the one bearing east, I struck on my upward route a short distance from here and took it for Douglas’ track, but I find I am mistaken and I only saw Douglas’ track once, on the sixth of October. I left my boys, and in a short time I had a slight trace of Douglas’ track turning off Messrs. Joss and Little’s, in a more southerly direction, subsequently, it was between the two tracks mentioned. Went back and brought my boys on, and in a short distance the track was well blazed and was wide enough to take a horse along, although the undergrowth was very thin. In about two miles, one of the Kanakas named Trouser became paralysed losing the use of his legs, so we had to camp on a small running creek. I rubbed the boy’s limbs well with carbolic oil and it proved...
Trousers a little better; able to travel by relieving him of his 
swag. Traversed Douglas' track, crossing running creeks and over 
very high ridges, one very remarkable ridge being partly clear, 
timbered with a few very tall gums, bush being cleared for 
several yards by Douglas' party, for taking observations I should 
imagine. I could see Bartle Frere very distinctly. Followed down 
this spur at the foot of which two creeks junctioned, one of 
Douglas' camps being here on a very steep siding, it being the 
second we passed this morning. Traveled about one o'clock over 
basalt formation, rich soil, tolerably level, sudden jumps in 
places, undergrowth not very dense. Camped in an old camp of 
Douglas', on the bank of a small running creek; land very level 
here and fertile. Left the boys in camp, and explored to the 
south for open country but without success. It was dark when I 
returned to camp.

December, 23—
Trousers much better; able to carry his swag. Passed over a 
basalt tableland and crossed a strong running creek with large 
granite boulders in its bed. Douglas crossed this on the morning 
of the seventh of May, and called it one of the main heads of 
the South Johnstone. I differ from him; I am positive it is a 
tributary of the North Johnstone. The travelling then became 
rigid, granite boulders lying about in places until we struck a 
large river running South. Its banks were level and rich soil. 
Had dinner here. This is a large tributary of the North Johnstone —the river I named the Beatrice. After dinner, crossed the 
Beatrice River and surmounted a high ridge; in a short distance 
went down into the river again where Douglas camped and 
referred to bridging the river. There were two small poles laid 
on opposite rocks across a narrow stream, we walked over these 
poles with our heads down. The Beatrice is so very rough here, 
its bed being full of huge granite boulders, and the current 
is very strong. We climbed up a steep bank and now Douglas' 
track became very faint so that one had to be on the alert to 
keep on it, not much scrub cut because undergrowth thin. 
Passed along sildings and between huge granite boulders, stinging 
bush plentiful. Could hear the river roaring a short distance 
from us, in fact, we were only hearing the river down. Camped 
on a high ridge not far from the spot where Corporal Robert 
had been up a tall tree, the Beatrice being just below us.

December, 24—
Started early and finished up a large nigger track that brought 
us to the Beatrice again at the junction of a nice running creek. 
Crossed this creek and followed up another large nigger track up a 
high spur, on top of which we got a lot of turkey eggs. Left 
this track and crossed some very steep ridges and a small running 
creek and then struck another nigger track just running in the 
opposite direction to the one we had left. While on this, I 
cought a glimpse of Bartle Frere bearing north-east by east, it was 
almost facing me and the track going in that direction. We then 
crossed several running creeks the beds of some of which were 
filled with granite boulders although the geological formation of 
the country passed over is basaltic; then struck another nigger 
track which passed through many old camps and over level 
country, very fertile, undergrowth not dense. Went down into a 
small creek, and there saw another of Douglas' camps. We 
travelled a few miles beyond this, over basaltic tablelands and 
ridges, and camped on a small basalt creek at one o'clock. Took 
one of the boys with me, and was exploring until dark for open 
country, but was not favoured in this line. Heard a great many 
native dogs here. Douglas' track, since I crossed the bridge, on the 
temporary ridge, is a succession of zig-zags.

December, 25, (Christmas Day)—
Surnounted a very high ridge where we struck a nigger track 
which led us down into a small running creek, rich and level 
country on both sides. Douglas crossed this creek many times on 
the tenth of May. Followed the black's track after crossing it 
about the third time. Not finding sufficient attraction to lure me 
further, I struck out my own road, going to the southward of Douglas' track, over level country. In one mile camped on a 
small running creek about one o'clock. The two kanakas started 
in a south-west direction while I went south looking for open 
country. The kanakas always blaze the trees when by themselves; 
on this occasion, they had traversed the scrub a great distance 
as they thought, and they were in the act of turning around to 
follow their marked tree line to camp, when to their astonishment 
they heard me speaking to the boys in camp; they had cut a 
circle, striking camp almost where they started from; 
and I arrived back in camp a few minutes before them, 
unsuccessful. Wyloo threw the scrub knife down in disgust 
saying "Oh, me no good, me think me long way, by and by me 
see him in camp". I warn those who undertake the exploration of 
these jungles not to be too eager in following marked tree 
lines, for these boys do this trick repeatedly. It would be 
impossible to follow my tracks, for I only cut scrub where it is 
really necesssary, and on no occasion have I blazed trees.

December, 26—
Started at eight a.m., my course being about south by east, 
for a short distance only. Crossed the points of two spurs, 
undergrowth being dense, and stinging bush very plentiful, 
the country then became very level, basaltic tableland with rich 
choke. In one hour, I struck another nigger track which passed 
through many old camps and over level country. I crossed this 
track and crossed some very steep ridges and a small running 
creek; land very level, basalt covered with green slime in places. I found this out to my sorrow falling a terrible burster on my back shortly after 
striking it. Traversed this creek only one mile seeing a great 
many native tracks, also a number of shields painted 
different colors, the natives themselves being daubed over 
with white and red clay. They had rather a pleasing appearance 
dazzling currents into what appeared to be almost a 
huge mountains with rugged irregular lines; in many places I 
see him 
looked down some of the most rugged and dazzling currents into what appeared to be almost a 
bottomless gulf, and from which echoes rolled up of large rapids, 
being the South Johnstone. Even such a rugged view as 
this gives one a genuine source of pleasure after emerging from a 
jungle in which one's eyes could not pierce much further than 
one's own length. I was just thinking about retracing my steps, 
when my sooty friend drew my attention to a big mob of 
aborignes coming down the creek towards us, armed with large 
swords and shields, "Thank goodness we have no spears" I 
muttered, for they looked a formidable lot. Their swords are 
made of very hard wood, from 5ft to 5ft in length, and 4ins to 
6ins broad, with an extremely short hand-hold. Being heavy 
awkward weapons the shields are constructed of very light and 
soft wood, some of them very large covering the whole of their 
fronts with a white and red clay. They had rather a pleasing appearance 
only for the very peculiar circumstances, they could not have 
known the power of resistance the white man had or they would
never had advanced so openly. Their leader was a thin tall man, with the top of his head quite bald, it was wonderful to see with what elasticity this gaunt old fellow skipped about those basalt rocks working himself into the hideous fury so familiar to me among the aborigines. His companions followed him closely forming a half circle, I did not like to enter the jungle on either side, because there might be some hidden treachery lurking there. I spoke to them, so did my companion, but the language we used appeared to be foreign to them. I raised my rifle several times, but they kept encroaching and danger was eminent, feigning to fire, and too much forbearance I saw would not avail us, so reasoning being a bit beyond these cuties creatures, they had to be submitted to the usual ordeal. Their shields may answer very well for the purpose of their wars, but my rifle drilled them as if they were sheets of paper. Four of this old general's comrades descended the camp here when they saw him wrestling with death. I ceased firing for they seemed so helpless at my mercy on seeing a seam of blood oozing from the gash wound, they became very excited, commencing a hideous and diabolic howl accompanied by apish antics, at times showing their white teeth, also drawing their whiskers tightly from their chins and holding them in large mouthfuls all the while shaking their heads towards me at a distance, making an increasing pace. I feigned with my rifle again, but they only dropped behind their shields, a movement which they executed in a very neat manner. My black companion did not understand the use of firearms, but carried a long scrub knife; he was an athletic fellow and fought like a demon, between us, we made terrible havoc before the enemy gave way. On my road back, I saw a little boy running away, I soon overtook him, laying hold of his neck and shouting against his head and shook him over. He seemed struck with terror and amazement, biting me, spitting, and by the harshness of his voice, I fancy he was showering a volley of oaths. In my present garb, I should have been an object of terror to a child of my own race—only a shirt and cartridge belt on, my legs being bespattered with blood. He soon became reconciled, however, being very amused with my watertight, when passing through a deserted camp rolled up a native blanket and tramped along like a little man. I brought my boys down to this camp close by the dead blacks, on the brink of the precipice. On my road back, I saw a little boy running away, I soon overtook him, laying hold of his neck and shouting against his head and shook him over. He seemed struck with terror and amazement, biting me, spitting, and by the harshness of his voice, I fancy he was showering a volley of oaths. In my present garb, I should have been an object of terror to a child of my own race—only a shirt and cartridge belt on, my legs being bespattered with blood. He soon became reconciled, however, being very amused with my watertight, when passing through a deserted camp rolled up a native blanket and tramped along like a little man. I brought my boys down to this camp close by the dead blacks, on the brink of the precipice. On my road back, I saw a little boy running away, I soon overtook him, laying hold of his neck and shouting against his head and shook him over. He seemed struck with terror and amazement, biting me, spitting, and by the harshness of his voice, I fancy he was showering a volley of oaths. In my present garb, I should have been an object of terror to a child of my own race—only a shirt and cartridge belt on, my legs being bespattered with blood. He soon became reconciled, however, being very amused with my watertight, when passing through a deserted camp rolled up a native blanket and tramped along like a little man. I brought my boys down to this camp close by the dead blacks, on the brink of the precipice. On my road back, I saw a little boy running away, I soon overtook him, laying hold of his neck and shouting against his head and shook him over. He seemed struck with terror and amazement, biting me, spitting, and by the harshness of his voice, I fancy he was showering a volley of oaths. In my present garb, I should have been an object of terror to a child of my own race—only a shirt and cartridge belt on, my legs being bespattered with blood. He soon became reconciled, however, being very amused with my watertight, when passing through a deserted camp rolled up a native blanket and tramped along like a little man. I brought my boys down to this camp close by the dead blacks, on the brink of the precipice.
Part of a map of the country between Mourilyan Harbour, Cairns and Herberton. 1884, showing the district traversed by Christie Palmerston. [The original map from which this was taken is drawn to a scale of 1/10 miles to the inch. In copying, this has been reduced to four miles to the inch. A pointer to indicate North is shown on the right-hand side, two thirds of the way down.]
blankets of which they have a great number, are manufactured out of bark and have the appearance of being tanned. They also use the round stone to thump and rub this coarse material into cloth. I left the boys and swags in the pocket while I examined these large paths, one of which I followed east, and in about half a mile or less brought me to the verge of a precipice from which I could still hear the falling waters of North Johnstone. I appeared to be a terrible height above the river, had a slight view to the south, and could trace this basalt precipice in that direction for a considerable distance; and then making a great curve and bearing east. The low regular outline of this plateau can be seen very distinctly on a clear day from the Pacific when on board a steamer; it is a little to the southward of the great heights of Bartle Frere. Returned to my boys branded a tree 'P' in this pocket, and then left, and after travelling in a southerly direction five miles over the same level fertile ground, undergrowth thin, struck a large running creek with a lot of basalt wash in its bed; crossed this creek several times, and camped just below the junction of another tributary. Magnificent land on both sides of this creek; scrub very dense. The Kanakas have become very depressed on account of not seeing any traces of our upwards tracks, they think I am lost, and that all sorts of dangers environ us, starvation especially. Kanakas may be remarkable for their industry about plantations, but for exploring they are all like these, they are a remarkable failure. Cowards in every sense of the word. Luckily my aborigines do not understand English or the Kanakas would entail misery on the whole camp with their whining ways. The aborigines are immensely superior for exploring. The little boy I captured is still with us.

**December, 28—**

Started at 7 a.m. along the south bank of this creek, and in two miles struck the creek again, there being a very large nigger camp in this bend. Many vines newly cut on this creek with sharp instruments; must be tools stolen from the Johnstone surveyors. Some men armed with swords and shields were coming towards us, commencing, as usual, with frantic actions, working themselves into a volcanic passion. My boys being disspirited, I left them a short distance behind, and met the niggers myself, and the rifle soon made them subside into a more pacific demeanour, and then permitted us to pass. A great quantity of food was lying about their camp, as before described, they had a pair of canvas saddle bags, some pint pots, pieces of red blanket and tent, and two white cockatoos chattering and walking about the camp. I also saw many human bodies cured like smoked bacon, one very large and quite perfect, excepting the head, the top of which had been severed at the mouth, and the lower jaw telescoped up to its root. I examined the head, and gaping teeth giving the body a strange aspect. I think the top part of the head is severed from the body because they cannot preserve the brains. The body has rather a grey and withered appearance, and not a very pleasant smell. The one described was in standing position, with a conical shaped basket by its side—for the purpose of carrying it. I shoule imagine. The other bodies were in a doubled position, and jammed into small baskets. Another little boy here chummed in with the one we had; this last is a very pretty child, and does not seem to have any fear, but looks and laughs at everything with comical amazement. We travelled until 4 o'clock over basalt tableland, deep chocolate-coloured soil, undergrowth very dense in places, geological formation basalt. Crossed some of my old tracks this afternoon but the Kanakas did not notice them; Mr. R. A. Ryan and Mr. Stapleton accompanied me on that occasion. We camped here having descended the coast range sharply noticing the altitude. I had to carry one of the little boys about two miles today.

The Kanakas are very downhearted, quite confident that I am lost, and I did not enlighten them on the subject. I passed a very miserable night having very feverish symptoms, and the sandflies being in myriads. The moon rose late and when it was sufficiently high in the heavens, to surmount the jungle, and shed its dull rays upon us camped in the bed of the creek, it had a sulky appearance—heavy rain before long, I think. The Kanakas rose also, thinking me asleep; they were about an hour puzzling themselves with the position of the moon, trying to discover the geography of the country, but they came to the conclusion that the moon rose in the wrong place.

**December, 29—**

Was up at the dawn of day. Told the Kanakas to follow the creek down, and in a short distance they would strike the river and see an old camp of ours; which they did while I prepared the morning meal. They returned to camp, their sooty faces beaming with joy; "Alright Massa" they exclaimed, "Me see him big fellow river, and old fellow camp belonging to you and me. My word you too much save long a scrub, soon see him altogether Kanaka". Travelled down the south side of the North Johnstone River, struck surveyors traversing about dinner time, and was among them the remainder of the day. Turned down the river in the afternoon, and camped just below a surveyors old camp. Heat suffocating, and I feel very ill. Had to carry one of the little boys several miles. Black tracks very plentiful here.

**December, 30—**

Got away at about 7 a.m. Kept down the south side of the river; banana trees and vegetation very dense; in two miles struck a surveyor's line, bearing about north and south; told the boys to keep it north and it would bring them to the river. I lay down suffering from a severe attack of fever, caused by the malaria inhaled from these jungles, the heat being terrible. In half-an-hour I followed the boys' tracks, and in one mile overtook them—at least I heard them, east of the line, bushed, having cut several circles to the eastward. Put them straight, and in one more mile struck the North Johnstone, about seven miles above the township, the last half mile being a mass of banana trees. The river here has high alluvial banks, and is a broad sheet of tidal water. I was in a very weak state with fever, so, camped. Cut down a lot of banana trees and constructed a raft, on which I started one of the Kanakas down the river to borrow a boat. He returned in about two hours, saying the aborigines had attacked him in a bend of the river, and would not let him pass. Cut down more banana trees, made the raft larger, gave the two Kanakas two snider rifles and started them again. My boys mixed the last johnny cake, while I lay down but not to sleep.

**December, 31—**

Kanakas did not return until afternoon. Mr. M'Donald had kindly lent them his punt and had also forwarded some rations. We soon bundled our swags into the punt, and pulled down the river midst a tremendous storm, raining like fury, arriving at the Johnstone before starting, fitting out my journey in ten days, camping nearly every day at dinner time and doing a lot of rambling about. My track was very level, excepting the earlier part of the journey, while following Douglas' tracks, part of which were very rough.

Shortly after my arrival, the two Thornborough aboriginals ran away; I do not know what for. I promised faithfully to take them back again. I visited Mr. H. M. Stapleton, who added injury to insult by giving me a cheque for the sum of £20, which was dishonoured; so I only received £20 for my two trips, and that was at the Johnstone before starting, fitting out my boys. I mention this, because many people think I have been well paid.

And now, having endeavoured to give a faithful portrayal of the narrow limits explored by me of this great stretch of jungle, as well as of the people that inhabit it, before laying down my pen I will embrace the opportunity of thanking a few of the residents for their many kindnesses to myself and boys, for it is not probable that I shall visit there again.

Mr. and Mrs. Bourke were kind in the extreme; also Mr. and Mrs. M'Donald, Mr. and Mrs. Stapleton, Mr. Miskin, and Surveyor Waraker, and last but not least Mr. Kevin O'Doherty and Mr. Owen Jones were unceasing in flooding me with their kindesses; their boys and boats were always at my disposal; they made their home my home the whole of my stay on the Johnstone.