Memoirs of the Queensland Museum | **Culture**

Volume 6

18 DECEMBER 2012

Andrew Goldie in New Guinea 1875–1879: Memoir of a natural history collector

Edited by Steve Mullins, Martin Bellamy & Clive Moore

A Guide to Authors is displayed at the Queensland Museum web site
http://www.qm.qld.gov.au

A Queensland Government Project
Typeset at the Queensland Museum

CHAPTER 3

Andrew Goldie's Memoir: 1875–1879

Edited by Clive MOORE & Steve MULLINS

Moore, C. & Mullins, S. (eds) 2012 12 18: Andrew Goldie's Memoir: 1875–1879. *Memoirs of the Queensland Museum Culture* 6: 39–127. Brisbane. ISSN 1440-4788.

When the natural history collector, explorer and trader Andrew Goldie died at Millport, Scotland, in 1891 he left an unfinished handwritten 120-page memoir of his first four years in New Guinea, from 1875 to 1879. The memoir, reproduced here, describes Goldie's early career as a commercial natural history collector. Thoroughly annotated, and including where he indicated in the text an excerpt published from his diary in 1876 and the scientific descriptions of two plants, it offers a rare window on to life on the southeast coast of New Guinea and in Torres Strait in the era immediately before those regions were separated to become parts of different colonies. The annotated memoir also contains a photograph of Goldie's 1877 expedition, a hand drawn expedition map, three sketches by James Shaw, one of Goldie's party, and two newspaper illustrations of scenes described in the memoir. The memoir text is reproduced as faithfully as possible to the original, although some of Goldie's minor textual corrections have not been retained.

❒ *Goldie, natural history, ethnology, New Guinea, imperialism, colonisation*

C. Moore, University of Queensland
c.moore@uq.edu.au
S. Mullins, , CQUniversity Australia
s.mullins@cqu.edu.au

WHY I WENT TO NEW GUINEA

When I left England for Australia on the ——[1] May 1875, I'd no intention of proceeding to New Guinea: I had arranged with B.S. ——[2] the well-known nurseryman of Upper Holloway, London, to make a voyage in the South Seas to collect plants of commercial value. I had agreed to meet a Missionary in Sydney who was proceeding to join the Presbyterian Mission in the New Hebrides[3] and to accompany him there in the Mission vessel "Dayspring"[4]. He was to leave at a later date, and meantime until he arrived, I intended to transact some business in New Zealand where I had previously spent twelve years. I accordingly proceeded to that country and while in Christchurch, received a letter from the Rev. Dr Steel[5] of

1 12 May 1875.

2 Benjamin Samuel Williams (1824–1890) was a prominent London nurseryman, horticultural exhibitor, writer and publisher credited with popularising the cultivation of orchids in the United Kingdom. His Victoria and Paradise Nursery specialised in the sale of exotic plants (Anon., 1890a; Anon., 1890b).

3 The Presbyterian Church in the New Hebrides (Vanuatu) was formed in 1848 by Scots missionaries from Nova Scotia, Scotland, Australia and New Zealand. Between 1848 and 1920 sixty-two Presbyterian ministers served there. The Rev. John G. Paton (1824–1907) of the Reformed Church of Scotland was the best known.

4 *Dayspring* was a 169-ton schooner, one of a series of vessels by that name that served the Presbyterian Church in the New Hebrides.

5 Rev. Dr Robert Steel was a minister at St Stephen's,

Sydney informing me that the Revd. —— had arrived and that the "Dayspring" would sail at an early date. I took the first steamer from Lyttleton to Auckland[6] hoping to catch the mail steamer for Sydney and I arrived there just in time to see her steaming out of the Harbor; consequently I had to wait in Auckland several weeks for the next steamer and when I arrived in Sydney I found that the "Dayspring" had already left. After several months I succeeded in making arrangements to proceed to the New Hebrides on board a man-of-war schooner ——[7] the courtesy of Commodore Hoskins and Capt. Bell who commanded the schooner. Just at this time the attention of the public became directed in a very great degree to New Guinea[8] through the "Cheviot" [*sic*] Expedition which fitted out by Mr W. Macleay M.L.C.[9] of Sydney sailed to that little known country.

That expedition returned before having achieved that measure of success which was desired by its promoters, and hoped for by the public. It had the effect however of rousing my interest in that country, and while preparing to sail for the New Hebrides I felt an increasing desire to visit New Guinea. I felt confident that it would prove rich in botanical specimens, though as yet it was unknown. All was dark as to the country, and its production and what was known as to the inhabitants was far from reassuring. At this time I became acquainted with some members of the London Missionary Society,[10] who promised

Sydney, Moderator of the Presbyterian Church in New South Wales and Australian agent for the New Hebrides Presbyterian Mission.

6 Lyttelton is a port town 12 km by road from Christchurch in the south island of New Zealand. Auckland had been the capital of New Zealand from 1841 to 1865, but was replaced by Port Nicholson (Wellington).

7 Lieutenant J.J.F. Bell commanded the 120-ton HM Schooner *Sandfly*, one of five schooners built in Sydney in 1872–1873 ('The Blackbirding Flotilla') to enforce the British Pacific Islanders Protection Act of 1872, 35 & 36 Vict. c. 19 (The Kidnapping Act of 1872). The Act was framed to prevent deception in the recruitment of Pacific Islander indentured labour for the sugar cane plantations of Queensland and Fiji. HMS *Sandfly* was sold out of service in 1882. If Goldie's memory is correct, his decision to make for New Guinea was indeed a hasty one. Bell arrived in Melbourne from Plymouth to take command of *Sandfly* on 1 January 1876. By the end of January, Goldie was on his way to New Guinea (Lind, 1988: 113–114).

8 New Guinea, the second largest island in the world, covers approximately 900 000 km^2. Situated between 130° E and 150.5° E longitude along with adjacent islands, New Guinea has a mountainous backbone, shallow, sheltered embayments, the largest of which is the Gulf of Papua, fed with sediment from large rivers, and coral reefs abound around the coast. While tropical, the climate varies enormously from the high mountain valleys to the equatorial coast. New Guinea's vertebrate fauna is similar to that of Australia, the two lands being joined until about 10 000 years ago. The flora has a small Australian content but is predominantly Indo-Malaysian in origin. The bird life is spectacular and some of it unique to New Guinea. Humans have lived in New Guinea for over 40 000 years, first developing drainage techniques and simple agriculture 6 000 to 9 000 years ago. Linguists estimate that there are approximately 950 languages spoken today, and social units are usually small (Moore, 2003: 15–33).

9 Sir William John Macleay (1820–1891) was born in Wick, Scotland. He migrated to Sydney in 1839, built up substantial pastoral holdings in New South Wales and was elected to the Legislative Council in 1855. He was a trustee of the Australian Museum in Sydney and the first President of the Linnean Society of New South Wales, formed in 1874. In February the next year, at his own expense, he purchased and fitted out the *Chevert* for a scientific expedition to New Guinea. The expedition sailed between May and September 1875. [See Chapter 2: 13–14] The members of the scientific party were quarrelsome and beset by fever. *Chevert* encountered poor weather and failed to enter the Fly River, its major goal. The expedition returned to Sydney with a range of specimens. The best source on Macleay and his collecting is, P. Stanbury & J. Holland, *Mr Macleay's Celebrated Cabinet*, Sydney, 1988 (Hoare & Rutledge, 1974; MacMillan, 1957).

10 The London Missionary Society (LMS) was formed in England in 1795 by evangelical Anglicans and Non-conformists who were largely Congregationalist in outlook. Originally named the Missionary Society, it was renamed the London Missionary Society in 1819 and developed its main outreach in Africa and the Pacific Islands. The LMS's first venture in the Pacific was in Tahiti in 1796, and it became well-established in Polynesia, particularly Samoa, and southern Melanesia, concentrated in the New Hebrides (now Vanuatu). It commenced activities in Torres Strait in 1871, with British missionaries and Loyalty, Cook and Niue Islander pastors generally known as teachers. Its first station in New Guinea was at Redscar Bay, with

to use their influence to get me a passage to that country by their steamer the Ellangowan [*sic*].[11] I scarcely knew how to act. I had made arrangements to go to the New Hebrides, but I wanted very much to go to New Guinea. For some time I was quite unable to decide, but at last did so in the following way. Talking over the ~~matter~~ difficulty with a friend he proposed to decide the question by tossing up half a crown. Heads for the New Hebrides, tails New Guinea. It chanced tails, and my mind was made up. I immediately ~~bought~~ took my passage in the mail steamer for Somerset,[12] and at once sent all my stores and necessaries on board.

I left Sydney on —— [13] taking a large and faithful dog as my only companion[14] and in due course we arrived at Brisbane.[15]

FROM BRISBANE TO SOMERSET

When leaving Brisbane the scenery is picturesque, rising knolls studded with neat villas - A few miles below the City the River Banks are flat and there are a good many cultivations, the most noticeable being Sugar cane, Bananas and Pineapples. Further down there is nothing but swamps and mangrove. We proceeded to sea in a gale of wind, and had scarcely cleared the Heads, when the sea began to sweep our decks, and until next day it was nothing but rolling and pitching in a heavy broken sea. After entering the Barrier reef[16] the wind fell. We received mails at all the principal northern ports but had no opportunity of landing. The scenery about White Sunday passage[17]

a permanent base at Port Moresby in December 1874. The LMS was the dominant mission in Torres Strait and southeastern New Guinea in the 1870s and 1880s. The LMS passed its Torres Strait congregations to the Anglican Church in 1915 but continued in Papua New Guinea until 1961, when staff, buildings and activities were handed over to local congregations, which adopted the name Papua Ekalesia. In 1968 Papua Ekalesia joined with the Methodists to form the United Church in Papua New Guinea and Solomon Islands. The LMS merged with the Commonwealth Missionary Society in 1966 to form the Congregational Council for World Mission, which underwent further name changes until 1977 when it became the Council for World Mission (Moore, 2003: 124–125; Turner, 2001: 151–152).

11 *Ellengowan* was a 36-ton, iron screw steamer with a 16 hp engine built in 1866 at Christiania, Norway. It was also schooner-rigged for sailing. The steamer was donated to the LMS by a Miss Baxter of Dundee, Scotland in 1874. While well suited to coastal exploratory work, *Ellengowan* was beset by mechanical problems, expensive to maintain and run, and a poor sailor. It was sold by the LMS in April 1881 and replaced by a more practical 33-ton fore-and-aft schooner of the same name. After a chequered career in the Northern Territory, in May 1888 the steamer *Ellengowan* sank at its moorings at Channel Island in Darwin Harbour (SMH, 9 April 1881; NTTG, 5 May 1888).

12 Somerset was a joint imperial-colonial outpost established on the mainland at the eastern tip of Cape York Peninsula in 1864. A 'harbour of refuge' in the vicinity of Torres Strait had been first suggested in 1845, because of the dangers of the Torres Strait passage and attacks by Torres Strait Islanders on castaways. Queensland's first Governor, Sir George Bowen, expanded on the idea and proposed that the settlement should serve as a coaling station for a steamer route and a staging point for the colonisation of north Australia and New Guinea. Rockhampton Police Magistrate, John Jardine, established Somerset and it became a port of entry in November 1866. However, it had a poor anchorage and was too far off the main shipping channels. When Goldie first saw it in 1875 it was rather down-at-heel. In 1877, the settlement was transferred to Thursday Island (Waibene) in Torres Strait proper. Frank Jardine, son of John, purchased the remaining government buildings (Mullins, 1995: 31–56; Moore, 1998: 268).

13 29 January 1876.

14 Goldie's large Newfoundland dog 'Boatswain' became famous along the coast of New Guinea. Lord Byron had a Newfoundland dog called 'Boatswain', which may be the origin of the name.

15 A convict settlement was begun at Moreton Bay in 1824. Brisbane, up-river from the bay-coast, was founded the next year and became the capital of Queensland when the northern colony was excised from New South Wales in 1859. In 1875 Brisbane had a population of around 25 000.

16 The Great Barrier Reef, made up of more than 2 900 reefs and 600 islands, is the largest coral reef system in the world. It extends for 2 600 km along the coast of Queensland from Torres Strait in the north to Bundaberg in the south, over an area of approximately 344 000 sq km.

17 Whitsunday Passage lies between Whitsunday Island and the Queensland mainland near Proserpine. Lt. James Cook named it after the feast of Whitsunday, or Pentecost, which that year fell on 3 June, that day he first sighted the passage.

is very fine, innumerable Islands and bold headlands with tints and shades of every hue, huge trees towering above dense scrub. We soon got among innumerable coral Islands, often skirting dangerous reefs, with beacons to denote their positions, and were never out of sight of land. The latter part of the voyage was extremely pleasant, with beautiful moonlight, and we had many an enjoyable evening on deck, rendered all the more enjoyable by the thought of soon entering upon unknown and dangerous adventure far from every sight and sound of civilisation.

~~I was very anxious~~ As we slowly steamed up Albany Pass[18] we came in view of the settlement of Somerset. It had quite a lively look. In the port was a fleet of Pearl Fishing Boats, waiting to receive stores to take to the different stations.[19] But what struck me as of the greatest interest, was the little steamer Ellengowan. But my thoughts soon turned on another theme, how, and where was I going to camp, and as night was drawing near, wild wet and black. ~~and as the Somerset would be at anchor all night,~~ I thought it prudent to remain on board. The work of discharging went on all night, and as my stores was part of the cargo, I remained a great part of the night on deck trying in vain to keep the run of my things, watching the different little vessels receiving them amused at the curiosity displayed by the several crews conjecturing who the packages marked A.G. could be for. I had a case with A.G. on it that could nowhere be found when wanted, and as it contained Pale Brandy, I have no doubt, A.G's health was drunk with all the honours. Daylight came wet and miserable. Before breakfast I delivered my letter of introduction to the Rev. Mr McFarlane[20] the missionary at Somerset who told me he was very sorry he could not assist me, as there was a F.R.G.S.[21] staying with him, but he advised me to go to the other hill, and see Mr Chester[22] the Police Magistrate, who might be able to give me a house. I met the jolly P.M. coming down the hill and my large

18 Albany Pass separates the mainland at Somerset from Albany Island. At its narrowest it is 640m wide.

19 The Torres Strait pearl-shelling industry commenced in 1869, when Sydney-based bêche-de-mer (Holothuria) fishers, who had been in the Strait since the mid-1860s, began to exploit the area's rich pearl shell (Pinctada maxima) beds. The principal product of the industry was mother-of-pearl, highly valued for buttons and ornamentation. Silver and gold-lipped Pinctada maxima produces high quality pearls, but pearls represented only about 12% of the profit of the industry. By 1877, there were 16 pearl-shelling companies with 109 vessels, and as most of the shallow beds had become exhausted, 63 of the vessels were equipped with helmet and full-dress, deep-diving technology (apparatus boats). Most of the working boats at this time were small (about 7 tons) lug-rigged ketches and cutters. A variety of larger vessels were used as mother-ships, carrying provisions and men. More than £40,000 was invested in the industry with an annual profit in 1875-1879 averaging £50,000. Although prices fluctuated greatly from £200 per ton in 1873–1875 to as low as £80 per ton in late 1877, the Torres Strait pearl-shelling industry generally was prosperous (Ganter, 1994 is the most extensive account of the Torres Strait industry. Mullins, 1995 provides the most detailed account of the early years).

20 Samuel McFarlane (1837–1911) was born in Johnstone, Scotland. He served the LMS at Lifu in the Loyalty Islands from 1859–1870, where he was in constant conflict with the Catholic Marist missionaries and French authorities. He led the first LMS party to Torres Strait in 1871 and briefly visited New Guinea that year. He then went on furlough to England where he negotiated the purchase of the steamer *Ellengowan*. He returned in 1874 with his wife Elizabeth (née Joyce) and transferred his base from Somerset to Murray Island (Mer) in Torres Strait. He retired from field service in 1886. McFarlane wrote *The Story of the Lifu Mission*, London, 1873 and *Among the Cannibals of New Guinea*, London, 1888 (Langmore, 1989: 286; Dutton, 1985: 174–175).

21 Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society (Octavius C. Stone).

22 Henry Marjoribanks Chester (1832–1914) was born in London. He was an officer in the Indian Navy (1849–1862) and when that service was disbanded he migrated to Queensland. He was Police Magistrate at Somerset (1869–1870, 1875–1877) and Thursday Island (1877–1885). In April 1883 Queensland Premier, Thomas McIlwraith, ordered him to Port Moresby to annex southeast New Guinea to the Crown, an action that Britain disavowed. Although regarded by white residents of Thursday Island as officious, he established an orderly administration in Torres Strait. After leaving Thursday Island in 1885 he was Police Magistrate in a number of Queensland towns before retiring from his last post at Gladstone in 1903 (Bolton, 1969: 386–387; Mullins 1995: 144–151).

Black Dog soon made the acquaintance of Mr Chesters powerful Bull Dog, but as my Dog was still more powerful I seized him by the collar, calling on Mr Chester to keep his dog back or something desperate would occur. He shouted to me in a happy manner "let them go at it: a good fight will do them no harm". Bullie had no desire after the first tussel to renew acquaintances. After telling Mr Chester who I was, he informed me I was welcome to the use of the Lock up! Sig. de Albertis[23] had just left it! I thanked him and went to have a look at my quarters. The lockup stood on the side of a hill near to the Magistrates House and commanded a splendid view of the Harbour. I shall try and describe my lodging. It was a weather board house, or rather had been, for the gable end of the building had all the boards knocked off. There was once a door in the front, but alas it had vanished, but that made no matter, as the weather boards had disappeared from the front likewise — there was roof on it, yes and shingled, no matter though [if] a few drops of rain bothered me now and then. I was getting broken in with a vengeance! The other two sides were intact, but the back had a place for a door - without doubt lots of ventilation! I went back to the Steamer to look after my luggage and bid goodbye to my fellow passengers. I found her getting under weigh [*sic*] and when shortly after she steamed out of the pass, I began to think it was time I had my lunch, and past time for as yet I had not had breakfast, but where was that necessary article to come from. In the store they seemed to be giving great attention to trying several brands — of what I need not mention, and with some difficulty I procured a tin of preserved meat and a couple of pounds of sea biscuits. As I was leaving the store with the necessaries of life in my hand, two steerage passengers, who had come up with me, saw I was in some kind of fix, and came and asked me if they could be of any service to me in carrying up my things to the lock up. I excepted [*sic*] their offer with thanks and they kindly assisted me to rig my hammock - and left me as comfortable as it was possible to be in the circumstance. And now for a go into the tin of meat and hard biscuits, washed down with cold water, the first meal I had since I enjoyed a hearty dinner in the saloon of the M.S. Somerset[24] the night previous. My dog came in for the best share of the meat; there seemed to be something in my throat, that would not allow it to go down. I chained the dog close to my hammock, and I felt thankfull [*sic*] for the dumb animal's company. I don't think either of us enjoyed our quarters that night. It was the first night I might say, that I had slept in the Bush, and in a country where snakes abounded. I imagined that there was one crawling down my hammock ropes, and in my snatches of sleep I even dreamed, such [that] one would often jump up with a start. All night the dog was continually growling and barking, and if he had been off the chain, he would have done more than bark, as I found out afterwards, that the lock up was the

[23] The flamboyant Italian naturalist and explorer Luigi Maria d'Albertis (1841–1910) was born in Genoa. After travels in west New Guinea in 1872, in 1875 he made a preliminary trip up the Fly River on *Ellengowan* before returning with the New South Wales government steam launch *Neva*. This 1876 trip took forty-five days and d'Albertis claimed to have travelled 1062 km upstream. He returned in 1877, but on this occasion *Neva* only managed to travel 725 km and the expedition was a disaster. D'Albertis made extensive natural history collections and was feted when he returned to Europe in 1878. Nevertheless, he had an unsavoury reputation for the mistreatment of his men. After the 1877 trip his crew accused him of beating the Chinese cook to death, though Chester dismissed the allegation as exaggeration and charges were not laid. In 1875 at Somerset, d'Albertis preferred to stay with his two Sri Lankan servants in the dilapidated police 'lock up' rather than at the Residency. John Goode maintains that this was because d'Albertis was having an affair with one of them. D'Albertis wrote, *New Guinea: What I did and what I saw*, 2 Vols., London, 1880 (Moore, 2001: 45–46; Goode 1977: 57–58, 73–74, 202–203).

[24] Not to be confused with the settlement. RMS *Somerset* was a 654-ton mail steamer, owned by the Eastern & Australian (Mail) S.S. Co, on the run from Sydney to Singapore and Hong Kong.

quarters of a monster guana [*sic*] which made several attempts to get in to its lodgings.

Next morning I paid a visit to the Police Barracks and got introduced to Messrs, Hargraves[25] Pittard[26] & Broadbent[27] members of Stone's party who had just returned from New Guinea[28] who put me in the way of getting quarters at the Barracks. ~~The Policemen were quite willing I should come and stay there, If Mr. Chester did not object and that gentleman kindly granted permission.~~ The Barracks is a large building capable of accommodating 50 men. A large room at the end of the building was devoted to my use and the Policemen were ~~rather~~ very agreeable and made me very comfortable. I learned that the Ellengowan was going on a cruise round the several Mission Stations on islands in Torres Straits and by

[25] Lawrence Hargrave (1850–1915) was born in Greenwich, England. He migrated to Sydney in 1865 to join his father, who had been appointed to the Bench of the New South Wales Supreme Court. After failing matriculation, in 1867 he took an engineering apprenticeship with the Australasian Steam Navigation Company in Sydney. He was on the management committee of John Dunmore Lang's New Guinea Prospecting Association and aboard *Maria* when it was wrecked near Cardwell on 26 February1872, on its way to Redscar Bay, New Guinea. Fifteen were drowned and another 15 murdered by Aborigines. In 1875 he joined Macleay's expedition to the Gulf of Papua, as engineer to the *Chevert*'s steam launch. He went next with d'Albertis as engineer on *Neva*, on its 1876 voyage up the Fly River. After falling out with d'Albertis he joined Octavius C. Stone's expedition to Port Moresby. In 1877, he spent a few months managing Parbury and Lamb's pearl-shelling station at Wai Weer in Torres Strait. From 1879 to 1883 he served as an astronomical observer at Sydney Observatory, before retiring on his inheritance to become a gentleman scientist. In 1877, he was elected to the Royal Society of New South Wales and presented numerous papers. He was a pioneer of aeronautical research and the significance of his aviation experiments is now internationally recognised (Inglis, 1983; Mullins, 1995: 150).

[26] W.F. Petterd (1849–1910) was born in Hobart. A self-taught naturalist, he undertook a number of privately funded collecting expeditions, one in 1873 to the Solomon Islands aboard HMS *Rosario*, before being invited to join the 1875 *Chevert* expedition. In November 1875, Petterd and Dr W.H. (William) James, who had been *Chevert's* surgeon, decided to leave *Chevert* and return to New Guinea. In October 1875, in company with Stone's party on *Ellengowan*, they made for Port Moresby to try to get away from the coast and into the nearby Owen Stanley Range where uniquely New Guinea flora and fauna might be found. By the time *Ellengowan* arrived at Port Moresby, Petterd and James had fallen out, so Petterd joined Stone's party and James relocated to Yule Island. Fever forced Petterd to leave Port Moresby in January 1876 and he returned to Hobart where he went into business. However, he retained his interest in science and in 1881 was elected to the Royal Society of Tasmania. He pursued mineralogy and was director of a number of mining companies. His major publications were *A monograph of the land shells of Tasmania*, Launceston, 1879 and *Catalogue of the minerals of Tasmania*, Hobart, 1910 (TM, 13 May 1876; Dutton, 1985: 182).

[27] Kendall Broadbent (1837–1911) was born in Horsforth, Yorkshire. He migrated to Victoria in 1852 and began collecting professionally in 1858. His main interest was ornithology. He survived *Maria*, wrecked in 1872, and in 1873 began collecting at Cape York for the French naturalist Francis de Castelnau. He was supposed to join the *Chevert* expedition at Somerset, but was away collecting when the vessel arrived. He then accompanied Stone to Port Moresby and remained in New Guinea collecting for E.P. Ramsay of the Australian Museum until 1879. After about a year in Tasmania and South Australia he moved to Brisbane where he collected for the Queensland Museum right across the colony. From 1893 to 1900 he worked at the Museum as an attendant (Stone, 1877: 94–100; Anon., 1911: 61; Dutton, 1985: 182).

[28] Octavius C. Stone (1846–1933) was the son of Samuel Stone, a prosperous solicitor and longstanding Leicester town clerk (1835–1872). Octavius was elected a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society in 1874 and on coming into his inheritance made a series of expeditions to New Guinea. In August 1875 he left Somerset, Cape York, with McFarlane on *Ellengowan* to survey Boigu and Strachan Islands and travel up the Mai-kassa (Baxter) River. Returning to Somerset in mid-September, Stone recruited Lawrence Hargrave and Kendall Broadbent to go to Port Moresby, where they were later joined by W.F. Petterd. Stone spent three months in Port Moresby between 29 October 1875 and 26 January 1876, and made some short expeditions inland to the Koiari area at the back of the port. He also attempted unsuccessfully to cross the mainland tail end of New Guinea. In the 1870s he had three influential papers published about New Guinea, but after his return to England in 1879 he married Lettice Stirrup and withdrew from ethnography. By 1891 he was living separately from his wife and two children and spent much of his time on the continent. His only other published work was the 1904, Eighteen excursions in the Roman campagna (Dutton, 1985: 182; Goode, 1977; Stone, 1876; Stone, 1880; TQ 11, 21, 28 April, 5 May 1883; Census Records UK).

the kind permission of Capt. Runcie[29] and the Rev. Mr McFarlane, I was granted a passage.

FIRST CRUISE AMONG THE ISLANDS OF TORRES STRAITS IN THE MISSION STEAMER *ELLANGOWAN*.

Left Somerset Feb. 14 1876. As the little vessel steamed out of the pass, the mission party on shore waved us their adieus. The mission house is situated on a cleared knoll, overlooking the passage, behind it a denze [*sic*] mass of forest. On our starboard lay Albany island, covered with grass and dotted with conical ant hills, eight or ten feet in height, and looking in the distance like a vast cemetery. The Queensland coast ~~gernerally~~ in these latitudes has a flat and very uninteresting appearance, but soon that coast receded in the distance, and as we neared the innumerable islands spread all over and rising out of the blue waters, I felt elated at the new and changing scene. Passing close to the island Nagha,[30] a pearl fishing station belonging to Mr Jardine[31], we shaped our course for Banks's Island,[32] to visit the stations there. I landed in the dingy[33] with the Rev Mr McFarlane, and we were met on the beach by the teacher and some half dozen natives.[34] I ~~secured two~~ made an arrangement with two natives to act as guides, and started on my first botanical excursion. I waded for a considerable time through long rank wet grass, but could find nothing at all worth taking note of, except the Cycases,[35] which were the first I had seen in their native habitat, and interesting to me on that account. The Island is neither rich in soil nor vegetation and seemed very sparsely inhabited for I didn't see a single house and not a dozen natives in my walk.

I returned to the ship at dusk, all besmeared with mud and water, but having thoroughly enjoyed the ramble. Next morning we weighed anchor and steered for Jarvis Island,[36] which we reached about midday. The natives of this island are a miserable lot, and the measles[37]

[29] James Runcie began sea life as a ship's carpenter, and studied navigation. He was Mate on the Presbyterian mission schooner *John Williams* and Master on *Ellengowan* in 1875 and 1876. He also briefly took charge of the small missionary cutter *Mayri* (7 ton). At the end of 1876 he left the LMS's service when *Ellengowan* was in Sydney for repairs, to be with his family. In 1881 he invested in and took charge of the Burns Philp & Co. steamer *Truganini* (203 tons) on the Thursday Island to Normanton run. Runcie went on to command a number of other BP&Co. vessels, the last of which was the barque *Loongana* in 1894. For a photograph of Runcie, see Chapter 2: 33 (Mullins, 1995: 126; Buckley & Klugman, 1981: 15, 80; BC 4 July 1894).

[30] Naghir (Mt Ernest), Kulkalaig territory.

[31] Frank Jardine (1841–1919) was born at Orange, New South Wales, the son of the first Somerset Police Magistrate, John Jardine. In 1864 he led a cattle drive nearly 2000 km north to Somerset. The overlanding party encountered stiff Aboriginal resistance and inflicted heavy losses. He established a cattle station at the tip of Cape York Peninsula and was Somerset Police Magistrate from 1868 to 1869, and from 1871 to 1873. He resigned from the post in 1873 to face an 1874 public inquiry into his management of the settlement. In 1874 he married Sana Solio, the young daughter of missionary Archibald Murray's Samoan servant, and established a pearl-shelling station on Naghir in partnership with Charles Beddome. A fire destroyed his plant in 1877, and he purchased the abandoned buildings at Somerset. He lived there, pearl-shelling and raising cattle, until his death in 1919 (Mullins, 1995: 40–43, 60–67, 72–91).

[32] Mua (Banks Island), Italgal/Mualgal territory.

[33] This spelling of dinghy was not uncommon in the 19th century and Goldie uses it throughout.

[34] The LMS first landed teachers (Pacific Islander evangelists) at Mua in 1872. Kerisiano from Mare in the Loyalty Islands was the teacher in 1876 (Shnukal, 2008: 192–193).

[35] Cycas is a single genus in the family Cycadaceae with about 90 species found in Madagascar, East Africa, Asia, Australia and the Pacific Islands. They are commonly understory palm-like shrubs in well-drained forest, savanna or woodland habitats.

[36] Mabuiag (Jervis Island). Gumulgal territory.

[37] A devastating measles epidemic swept through the Pacific Islands during 1875. It arrived in Torres Strait and New Guinea from Queensland ports. Chester estimated that 20% of the population of Torres Strait died from measles in 1875. It spread to southern New Guinea, via canoe traffic across the Strait and the *Ellengowan*. In June, against the objections of the Rev. William Lawes, the Port Moresby missionary, McFarlane landed infected teachers and crew there. Mortality rates are difficult to estimate, but at Fiji around 30000 died, about 1/5 th of the population (Mullins, 1995: 123, 134, 135–137, 145–146; Scarr, 1984: 76).

had been raging there some time previously. Their huts are merely pieces of bark mixed with grass laid on rough timber in the most primitive manner - They are about 4 feet high, and to enter you must crawl on hands and knees. A good few women and children of various ages, were to be seen, the children up to 12 years of age were quite naked, little bandy legged fellows trudging along the beach and wading into the sea to collect shellfish, which are an article of food. The women wore pieces of calico round their loins. Most of them were very repulsive in appearance, but there were one or two exceptions. The men were clothed variously — some had trousers on, nothing else, others had a shirt on, one had only a vest on, while one rejoiced in a paper collar, nothing else, but no one was entirely naked. There is a large pearling station on the island, employing a great deal of native labour, which has done much towards civilising the natives.[38]

The next day we visited Cornwallis Island,[39] which is situated —— miles from New Guinea, of which country we gained the first glimpse. New Guinea as seen from here, is nothing more than a low mangrove swamp. The natives of Cornwallis Island are of the black Papuan tribe, and akin to the natives of New Guinea, and very much superior to those we had previously seen. I regretted I had not time to explore this island.

Next morning we were under steam at daylight, taking a circular course round low-lying reefs, which hemmed us in on both sides. Reached a safe anchorage off Warrior Island,[40] which is merely a low lying reef. As its name implies, the natives are the most warlike in Torres Straits, hardy sons of the sea. The island lies low, not more than 6 feet above high water mark. The men and boys were engaged in sailing toy canoes, and their ordinary canoes are very large, with outriggers attached to both sides.[41] The men here are entirely naked, the women have bunches of dried grass hanging round their loins, and down their legs. The principal food is fish, here very plentiful, and turtle is also got in abundance.

We next visited York Island.[42] It is likewise low lying, but densely covered with hardwood timber. The natives here have a great resemblance to the natives of Jarvis Island.

The following day we reached Darnley Island[43], one of the gems of Torres Straits, and remained

38 John Bell's station. Bell, of Sydney, established the station in 1871 and in the mid-1870s was working four pump boats and five swimming boats. The station employed about 100 men (Chester, 1879a).

39 Dauan (Cornwallis Island). Dauanalgal territory. Dauan is about 10 km from the New Guinea coast.

40 Tudu (Warrior Island). Tudulaig territory. Tudulaig gained a reputation among colonists as being the most warlike of people largely because of their role in a series of attacks in September 1792 on Bligh's ships HMS *Providence* and HMS *Assistant*, as they passed through the Strait. More than eighty years later, in 1873, the LMS's Rev. Archibald Murray, described the inhabitants of Tudu as, 'a pretty resolute people, and retain something of the spirit and courage of their ancestors, who in 1792 attacked the ships Providence and Assistant, under the command of Captain Bligh. On that account I suppose their island, and the great reef on which it lies obtained the names Warrior Island and Warrior Reef' (Murray, 1873b; SMH, 28 June 1873).

41 Torres Strait Islanders relied on large sailing canoes, which were imported in their basic form from New Guinea and were the most important trade commodity. They were constructed from a single hollowed out log sometimes more than 20 m long. Planks from the sides of derelict canoes were used as raised gunwales and double outriggers were attached by cross-poles to give stability. A platform was built over the cross-poles for living space and stowage, and the craft was powered by two rectangular, plaited, panadanus mat sails hoisted on bamboo poles stepped in the bow. A retractable centreboard at the bow reduced leeway to windward and gave added manoeuvrability and it was steered using a broad plank at the stern as a sweep. The bow and stern usually were painted with red ochre and other scarcer pigments, decorated with cassowary feathers and shells, and the canoe was festooned from bow to stern with white pigeon feathers dancing on the ends of long switches. It took about seven men to sail with room for about the same number of passengers. It was a craft beautifully adapted to its purpose and to sailing conditions in Torres Strait (Haddon & Hornell, 1975: 193–199; Mullins, 1995: 12–13).

42 Masig (York Island). Masigalgal territory.

43 Erub (Darnley Island). Erubam Le territory.

3 days. This is a rich volcanic island abounding in coconuts, bananas, yams and taros. The natives are fast dying out. Fever seemed to be very prevalent among them and other diseases introduced by the white man, whose so-called civilisation has nearly exterminated them. They were very numerous at one time, and now not 200 remain. The native houses are of the shape of beehives — the framework is entirely formed of bamboo.

I had made several very interesting excursions in the bush, and was fortunate enough to get about 20 varieties of Crotons,[44] at that time new and rare. They now adorn every fashionable conservatory. Sunday the 20th we attended a native service on shore conducted by the Rev Mr McFarlane and native teacher.[45] The teacher seemed to have his heart in his work. When I speak of native teachers, I do not mean a native of the island, but men from the Loyalty Islands, the Samoan Islands and Raratonga, who have been trained by the London Missionary Society and devoted their lives to the work. These men go by the name of Native Teachers.[46] We were seated under the friendly shade of a grove of Cocoa nut [*sic*] trees.[47] The men first approached and according to custom, seated themselves in a circle round the teacher, the women clustering together in the background. All paid great attention to the service, which was very short. The women left in a body, the men staying behind for a short time conversing with us. After service we adjourned to the teacher's house to partake of a sumptuous repast cooked in native style in the manner following — They first collect a quantity of dry timber, on which they pile a lot of stones, and then set fire to it, allowing the timber to be entirely consumed. They then arrange the heated stones in a circle leaving a hollow in the centre in which they place clean banana leaves. On these leaves a quantity of pared yams are placed, with a dressed fowl in the centre. Some ground cocoa nuts [*sic*] are then brought, and the juice squeezed out on the pile of food, the whole being then covered up with clean banana leaves. More hot stones are then placed all round, entirely covering the food, then another lot of leaves all over the stones to prevent the loss of heat, and the food remains until sufficiently cooked, when it is placed before you in native custom in the leaves in which it was cooked.[48] It proved very palatable, and we washed it down with

44 Croton is an extensive plant genus from the family Euphorbiaceae. The best known member of the genus is Croton tiglium which is found widely in Southeast Asia and Melanesia.

45 Gucheng (1842?-1884) was born at Lifu in the Loyalty Islands, and was one of the original eight LMS teachers in Torres Strait. He began LMS work in 1859 as McFarlane's servant at Lifu. After 5 years training he took charge of a congregation. He was stationed at Erub (Darnley) in 1871 and in 1873 established the first school in Torres Strait there. In late 1875 he was sent to establish a station at Katau on the New Guinea mainland near Saibai, where his wife died of malaria. Katau was soon abandoned and in March 1876 Gucheng was back at Erub. He adopted two Torres Strait Islander children and was put in charge of Erub, Masig and Ugar. In 1877 he was sent to Logea Pota as part of McFarlane's plan to abandon Torres Strait and move east. His second wife died there, probably in 1878. Gucheng returned to Torres Strait when McFarlane's plan to relocate was thwarted by the LMS Directors. He died in 1884 in the Fly River delta, during another failed attempt to establish a station on the south coast of New Guinea. Gucheng was an effective evangelist and pivotal to the conversion of the Torres Strait Islanders (McFarlane, 1884; Mullins, 1995: 132–134; Wetherell, 1998: 113–114).

46 Most Protestant missionary organisations in the Pacific used Pacific Islander evangelists to pioneer new mission fields, because they were less expensive to educate, locate and support. The LMS also believed they were better able to 'get at the heathen of their own class' and that they had a beneficial influence on the morale and Christian zeal of the home communities. Teachers usually were sent out after rudimentary secular and religious training at institutions where the mission was well established. By 1915 more than 200 LMS teachers from the Loyalty Islands, the Cook Islands, Niue, Tuvalu, the Society Islands and Samoa had served in Torres Strait and New Guinea (Mullins & Wetherell, 1996: 186–209).

47 This is an alternative spelling of coconut palm (*Cocos nucifera*).

48 The earth oven style of cooking is ubiquitous in the Pacific. In Torres Strait it is known as kopa mauri, a term that comes from the Pacific trade language, beach-la-mar.

the green cocoa nut. The green cocoa nut is a young shell full of milk, in which no nut has yet formed, very sweet and pleasant to the taste.

22 Feby — reached Murray Island,[49] which is very difficult to approach owing to the numerous coral reefs which surround it. There is nothing in Torres Straits to be compared with this Island. The soil is of the richest volcanic formation, groves of cocoa nuts abound, and in the native cultivations or gardens are many beautiful crotons. There are likewise large plantations of bananas and many other tropical fruits. There are about 700 natives on the island, which is only about 6 miles in circumference. It is cone shaped, and the top of the cone is about——feet above sea level. The people here seem happy, singing and enjoying themselves at night round a fire. During the day they spend most of their time in the water. There was a native teacher here at this time, who had a large church and seemed to have a large congregation. Food is here easily cultivated and plentiful, consequently the natives are extremely lazy and indolent. In most of the other Islands they have to work to get a living.

This finished the Cruise, as we then returned to Somerset, calling on our way back at Darnley and York Islands.

FIRST EXPERIENCES OF NEW GUINEA

We returned to Somerset, in order to take Dr Turner and wife[50] on board who were to arrive by the mail steamer Normandy and during the few days which elapsed before the arrival of that vessel I was occupied in arranging the plants I had collected and getting them ready for shipment to England.[51] We left for New Guinea on the 21st March (For a description of this trip to April 11 see the Australian Witness of July 1 and 8 1876).

Notes of a Naturalist in New Guinea.

Journal of Andrew Goldie, Botanical Collector.

Cape York, Somerset, 21st March 1876. — Weighed anchor and got under steam at 7 a.m., bound for New Guinea in the mission steam vessel Ellengowan, by the kind permission of the Rev. Mr McFarlane, who accompanied us, also the Rev. Dr Turner and his lady, who is going as a medical missionary. It was pretty rough, and we were glad to get under the shelter of Bramble Kaz,[52] an island in the strait. We cannot steam at night, owing to the numerous reefs.

Wednesday, 22nd March. — Weighed anchor at daylight, and after a very rough passage, we reach the island of Darnley at 4 p.m. Captain Runcie and myself landed; we went up to the teacher's house, got a few cocoanuts to take off to the ship.

Thursday, 23rd March. — Spent a very pleasant day ashore, this being my second visit to this fertile island. Botanical specimens I got at last visit. I devoted my time to butterfly hunting. This island is very rich in these beautiful insects, some of them measure from four to six inches across the wings. There is a great variety of colour — some are of a rich green, others blue, some with dark wings and white spots, and a host of other colours. I got over a dozen varieties, and was fortunate in securing sixty very fine specimens. I have forwarded over

[49] Mer (Murray Island). Meriam territory. Mer is a volcanic island in eastern Torres Strait, the largest of a group or three (Mer, Dauar and Waier). It became famous through the 1992 Australian High Court judgment that changed Australian law on the recognition of Indigenous land title.

[50] Dr William G. Turner (1851-?) was born at Upolu, Samoa, son of LMS missionary George Turner. He gained a medical degree from Glasgow University before being ordained in 1874. Turner married Mary Amelia Colville on 19 August 1875 and then he and his wife set out for New Guinea. Mary Turner died at Somerset on 21 November 1876 and four days later Turner and their infant child left Somerset for England (Langmore, 1989: 288; Dutton, 1985: 165, 189).

[51] On 28 May 1876, Charles Moore, Director of the Sydney Botanical Gardens, wrote to the wealthy plant enthusiast Sir William Macarthur that Goldie had sent six cases of plants to London on this occasion (Fox, 2004: 25).

[52] Maizab Kaur (Bramble Cay) is a sand cay in the extreme northeast of Torres Strait, the most northern land in Australia.

a hundred from different places to the Sydney Museum.[53]

Friday, March 24. — We weighed anchor at daylight, fine weather. We steamed all day and night across the Gulf of Papua, being out at sea, clear of the reefs. We spent a pleasant day, chatting, all of us being free of sea-sickness.

Saturday, 25th March. — Sighted New Guinea about noon as we approached Yule Island. It was a grand sight, Yule Mount on the mainland towering above the clouds. It is reckoned to be 12,000 feet high. There is a grand range of mountains, extending to Mount Hanley. No European has ever trode these mountains. They are rich in objects of natural history, unknown to the world. Immediately at their base is a vast swamp, which steams forth unhealthy vapours, and there is a tribe of natives who bear a bad name. We anchored at Yule Island an hour after dark.

Sunday, 26th March. — The Rev. Mr McFarlane, Dr Turner and his lady, and myself, went ashore to have a quiet stroll. We were returning to the ship for dinner. We hailed for a boat to be sent ashore; Captain Riddley was anchored close to the Ellengowan in his smart little cutter.[54] *He went with his native in his boat to bring some of us off. He had a charge of dynamite with him. As there was a large shoal of fish passing he was tempted to try and kill some. He lighted the fuse, which proved to be defective; he thought it was not lighted, and was in the act of lighting another match, when suddenly it exploded in his hand. Blowing it off at the wrist, and shattering it in a most frightful manner, besides covering his breast and neck with wounds. He displayed great nerve, though the shout that came from him startled us very much. His man escaped unhurt, and pulled back to Ellengowan. Captain Runice quickly lowered a boat, and sent ashore for the doctor, and I got a native crew and pulled to the village for Dr James.*[55] *When we returned Dr Turner had the stump dressed, so we have to trust*

53 Australian Museum, College Street, Sydney, founded in 1827, is Australia's oldest public museum.

54 Edwin Redlich was a German trader who arrived in Torres Strait from Sydney in February 1873 after a disastrous pearl-shelling cruise in the 148-ton Hamburg schooner *Franz*. Eighteen of his crew were murdered in the Sele Strait at the western tip of New Guinea. After the accident described by Goldie, he was cared for by the LMS missionaries at Port Moresby, but never fully recovered. In 1873 he pearl-shelled in the cutter *Ida*, using *Franz* as a base moored at Gabba (Two Brothers) in central Torres Strait. In December 1874, he conveyed d'Albertis' party to Yule Island and transferred 16 of his Pacific Islander crew to him. He went into partnership with J. McCourt and they relocated to New Guinea. By July 1878 he had purchased a block of land at Port Moresby to build a store and had a bêche-de-mer station at Utian (Brooker Island) in the Louisiade Archipelago. In 1878, some of his workers mutinied, killed 13 of his men, including McCourt, and ransacked his station. In 1879, he was again bêche-de-mering, this time at East Cape, but fever forced him to seek help at the LMS station at Samurai. In March 1880, he went missing from *Ellengowan* while it was anchored off Boera near Port Moresby. His body was found on the beach and he was buried at the mission station. Poor hand writing probably accounts for Redlich's name being misspelt in the newspaper's transcription (Mullins, 2004).

55 Dr W.H. (William) James born in Loudoun County, Virginia. He completed a year's medical training in Baltimore, before lack of money forced him to leave his studies. James then joined his uncle's medical practice where he received further training. Restless for adventure, in December 1875 he joined RMS *Macgregor* in San Francisco as ship's surgeon, bound for Sydney. Somehow he lost his position during the voyage and was forced to approach the US Consul in Sydney for help. He put him in contact with Dr Alfred Roberts, the distinguished surgeon and trustee of the Australian Museum. Through Roberts, James was appointed ship's surgeon on the *Chevert* expedition. At its conclusion he joined Petterd to return to New Guinea, planning to stay at least 18 months. After his split with Petterd, he went to Yule Island accompanied by Felix Knight a young bushman, who also had been on *Chevert*. When *Ellengowan* visited them there in January 1876, they were emaciated with fever and short of provisions. However, about £60 worth of supplies was on its way from Sydney, organised by Roberts. When these arrived by *Ellengowan* in February, Knight left. James was then joined by the Swede Carl Thorngren, who had arrived in Torres Strait in 1871 in the ketch *John Knox*, sailing with the schooner *Surprise*, which brought the first LMS teachers. Thorngren's crew deserted and he sold *John Knox* and purchased the smaller 7-ton cutter *Viking*, which in 1872 conveyed the second contingent of LMS teachers from Torres Strait to Redscar Bay. By 1875, Thorngren had the cutter *Mayri*. It was similar to *Viking* and may have been the same vessel renamed (James, 1875a & 1875b; Gill, 1876: 237–263; SMH 13 Mar. 1876; Stone, 1880: 230–231).

in Providence for the end which is very doubtful in this warm climate, 92 degrees in the shade.

Monday, March 27. — Captain Riddley is suffering very much, which kept us all on board till after dinner. The ship is crowded with natives all desirous of trading. They are great thieves; they stole the ship's magnet. I went with the Rev. Mr McFarlane and Dr Turner to visit the hut lately occupied by Signor de Albertis, the Italian naturalist. I believe it was quite a fortification. He had dynamite laid all round, with trains leading to the charges, in case the natives attacked him he could blow them in the air. Our native guide took us to the top of a hill, which commanded an extensive view of New Guinea. On our way we passed extensive plantations of bananas, taras, and yams, but very few cocoanuts. The men are all naked; the women have got grass girdles round their loins, extending down to their knees. Their bodies are tatooed all over.

Tuesday, March 28. — Weighed anchor at daylight, and steamed along the coast towards Port Moresby. It was a most delightful sail. We passed close to numerous native villages, with crowds of natives in the water. The scenery was grand. The country seemed like to English gentlemen's estates, with numerous trees doted irregularly in green knolls, with wooded glens, belts and clumps of dense bush, giving it an appearance as if the hand of man had planted the trees, so clearly was the bush defined from the grass, sometimes in straight lines, and often in beautiful curves. We reached Port Moresby about an hour before dark, having steamed sixty miles. The currents are very strong, which makes it very slow work. The Rev. Mr Lawes[56] *came off to receive his quarterly mail, and to welcome us to the mission station.*

Wednesday, March 29. — Landed, taking Captain Riddley with us who is in a very critical state. The natives here are very fond of tobacco, and great beggars always holding out their hand asking for couco, which is the native name. The very youngest of them seem to be fond of it. Mr Lawes kindly gave me the use of part of the teacher's house. Got my traps landed, the natives willingly carrying them up for a little tobacco. But after they were done, there was such a crowd of them I had great difficulty in telling who had assisted me. There were over a hundred of them round the boat when we landed. There are about seven hundred of them in the village, and they are very peaceable. They enjoy life in their own way immensely; but they have no God; they have not any idea of such, they worship nothing, which makes the work of the missionary very difficult.

Thursday, 30th March. — Visiting the village for the first time, taking with me a little tobacco and beads for trade, there were over a hundred natives each holding up something for barter, and all shouting, pressing, and jostling each other. It was evident I could not buy from all. I very soon got cleared out [of] trade, getting a few curiosities in return.

Friday, 31st March. — I do not feel well today, the night watching with Captain Riddley is very hard on me. I can't understand how Mrs Lawes,[57] *the*

[56] William George Lawes (1839–1907) was born at Aldermaston, Berkshire, the son of Richard Lawes, a tailor. He applied to the LMS in 1858 and was ordained on 8 November 1860. Lawes married Fanny Wickham the same year and served at Niue from 1861–1872. He and Fanny arrived at Port Moresby on 1 December 1874, the first European residents on the southeast coast of New Guinea. They took up residence in a small, prefabricated house on a ridge overlooking Hanubada, with their small son Charlie. After losing an infant in 1876, they went to England on furlough in January 1878, returning in 1881. Lawes was scholarly and an able linguist. His *Grammar and vocabulary of language spoken by Motu tribe*, New Guinea was published in 1885 and he finished a Motu New Testament in 1890. From 1891 to 1892 he toured England and Australia lecturing, and on his return to New Guinea he became principal of Vatorata Training College. Lawes retired in 1906 and settled in Sydney (Gibbney, 1974; Langmore, 1989).

[57] Fanny Lawes (née Wickham) (1840–1913), wife of William Lawes, was regarded as the mother of the New Guinea mission and although eschewing any formal decision-making role had a significant influence on mission policy. At Port Moresby, in addition to bringing up her own 6 children, 3 of whom died, she oversaw the domestic training of both the Pacific Islander teachers' wives and Papuan women converts. She was in charge of domestic training at Vatorata Training College until her retirement in 1906, and after William's death in 1907 missionaries passing through Sydney on their way to the Pacific sought her

respected missionary's lady, stands it. Night and day she is always with the Captain. She is one of the Florence Nightingale heroines, continually ministering to the wants of others, cheering and comforting him by her pleasant remakes. She is one of those noble ladies who sacrifice health and strength for the good of others. I have had very little experience with missionary work till now, but I must bear testimony from what I have seen at Port Moresby, that it is the noblest and truest test of Christian character for a clergyman to leave the comforts and endearments of an English home, and to go as a pioneer in one of the greatest missionary fields known, to be landed from the mission vessel with a house hurriedly placed over his head, in the midst of hundreds of natives who look upon all his actions with suspicion, who don't at first believe what he says, who know not what the work God means, who are very excitable, so much so that the least trifle may lead to bloodshed — no two persons as the Rev. Mr Lawes and his worthy lady could be got more fit for making such a great self-sacrifice. A missionary's lady has got great influence over natives. She must have heart of the work, a head to understand the natives and manage them, and hands always ready for use, no matter what kind of work comes forward.

Saturday, April 1st. — Ten large canoes arrived from Cape Possession today, about a hundred miles to the westward. The natives are known as the Alema tribe. There would be in the canoes altogether about six hundred natives.[58] *They had a strange appearance coming up the bay; they looked like large rafts, with curious lateen sails; they have each two masts; each sail is a double lateen, joined at the base, with the sharp peaks gracefully curving inwards.*

advice. For a photograph of Fanny Lawes see Chapter 2: 33 (Langmore, 1989: 3, 65, 75, 81, 82, 166, 184, 190, 207, 277).

58 Usually called Elema. They lived on the coast between Cape Possession and the eastern edge of the Purari delta in of the Gulf of Papua. F.R. Barton confirms that Gulf peoples sailed trading fleets of *lagatoi* to Port Moresby, arriving at the end of the northwest monsoon. However, a *lagatoi* usually carried less than 30 people and Goldie's estimate of 600 Elema in 10 *lagatoi* seems an exaggeration (See Note 62).

To be continued.

Notes of a Naturalist in New Guinea.

Journal of Andrew Goldie, Botanical Collector.

Sunday, April 2. — We were visited by some of the natives that arrived yesterday. We are the first white people they have seen. They were very much afraid to approach us. I went down alone, and went on board one of the canoes. They looked on me with wonder that can't be described, especially the girls, many of whom being very good-looking. They were like startled deer, with nostrils extended, and eyes fixed and staring. Only by holding out beads to them would they allow me to approach them, and by degrees I shook hands with a dozen dark beauties, which ceremony they did not quite understand, as they salute by rubbing noses, a performance they would not be willing I should perform.

Monday, April 3. — Visited the canoes again, in company of the Rev. Mr Lawes and Dr Turner, the natives of the settlement assuring them we meant them no harm. But they would not allow us inside the large floating house. Later in the day I went down alone. I made them a few presents, and as confidence gained I struck a few matches, which caused great wonder. Then I laid a train of powder in a zig-zag manner, which startled them very much, and to show the power I held over them if they acted wrong towards me, I drew out my revolver, the natives of the settlement explaining its use, I fired a round of cartridges in the sea, causing the bullets to bound off the water. I put up a piece of wood, and sent a bullet through it. It put them in great fear — the women rushing and hiding in the canoes, and the men urgently beckoned on me to go away. Groups of them were invited up to the mission house to see, to them, great wonders. Mrs Lawes' baby was the centre of attraction. It is a nice child, with white hair, and a very fair complexion. Its clothes, hands, and head were all handled with wonder. Its little tiny boots and socks especially, which were taken off, and the soles of the feet, nails, and legs, were looked upon with amazement. One of the men did this, the women standing a little way off, afraid to approach, but looking at everything intently.

The canoes were loaded with sago in a damp state, for which they barter for pottery — Port Moresby natives being adepts [sic] in the manufacture of earthenware. Armlets likewise are given in exchange, which is held to be of great value. Two cwt. of sago will be given in exchange of one. Armlets are principally used for purchasing their wives.[59] *A young man must give so many to the girl's parents before he can have her. I got two drums in barter much inferior to other I have seen, but a different style. Different tribes excel in special things. It was a beautiful moon-light night. I could not resist the temptation of visiting the village. I could hear by the noise they were dancing. It proved too much for my nerves, so I quickly returned; a few of the village natives beckoning for me to go away, the strangers being in great fear of me. They are very superstitious; they never leave the village after dusk. It was not pleasant to be the centre attraction of several hundreds of professional thieves, a vice which they reckon a virtue. I went unarmed, which was to assure the strangers I meant friendship. The dance is a kind of county dance. Two long rows of men and girls facing each other, a girl between very man; every man has a drum, with which they beat time, accompanying with their voices, all swinging their bodies to the time of the drums and moving their feet to time. There is nothing obscene in their dances; they have all got their dancing ornaments on, head-dresses of feathers, beads, and their faces painted.*

Tuesday, April 4. — The natives gaining more confidence, induced to do a little trading. I bought a few girdles or dresses from the women, and other ornaments. I visited several of the canoes. They are of peculiar construction. Four long ones about sixty feet long are securely lashed together, and a floor of rough timber constructed and laid right across them, extending about five feet past each side, projecting in like manner out past each end, but wider by about two feet, which forms a sponsen [sic][60] *right round the canoes. There is a barricade of rough stakes wattled*[61] *in the inside at each end; there is a little lean too, with the pick going out, roofed with the leaves of the pandanus. This is where they seek shelter from the weather. This is where they keep their war implements in the shape of bows and arrows, with spears and clubs. They have got the sago stored in large peculiar conical shaped mats, placing the end down in the canoes. Their masts are not stepped but merely trees with roots attached, which act as stays, and good rope stays of their own manufacture to secure the top of the mast. At the top of the mask is a fork, which they use in place of a pulley, by reefing the rope over it to hoist their sail up. Their cable for anchoring is long rods of a peculiar cane, very strong, about an inch thick, which they fasten together, reefing the lengths along the sponsen [sic]. Their anchor is a huge stone, securely enclosed in a network of strong cane, all brought together at one place, and a strong sapling fastened to it, which they fasten their cane rope to.*[62]

Wednesday, April 5. — We were visited today by a tribe thirty miles to the eastward, from which I

[59] Conus shell armlets (*toea*), probably obtained from the kula trade through Mailu or places further east (Seligman, 1910: 93).

[60] Sponson – an extension of the deck beyond the gunwale.

[61] Branches or twigs woven together.

[62] The multi-hulled sailing craft with crab's claw sails used in southeast New Guinea were called *lagatoi*. Motu employed the multi-hull principle, extending the number of dug-out canoes (*asi*) lashed together to form the hull. Up to 14 canoes have been observed, although 6 to 8 was the average. The hulls were completely decked with light deck-houses of bamboo and thatch fore and aft, and the sides were protected by the same materials. They behaved like rafts and were not easily manoeuvrable, and the timing of trading voyages depended on prevailing winds. Annual return trading voyages occurred between Port Moresby and the Gulf of Papua villages. On the outward voyage Motu *lagatoi* carried earthenware pots, as many as 300 to each asi, as well as other trade, principally shell ornaments. They returned mainly with sago. A large *lagatoi* could carry 30 tons of sago. The *lagatoi* were disassembled when they reached the Gulf villages and the asi employed in trade. The reassembled returning lagatoi usually were larger, consisting of more asi obtained in the Gulf. Barton maintained that the people of the Gulf also made and sailed *lagatoi* similar to those of the Motu (Cranstone, 1972: 738; Haddon & Hornell, 1975: 227–231).

got a few curios — two fine war clubs, spears, head-dresses, and armlets. They were more at home with us, but we showed to them very many wonders new to them. When they wish to express astonishment, they put their thumb nail betwixt their teeth, pulling it out suddenly, which causes the nail to make a cracking noise.

Thursday, April 6. — Captain Riddley being much better to-day, Dr Turner and myself took a day in the bush, accompanied by two natives as guides. I got fifteen botanical specimens, for having observed some very fine specimens of cyeas, with stems fifteen feet high, it came on to rain heavily. So we returned early, had dinner, and went out to a little island connected with the mainland at low water, to get marine shells. There were crowds of boys and girls on the beach catching fish. They soon surrounded us, pesting [sic] us with holding up for barter everything they could get at their feet, all anxious for cuco (tobacco). Amongst the rubbish they brought a few good things — a fine specimen of a kind of eel which held most tenaciously to a little fellow's finger, before it could be secured in spirits. I secured about twenty-four fine shells and a few small fish beautifully coloured. The fish I have forwarded to the Sydney Museum.

Friday, April 7. — We went for a climb over the first range of hills, taking our guns with us, accompanied by a South Sea Islander. We each shot two birds. Being novices at the gun we were highly pleased. One of mine turned out to be a bower bird. I have sent it likewise, accompanied with a bower, which is made of twigs of trees, almost like a tunnel, the twigs meeting at the top. These interesting birds deck their bowers with berries, and run in a playful manner through them. The bird and bower I have no doubt will be seen in the museum.

Saturday, April 8th. — Went up Fairfax [Harbour][63] in the dingy, and visited a native settlement, and were received in a friendly manner; but they likewise have learned a bad habit of continually begging for cuco. We observed some natives in a bay; we pulled in, when they all ran away into the bush. We enjoyed ourselves very much, admiring the beauties under the sea; coral of every shade and hue, but we had difficulty often in steering clear of it. Several times the dinghy stuck on those beautiful sharp and dangerous piles of life.

Monday, April 10. — I felt very languid to-day — a feeling of extreme weakness, the effect of the climate, especially it being the wet season.[64] I simply contented myself with sitting on the verandah, getting articles of interest from the natives. You no sooner buy one curio than there is a dozen of like articles brought to you for sale, especially if it should be anything not held in much esteem by them. They all shouting out amo (good), I not knowing much of the language return answer, deco (bad), that is if I should not want it; indeed it is amo and deco all day long, so much do they pest you.

Tuesday, April 11. — Made arrangements with natives to accompany me into the interior. I feel a great drawback in not being able to talk their language. But Mrs Lawes, who is always willing to assist in all matters, after a great deal of trouble they came to a bargain, to stay away one or two nights, and to start tomorrow at daylight.

To be continued.

We left accordingly the next day — 3 natives and myself. This, my first trip to the Laloki[65] was undertaken at the worst time in the middle of the wet season. There had been heavy rain the previous night, the country was covered with tall rank grass in some places over eight feet high which completely hid the track, and so thick was it that I had great difficulty in keeping in sight of my native guides, who were only a few feet ahead. All the flat country was under water, and in many places we were wading up to the middle. In the dry

63 See Note 66.

64 This might be Goldie's inexperience. On the southeast New Guinea coast the wet season (December to March) is usually over by April.

65 The Laloki River is inland from Port Moresby (Latitude: 9° 7′ 60 S, Longitude: 146° 56′ 60 E). The river begins in a lake in the mountains on Sogeri Plateau and flows down to enter the sea at Galley Reach. Its principal tributaries are the Goldie and Hiwhick Rivers.

season this journey can be easily accomplished as the grass is all then burnt down, but when I first attempted it, it was indeed pursuing knowledge under difficulties. The country between Port Moresby[66] and the Laloki is open and undulating, and would be very suitable for grazing purposes. A small species of Kangaroo is very abundant, and much hunted by the natives for food.[67] The journey though in itself monotonous was very much enjoyed by me. I was thoroughly oblivious to rain and every other discomfort. We reached the Laloki, a large river then supposed to take its rise in the Astrolabe range[68] and falling into the ocean at Redscar Bay — about 30 miles from its mouth early in the afternoon, having come a distance of about 12 miles. At that season it was a mighty rushing torrent. It is a wild mountain stream, and not navigable further than about where I struck it. Here I first saw the Large Crested pigeon (*Goura Albertisii*).[69] I was on the look out for the bird, and had the gun ready, being very anxious to procure a specimen, but when at last I caught sight of several quietly walking along the ground, I stood spell bound admiring the majestic stride of the noble birds. With arched neck and magnificent crests full erected, they walked leisurely away looking at me all the time, and hesitating at first whether to fly or not.

Then they slowly rose, and perched on convenient limbs of trees, still looking at me. All this time I remained spell bound, without power to use the gun. The first thing that brought me to my senses, and brought the birds likewise to their senses, was the sight of the natives gesticulating, and motioning me to shoot, but they got so excited at my delay, that they frightened the birds away before I could fire. We pitched the tent and prepared to pass the night, and to my horror I found when I sought for dry clothes, that a very indispensable article of my attire had been left behind — so I had to content myself with dressing in the New Guinea style, which was better than sleeping in wet clothes. The natives lighted a fire outside the tent, and tried to enjoy themselves with the aniani (food) and kuku (tobacco)[70] — But there was no rest for us. It was namu dëka[71] (bad mosquito) all night long. I used much stronger language than namu dëka! The mosquitoes were in perfect clouds, and I never spent such a night of misery. I was thankful in the morning to pull on my wet clothes. I intended to have stayed two nights, but found one was quite enough in such company. Accordingly we struck camp and returned to Port.

While here the following incident occurred. I was out boating, when I observed that a great crowd of natives had congregated round the mission house, and that there was evidently a great commotion. I hurried ashore and found that a woman from Anapati[72] had been caught stealing from the mission house. The Teacher's

66 In 1873 John Moresby in HMS *Basilisk* surveyed the central coast of southeast New Guinea and was the first to enter what is now the harbour of the capital of Papua New Guinea. His family name lives on in Port Moresby and Fairfax Harbour, named after his father Admiral Sir Fairfax Moresby. Stone estimated the populations of the Hanuabada villages in the harbour at between 600 and 800 people, and the Stone and Lawes' estimates suggest that in the 1870s there were around 2 000 Motu-Koita living within what is now Port Moresby. Hanuabada consists of three villages: Elevala was on a small island close to the shore and Tanobada and Poreporena were on the mainland. Pari is a few kilometres to the east. These villages belong to the Western Motu. The villages of Tatana and Vabukori are also nearby, whose inhabitants speak a slightly different Motu dialect and claim a different origin from the Western Motu. There are also four Koita villages: Kila Kila near Vabukori, Akorogo to the west on the same ridge, Kourabada on '3-mile' hill, and Baurini to the west of Hanuabada (Oram, 1976: 2–3; Inglis & Oram, 1973).

67 Goldie means a wallaby, a small to medium-sized macropod (Macropodidae).

68 The Astrolabe Range is the coastal 600 m escarpment behind Port Moresby, and includes the Sogeri Plateau.

69 Goura is the genus for three species of crowned pigeons, the largest of the pigeon family. They are native to New Guinea and some of the surrounding islands.

70 These are correct in the Motu language.

71 Namu dika is the correct pronunciation.

72 Anapata was one of the villages within Hanuabada village at Port Moresby.

wife had thrown the woman on the ground, and taken the stolen article from underneath her lamia[73], just as I arrived on the scene. The natives who were present, including her husband, were desirous to give her a beating. She had committed a great crime. It was no disgrace to steal, but to be found out was beyond forgiveness! There was nothing more about the matter, until her brother, who had been out hunting, shortly afterwards arrived in the village. Someone had told him on the way that the missionaries had been ill treating his sister, so without speaking to anyone, and without enquiring the circumstances, he rushed to the village, seized four spears, and rushed back again to the mission house with the intention of killing the Teacher. We were all in the teacher's house, when warned of the approach of this man. Ruatacha[74] the Teacher, at once seized my gun which happened to be standing in the corner loaded, and rushed out. I followed with a revolver, not understanding what was the matter. When I got outside I found the Teacher close to the fence on the inside, with the gun presented and the native outside trying to throw the spear, which the height of the fence prevented him from doing. Finding he could not get at the Teacher, he sprung over the fence spear in hand. The teacher immediately threw down the gun and closed with him before he well reached the ground, trying to wrench the spear from his grasp. At a glance I could see that the Teacher was more than his match, so I turned my attention to the crowd of natives, who seemed to me to be rushing to the rescue. One native made a like attempt to jump the fence, but being met with my revolver at his chest, he speedily leapt back again. But I was mistaken, the other natives were coming as friends, so two of them were admitted, and led away the offender. This was the third attempt, which had been made by different natives on Ruotacha's life, and on the two previous occasions the natives who had made the attempt died shortly afterwards. The natives are very superstitious, and they had noted this circumstance, and when shortly afterwards the third man died, like the others, they became firmly convinced that Ruotacha was possessed of a supernatural power, and that it would be very inadvisable to offend him in any way. Since then his authority and influence with the Motu people are unbounded, and he uses his immense power in a worthy manner.

One of the men who attempted Ruotacha's life previously was the son of Heni, chief of Iluvara.[75] He had died shortly before my arrival, and burial rites were being continued, when I arrived, and lasted for a month afterwards. He was one of the few men of the village who had two wives. Polygamy is by no means common. They dug a shallow trench about 18 inches deep, in front of deceased's house where they put the body, covering it with the plank of a canoe and built a small shed over it. Near it were placed a bundle of broken spears, and all the personal effects of the deceased, tied to a stake. In the Motu[76] villages the dead

[73] Lami means skirt in Keapara/Kerepuna dialect (Lawes, 1888: 124). See QM MAC6068 for an example.

[74] Ruatoka (Ruatacha) (1846?–1903) was from Mangaia in the Cook Islands. He trained at Rarotonga under James Chalmers and was one of 6 Rarotongans who, with 7 Loyalty Islanders, comprised the second wave of teachers to New Guinea in 1872. They arrived at Somerset on 11 October. Ruatoka and his wife Tangune, Peri, Rau and their families, were landed at Redscar Bay on the New Guinea coast. In February 1873, Captain Moresby discovered them ravaged by fever and removed them to Somerset, after a woman and child had died. Five months later Ruatoka and Tangune were relocated to Elevara, Port Moresby. When Tangune died Ruatoka married a Papuan women and spent the rest of his career in Port Moresby. Known for his kindness to strangers, he was an effective evangelist, translator and mediator. For a photograph of Ruatoka see Chapter 1: 3 (Crocombe, 1976; Dutton, 1985: 185).

[75] Elevala village.

[76] The Motu are an Austronesian language group that live in coastal villages from Mamumanu at the mouth of Galley Reach to Gaba Gaba near Round Head. Port Moresby is in the centre of the Motu area. The word is also used in 'Hiri Motu', the trade language used on the hiri, or annual trading voyage by Motu-speaking peoples to the Gulf of Papua, which combined elements of Gulf languages. During the colonial period

are always buried either in front of or under the house. The two widows wearing curious veils which covered the face and part of the body took up a position in front of this shed, squatting on the ground in solemn silence, with their body all besmeared with ashes, and painted black. They couldn't ask me for kuku, but they held out their hands for it!

But the most interesting as well as most disgusting part of the ceremony, was that at intervals they lifted the plank off the body and besmeared certain parts of their own bodies with the fetid matter from the dead. They were careful not to bring it in contact with any sore and they would not touch any food with their hands using small fork sticks to eat with. Nearly twelve months afterwards the widows were still using incantations which gave me the idea that they were trying to bring the dead man's spirit out of purgatory. I believe this custom is only observed at the death of young chiefs. They know old chiefs must die, so they bury them without much ceremony. I have never observed this custom observed since.

In a few days the Ellengowan returned, and Captain Runcie informed me of the numerous discoveries he had made to the east, this being the first time any vessel had ever coasted inside the reef between Port Moresby and China Straits.[77] He discovered a safe entrance into the splendid Harbor of Hood Lagoon,[78] hitherto supposed to be blocked by reefs and Ellangowan Cove[79] likewise a good Harbor. He found that the point of land known as South Cape[80] was an island, and that the passage between the island, which he named Stacey Island[81] and the mainland was a good anchorage. He was the first to enter Cloudy Bay,[82] where he found a large river, and he also made other discoveries.

By this time I was down with fever and glad enough to return to Somerset with the Ellangowan. I was sick all the way over and to my horror they had nothing on board but sour bread and fat pork.

FIRST TRIP TO KEREPUNA[83]

When I returned to Somerset from my first trip to New Guinea I was laid down with a very severe attack of fever and ague. During some weeks here I was altogether unfit to attend to my duties. I engaged a European named Attwell[84] to accompany me back as an assistant, when I had recovered somewhat. We left in the month of June in the mission vessel. The other passengers were Dr Turner and lady and Dr James an American naturalist, who left us at Yule Island, and was murdered there

this developed into Police or Hiri Motu, a second Motu language used mainly to communicate with foreigners. Hiri Motu eventually became the main means of communication within British New Guinea, later Australian Papua (Dutton, 1985: 1–4; Oram, 1976: 2).

77 China Strait is a deep passage between the eastern tip of the New Guinea mainland and Sariba Island. In 1873, Moresby considered the passage to be a suitable alternative route to China, hence its name. Further examination showed that the route immediately north-east of China Strait was too obstructed by reefs to be safe.

78 Hood Lagoon is in Hood Bay on the coast of southeast New Guinea. The Kemp-Welsch River, named after the LMS Treasurer, drains into Hood Bay. The main settlements were at Hula on Hood Point, Kalo in the bay and Keapara (Kerepuna) to the east.

79 The name Ellangowan Cove is no longer used. Goldie later describes it as large and land-locked, so he may be referring to Mullens (Puro) Harbour, which fits that description.

80 South Cape (10°43`S., 150°14`E). is the southern-most point of the New Guinea mainland close to the eastern tip of the island.

81 Suau, later an LMS base.

82 Cloudy Bay is east of Cape Rodney and opposite Mt. Clarence, between the 148th and 149th parallels. Abau is on its shore.

83 Kerepuna is now called Kaepara.

84 Little is known about Thomas Attwell, except that originally he came from Reading in England and that he resigned his position as a Somerset Water Police constable on 31 May 1876 to join Goldie. Both Lawes and Chester called him Attwells (Chester, 1876a; Lawes, 1876–1878).

by the natives a few months afterwards.[85] We duly reached Port Moresby, and after spending a few days there, sailed for Kerepuna a large village on Hood Lagoon, about 60 miles east from Port Moresby, calling at various coastal villages on the way. We were windbound at Hula[86] one of these villages for several days and I spent a very pleasant time ashore. Our first Sunday among the Hulah natives is worthy of note. Having taken advantage of the shade of a clump of trees to have lunch, several hundreds of natives gathered round us, attracted by curiosity. So great was the crowd and the curiosity that many of them climbed the trees to be in a better position for seeing. They were kind enough to bring us a supply of green cocoa nuts unsolicited, which were very acceptable, as we had just been strolling along the beach under a glaring sun. After lunch the Rev Mr Lawes took advantage of the opportunity to give a short address in the Motu tongue. Eager curiosity was depicted on the countenances of the natives as he described to them his mission, but as they have no idea of a God nor of a future state, I am afraid they were unable to realise his meaning. I could see them talking together, and some of them quietly laughing at his remarks. This being the first sermon they had ever heard and so utterly strange to them in ideas it was not to be supposed that they could grasp his meaning. While here we were invited by a neighbouring chief to pay a visit to his village — Papaka;[87] Mr Lawes describes our visit as follows "The road runs through a swamp of mud and slush. It may not always be as bad as when the first white visitors went to Papaka. That was in the month of July, and they entered the village with their white legs gaitered with a coating of black mud, but they had come by the chief's highway. The homes in the village are large & lofty, and it is divided into streets and squares. Several of the chiefs' houses have high thatched steeples. One was a particularly fine house with the steeple at least 60 feet high. The houses are built of heavy timber and most of them are three stories."

All along the road to the village were large plantations with crowds of women busy at work but with the curiosity natural to the sex they left their work to have a look at us. In these plantations I observed for the first time in New Guinea a regular system of cultivation. The gardens are all laid off in rectangular patches, the bananas being planted in parralel [*sic*] rows and at regular distances. Between the rows of bananas were planted yams and taros with great regularity. The soil is of a rich sandy nature. The only approach to the village, which contained over 1000 inhabitants, was through a narrow lane, palisaded on both sides, and round the village was a regular stockade for the purpose of defense. At the present time there is a bitter war raging between the Papakas and the Hulah[88] people but at that time the two tribes were at peace and apparently friendly. A state of warfare must be very inconvenient as the Hulah depend in a great measure on the

[85] James and Thorngren were murdered on 23 August 1876. The attack occurred on Throngren's vessel *Mayri* while it was anchored near the entrance to Hall Sound about 5 kilometres from James' house on Yule Island. They had been there shooting and trading for bird of paradise plumes. A canoe came out offering yams and while Thorngren was stooping to get trade beads he was struck on the head with a large piece of wood. He managed to maintain consciousness long enough to draw his revolver and kill his attacker, but James was then speared through the throat and died instantly. Thorngren was soon overwhelmed, speared in the side, fell overboard and quickly sank. Thorngren's Torres Strait Islander crew (7) fought back and after retrieving guns from the cabin managed to drive off the attackers. They could not recover Thorngren's body, but under Billy, a Poruma (Coconut) Islander, set out to sail *Mayri* back to Somerset with James' body. Because of the smell they buried James on a sandbank before reaching Somerset (Chester, 1876b; Runcie, 1876).

[86] Hula village is on the western point of Hood Bay. The Hula people had substantial links with the Motu, bringing coconuts to trade (Stone, 1880: 140, 189–191; Oram, 1976: 5).

[87] Papaka village was inland from Kaepara (Kerepuna) and in a description from 1885 consisted of about a dozen old houses, similar in shape and size to those at Hula (Bevan, 1890: 58–59).

[88] Earlier, Goldie spelt this 'Hula', which is correct.

Papakas for yams and taro, and the latter depend on the former for all their supplies of fish.

There are several large villages on the coast between Port Moresby and Kerepuna the principal of which are Tupuselei, Kaile, Kappa Kappa and Hulah[89] all of which are built in the sea on piles in water at least two fathoms deep, of course under the shelter of a reef. The object in building them in this manner is to provide a safe reatreat [*sic*] from their inland enemies who possess no canoes, but in some cases even this manner of building has not made them impregnable as the remains of several are to be seen which have been burnt down. Vessels of any tonnage can safely coast inside the reef as far as Round Head,[90] but at Round Head there is a mass of dangerous reefs which render the channel unsafe for vessels drawing more than six feet. I have been round Round Head no less than nine times, but as yet I have not succeeded in finding a safe passage. To get to Kerepuna it is necessary to go outside the reef. There are several good passages betwixt Round Head and Hood Point.

On leaving Hula Captain Runcie discovered a new passage outside the reef which has been named Ellangowan passage. There was a very heavy sea running, and it was extremely difficult to make headway against it. Slowly we made way and ran up Hood Bay, rounding the reefs off Hood Lagoon, and dropped anchor in the passage opposite Kerepuna in 15 fathoms. There is good anchorage for vessels of any tonnage under the shelter of the reef outside the Lagoon. The only obstacle to heavy vessels entering the Lagoon is a rock off the western point near mid channel not more than nine feet under water. The entrance would be quite safe, if there was a buoy on this rock. Kerepuna presented a very lively appearance on my first visit. There was a continuous stream of canoes passing and repassing to the other side, laden with an abundance of bananas yams cocoa nuts &c. This village extends right across the point, but the principal part of it was seen from our anchorage. The houses are large and lofty, built on shore, but on piles. The ground is flat and sandy. It is shaded with numerous clumps of cocoa nut trees interspersed among the houses. There are numerous gardens, laid out in a very ornamental manner. Beautiful Croton plants are cultivated in front of the houses. There are over 1000 inhabitants in this village, and these are divided into two classes — fishers and agriculturalists. The natives are superior in physique to the Motu people, and are the finest race I have seen in New Guinea. The men as a rule are about six feet in height, well built and extremely muscular. They speak a different language from the Motu people. The young girls are very good-looking, and at this time they were not civilised enough to know the use of tobacco but since the many visits of the Kuku lakatoi (tobacco ship) as they call the Ellangowan, men women and children are ravenously fond of the weed. After spending a few days at Kerepuna we returned direct to Port Moresby.

FURTHER EXPERIENCES IN NEW GUINEA

After spending a few days at Port Moresby, the teacher engaged 6 natives for me to build a house, under contract each to be paid with a tomahawk. I had to find the material — all but the grass which they plucked and carried. It was but a hut twelve feet square, but built on piles two feet from the ground. They completed their contract in one day. ~~all but laying the flooring which was~~ They worked hard all the forenoon but struck work early in the afternoon, wishing to get their tomahawks. I informed them through the Teacher that they would not be paid until they had completed the work. They tried to frighten me by saying

[89] Tubusereia (Tupuselei) is a Motu village just east of Port Moresby. Kaile (Gaire) is a Motu village further east of Port Moresby. Gabagaba (Kappa Kappa) is the most easterly of the Motu villages. Hula (Hulah) is the main coastal village in the Keapara language area.

[90] Round Head is between Gabagaba and Hula villages.

they would fight me if they weren't paid, but I looked at my gun and told them two could play at that game. After jabbering among themselves for some time they set to work again and finished before night. This was the 3rd July. At this time I had regular attacks of fever and ague every afternoon. After a few days I had all my stores moved to my new house. I then engaged a Kanaka[91] who was formerly in the employment of Capt. Redlick.[92] He was a native of Banks's Group New Hebrides, and proved an extremely useful and good boy. ~~Our~~ My party was now composed of three including myself and the European I had brought from Somerset, as general assistant. But the most ~~useful man~~ important of the party in many respects was my large Newfoundland Dog "Boatswain". I could leave the camp with every confidence in his charge. He was a terror alike to the natives and the mission party. One day while I was absent Boatswain being in charge of the house, Dr Turner attempted to enter, and to his great astonishment found himself seized by the shoulder and forcibly ejected — Sometimes I would allow him off the chain, and then he would go for a quiet ramble in the village. He would do no harm, being perfectly quiet and good natured but as soon as he was observed the natives lost no time in taking refuge in their houses. In one of his rambles he paid a visit to the house of Mr Lawes, while the inmates were just about to sit down to dinner. He was big enough to easily command a good view of the table, and at once decided to remain unbidden, so he quietly went to the head of the table, took the position which was usually filled by the Rev Mr Lawes, and helped himself to the whole dish of meat, while the mission party stood helplessly looking on. I arrived at the scene just in time to save the second course.

By the 31st of July ~~we~~ I had ~~collected~~ obtained in the vicinity of Port Moresby about 100 bird skins of the commonest varieties in New Guinea and ~~we~~ discovered 2 important new plants *Bauhinia Williamsii*, and *Combretum Goldieanum*, which ~~Dr F. Von~~ Baron von Mueller[93] in his Notes on Papuan plants describes as follows.

BAUHINIA WILLIAMSII
(SECT. PHANERA)

Climbing; tendrils circinate, simple; leaves cordate, glabrous, quite entire or at the apex bilobed, 5-7-nerved from the base; racemes densely many-flowered, brown-silky; bracts linear-subulate, recuvred; flowers small; calyx with fire blunt very short teeth, finally bilabiate; petals oval-spatular; fertile stamens three; staminodia minute, tooth-like; stigma hardly broader than the style; ovary brown-silky.

Near Port Moresby; Goldie.

Leaves measuring 2½-4 inches, shining above, on rather long slightly hairy soon glabrescent petiole. Cirrhi short. Racemes almost paniculate. Bracts nearly 1½ lines long. Pedicels about as long as the calyx, beset with minute narrow bracteoles towards the middle. Calyx about 3 lines long, articulated at the pedicel; its tube as long as the lips and invested by the disk. Petals scarcely above 3 lines long, silky outside, purplish inside and there almost glabrous. Stamens glabrous. Fertile filaments hardly longer

[91] 'Kanaka' was slang for Pacific Islander.

[92] Redlich was pronounced Redlick and sometimes misspelled accordingly.

[93] Ferdinand von Mueller (1825–1896) was born at Rostock, Germany. He studied chemistry and botany at Kiel University and received his doctorate in 1847. For health reasons he migrated to South Australia the same year. He was appointed Government Botanist for Victoria in 1853 and established the National Herbarium of Victoria. He promoted the exploration of Australia, participating in one of A.C. Gregory's expeditions in 1855, and conducted an extensive correspondence with collectors around Australia and the Pacific. In 1857 he was appointed Director of the Melbourne Botanical Gardens. Muller was made a Baron by the King of Würtemberg in 1871 and was twice knighted by Queen Victoria (CMG in 1869 and KCMG in 1879). He made a financial contribution to Goldie's travels in New Guinea and purchased some of his specimens (Home *et al*. 2006: 123–124).

than the petals. Anthers dorsifixed. Style less than 2 lines long. Ovary with few ovules, gibbous at the base; ovules imbedded along the middle of the cavity. Stripes of the ovary very short, inserted near the upper end of the calyx-tube. Ripe fruit as yet unknown.

This showy species is dedicated to the gentleman, under whose auspices the important travels of Mr Goldie originated. It is closely allied to B. scandens (Willd. Sp. Plant. Ii. 508); the tendrils are shorted, the vestiture darker, the bracts narrower, the teeth of the calyx much smaller, the petals not roundish, nor with suddenly narrowed base, nor silky inside, the fertile stamens less elongated. Comparison of the fruit is needed.

The only other species, which among those known to me bears any close resemblance to ours, is one distributed under the name Phanera rufa Benth. From the Khasian collections of Drs. Hookers and Thomson; its leaves are larger and strongly nine-nerved, the tendrils are longer, the bracts broader, while the buds of the calyx are slightly acute not rounded-blunt.

I cannot carry further the comparisons, having not seen any well-developed flowers of the Khasian and Assam plant. The specific name of the latter cannot be maintained, in as much as a Brazilian species was described as B. rufa by Bongard (Memoir de I'Academ. Imper. Des Scienc. De St. Petersburg, ser. Vi. Vol. iv. 116).

B. piperifolia (Roxb. Flor. Ind. ii. 327) has the leaves more cleft at the summit, the flowers corymbose and on much longer pedicels, their indumenta paler, the ovary glabrous.

B. ferruginea (Roxb. Fl. Ind. ii. 331) differs in its leaves not quite glabrous, cleft at the base and summit and narrower, in the paler and scantier silk of the racemes, the larger flowers, the broader stigma and probably in other respects.

The foliage of B. Williamsii has considerable similarity to that of Barklya syringifolia (F. v. M. Fragm. Phytoger. Austral. i. 109, t. iii), which plant might readily be transferred to the tribe of Bauhinieae, more particularly as Oligostemon (Benth. Et. Hook. Gen. Pl. i. 570) among Cassieae has also the upper petal placed exteriorly.

COMBRETACEAE
COMBRETUM GOLDIEANUM

Leaves large, oval, almost blunt or but slightly acuminated, quite glabrous; spikes axillary, solitary, one-sided; flowers large; calyx imperfectly grey-silky, with 5 very short teeth; petals 5, silky-downy outside; stamens ten, long, crimson; anthers ellipsoid; young fruit slender, 5-anguled.

Near Port Morseby; Goldie.

Branchlets very soon glabrous, hardly angular or quite terete. Leaves opposite, 406 inches long, 2-3 inches broad, prominently ribbed, finely veined, minutely and transparently dotted. Petioles ½-1 inch long. Spikes on very short stalks, 2-4 inches long, with numerous flowers. Calyx at the time of flowering about ½ an inch long, above the ovary gradually dilated, the deciduous portion inside towards the middle silky-bearded. Petals oblong-lanceolar, scarcely exceeding one line in length. Filaments about ⅔ of an inch long. Anthers dark-red, ½ a line long. Style crimson, measuring nearly an inch in length. Ripe fruit as yet unknown.

The leaves of this elegant species are much like those of C. latifolium (Bl. BijDr 641), while the colour of the stamens is that of C. coccineum (Lam. Diction. i. p. 734) and the length of the filaments that of C. micropetalum (Cand. ProDr iii. 19).

Among red-flowered species this new one differs from C. coccineum already by broader leaves, not glabrous spikes, longer not suddenly campanulate calyx, smaller petals, longer stamens and not obcordate anthers; from C. grandiflorum (G. Don in Edinb. Phil. Journ. 1824, o. 347) in longer leafstalks, smaller and fugacious bracts, elongated spikes with smaller flowers, long exserted stamens, narrow not yellow anthers; from C. comosum (G. Don in the Transact. of the Linnean Society, xv. 433) in larger leaves, disposition of flowers, slender limb of calyx and smaller petals.

The only other combretaceous plant, as yet known from New Guinea, is Lumnitzera racemosa, Willdenow in den Verhanlungen der natur forschenden Freunde zu Berlin, iv. 186.

The flowers bring to our recollection both Metrosideros and Callistemon, whereas the very copious minute dots of the leaves point also to some affinity of Combretaceae to Myrtaceae.

About this time I took part in a native Kangaroo hunt. This hunt was no ordinary one. They hunt every day during the season in small parties, and it is a common thing every evening to see them returning to the village every man carrying from two to six Kangaroos. These Kangaroos are cut up singed and smoked on the hunting ground, where they are first collected together and hung on trees. They usually leave for hunting without tasting food, and eat nothing before feasting on the game they have killed. On leaving for a hunt, they all march in single file, each man carrying hunting spears and nets. They all march in silence and they would think it a sure sign of ill-luck should anyone speak to them while on a hunting expedition. The Motu people are the principal kangaroo hunters in the country as owing to the nature of their district, which is open and covered with grass, kangaroos are very abundant. In the interior there is only a small scrub kangaroo, which is of a different species, and by no means plentiful — but there are plenty of pigs, so the natives of the Interior, as likewise the Natives East of Cloudy Bay,[94] have pig hunting expeditions instead. To the west as far as Uiva the natives on the coast are kangaroo hunters.

Several hundred natives joined in the hunt I have referred to. The hunting ground chosen was on the other side of the Coast Range, about 4 miles from Port Moresby. It was a large circular amphitheatre about a mile in circumference surrounded by low steep ridges covered with short grass. A chain of nets fixed to stakes enclosed the circle.[95] Here and there gaps were left in the nets, and at them men were stationed. This large natural hollow was covered with long dry grass, excellent cover for the kangaroos, which were very numerous. A fire brand was placed in the bottom of the hollow and the dry grass burnt like tinder. During this time there was great excitement among the hunters each appearing to vie with the other, as to who could make the most noise, giving utterance to a peculiar sort of cry, which seems effectually to stupefy the kangaroos, who are trying their best to escape up the hill from the fire and smoke. But they cannot break through the chain of natives, who spear the most of them before they get to the nets. They throw the spear from a considerable distance, and with true aim, but their achievements are not to be compared to those of the Queensland natives, either in distance or aim. The produce of this hunt amounted to several hundreds. I have never joined the natives in another kangaroo hunt as an accident nearly occurred, which would have produced lamentable results to one of the natives and to myself. I was stationed a little way down the hill in front of the nets. A native was standing behind me. Suddenly a large kangaroo made towards us. I raised my gun, waiting till the animal should come within range. Just as I fired the native sprung forward spear in hand, and if a second sooner he would have been shot dead. As it was it chanced to be the kangaroo, but he was thoroughly frightened, and I was so likewise. I wanted that kangaroo badly for it was a remarkably fine one, but I thought it advisable to make him a present of it.

[Page missing]

and went to sleep all night under his arm. This night was a great contrast to the night

[94] Cloudy Bay is east of Hula and Cape Rodney.

[95] Anthony Musgrave forwarded a Motu wallaby net to Queensland Museum in 1885/86 but the example has not been located.

I had previously spent here. It was beautiful moonlight, and the scene was novel. The natives seemed as happy as mortals could be, and I even envied their flow of spirits. Rorotacha was the life and soul of the party. He had been three years with them, knew their language perfectly, and entered with spirit into all their wild pranks. Before retiring to rest he gathered them together, they sung a hymn in their own language composed by the Rev Mr Lawes, and he offered up a prayer. Some of these natives I am proud at the present moment to have as my personal friends. This night I had taken care to be provided with every comfort including mosquito curtains. The third day we built a grass hut about 12 feet square. Two days afterwards, Attwell who had been down with fever, Rorotacha and the natives returned home, and I was left only with Ou and Mea. Mea went home a few days afterwards, and I remained with Ou for several weeks, collecting objects of Natural History.

Here I came across Mucuna Benettii which was discovered on the banks of the Fly River about the same time by Sig. D'albertis.[96] Over this plant Sig D'albertis goes into raptures, and describes it "as one of the most gorgeous sights there is in the whole floral kingdom." He describes the red color of the flowers as similar to that of Methonica or Gloriosa and adds "that the plant grew in the greatest abundance on the banks of the Fly River" and "that to see the pendulous mass of such flowers covering the trees from the base to the summit even of the most lofty was one of the most beautiful sights to behold".[97]

My mosquito curtains were serviceable enough, but were quite useless to protect me from an unknown and unexpected enemy, which proved to be even a greater source of annoyance than the mosquito. This was a small insect invisible to the naked eye, which apparently came from the grass, and which covered my body in myriads, producing a fearful irritation and a mass of small pimples.[98] Night after night to escape this horror, I rambled about in the open, which no doubt was partly the cause of the severe attack of fever from which I suffered for months afterwards. I was soon laid prostrate and compelled to return for treatment to Port Moresby. But notwithstanding the kindness of the mission people I obtained no relief. A great part of the time I was delirious, and one night in particular I imagined I was buried alive. The mosquito curtain I thought was my shroud, and I commenced to make frantic efforts for liberty. I was afterwards moved to the mission house where I received the greatest attention from Mr and Mrs Lawes and the Rev Dr Turner and his wife.

All the Europeans are more or less affected with fever and each became the nurse of the others by turns.[99] Nothing further was done in the way of collecting, and on the 20 Oct, the mission vessel John Williams[100] arrived in the harbor. She brought fresh Teachers with the intention of placing them to the East, and intended to remove Dr and Mrs Turner to Kerepuna, but the idea had to be abandoned, and it was decided that all the party should return to Somerset. I had determined not to leave. I must have been mad. The effects of the mission were placed on board, and she was to sail on the Monday. On Saturday Capt.

96 D'Albertis, (1877: 4).

97 This may have been what is known as the d'Albertis creeper or *Mucuna novoguineensis*, synonym *M. albertisii*, a beautiful leguminous vine.

98 These would have been Sand Flies or Biting Midges. They are Phlebotomus, a genus in the Dipteran family Psychodidae.

99 The main cause of fever was malaria, a vector-borne infectious disease caused by protozoan parasites of the genus Plasmodium. There are also other prominent insect-borne diseases such as Murray Valley encephalitis and dengue fever.

100 *John Williams* was a 186-ton topsail schooner, the third of a series of four LMS vessels, the first in 1844 the last in 1893, named after the missionary John Williams (1796–1839) who was killed on Erromango Island. *John Williams* serviced the LMS's Pacific stations.

Turpie[101] came ashore with the boats' crew determined to take me by force. I hadn't much strength to resist, and was compelled to yield, and to this firm action of Capt. Turpie I no doubt owe my life.

MONTHS RECRUITING[102]
~~LIFE ON BOARD THE MISSION SHIP~~

In a few days we reached Somerset. Here we lay at anchor for nearly a month, waiting for the arrival of the mail steamer to take us to Sydney. Dr and Mrs Turner and myself intended to proceed there as soon as possible, as it was absolutely necessary for the recovery of Mrs Turner, who was very sick, and for my recovery likewise that we should have a change of air without delay. But alas Mrs Turner never reached Sydney. She died on board the vessel very unexpectedly and it was a very sorrowful day when we laid her remains in the little churchyard at Albany Island.[103] Her whole heart was in mission work, and it is much to be regretted that her constitution was not equal to the trying climate and the arduous duties of the New Guinea mission field.

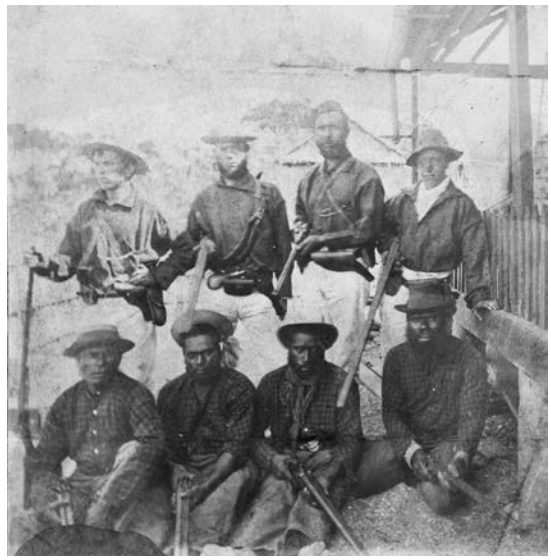

FIG. 1. The Goldie Expedition 1877. Goldie is second from the right at the back. Jimmy Caledonie is sitting, first from the left. The other Europeans are Alexander Morton, William Blunden & James Shaw. Courtesy of the State Library of New South Wales.

While here Sig. D'Albertis arrived in the steam launch Neva[104] from the Fly River. He had left Somerset about the same time as I did, so he had been away about six months. The little Neva was quite a curiosity. She was perfectly filled with plants, and animals and birds,

[101] Roger Turpie (1829–1901) was born in Berrynabor, Devon, England, and worked for the LMS for 38 years. He was appointed 1st Mate on the first *John Williams* in 1856 and arrived in Australia on that vessel in January 1857. In 1864, when the schooner was wrecked at Puka-Puka, Tuamotu Archipelago, he sailed to Samoa in an open boat to seek help. When the second *John Williams* was wrecked at Niue in 1866, he again made it to Samoa in an open boat. In 1872, he took charge of the third *John Williams*, commanding it without serious mishap for 20 years. Turpie often spoke at public meetings to promote the work of the LMS, touring the UK for the Society in 1893. In 1894, he returned to Sydney to take command of the steamer *John Williams*, the last vessel of that name, but poor health forced his retirement the same year. He died in England on 17 January 1901 (SMH, 22 Feb. 1901).

[102] Here Goldie uses 'recruiting' in the sense of 'to recruit one's health'.

[103] Mary Turner was buried on 12 November 1876. Her death intensified the ill-feeling that existed between McFarlane and Lawes and caused a scandal that reverberated through LMS circles. Mary was pregnant and dangerously ill with malaria when *John Williams* reached Somerset. Turner and Lawes wanted her taken to a room in the mission house but McFarlane could only offer her a shared bed with Miss Watkins, the governess. This was less comfortable than the Turner cabin, so McFarlane's meagre hospitality was refused. The child was born six weeks premature and Mary subsequently died. Lawes put her death down to 'the apparent want of kindness & sympathy from the mission family on shore'. McFarlane responded that the Turners had refused his hospitality and that perhaps Dr Turner, whom he sometimes referred to as the 'boy doctor', had been too liberal with the laudanum (tincture of opium) bottle (Lawes, 1876–1878; Turner, 1876; McFarlane: 1877).

[104] *Neva* was a 15.8 m, flat-bottomed screw steamer, that even fully loaded drew only 1.2 m. It had a zinc canopy, but no deck or cabin. There was a wooden partition at the engine that served as a store and sleeping place for d'Albertis and the other Europeans. The crew slept around the engine and boiler. Neva was loaned to d'Albertis by the New South Wales government (Goode, 1977: 161).

and human skulls, and specimens were lying about in every direction without the least attempt at arrangement. His large collection was transferred to the mail steamer and he and Dr Turner were my fellow passengers to Sydney. I remained in Sydney under medical treatment for about a month, without getting any better, and then left for a three months tour round New Zealand, visiting all the principal ports.[105] While in Dunedin, I consulted Dr Bachelor. I told him I had been in New Guinea, and I wished to have his opinion about my health. I was going back to New Guinea, no matter what his opinion was, and I would give him eight days to cure me. I had been told by one of the first Doctors in Sydney that my lungs were affected. After examining me he said "You may go, but you ought not". He said there was nothing wrong with my lungs, and he would undertake to cure the fever and ague. And in eight days I was another man. In three months I returned to Sydney and made preparations for a fresh start.

I first engaged 3 European assistants. They were only boys void of any experience and one Kanaka, telegraphing to Brisbane for two more Kanakas to join me there.[106] I likewise purchased stores, trade, fire arms and a general fit out for all hands which cost me over a thousand pounds. I left Sydney in the mail steamer Normandy in May 1877, and the two Kanakas duly joined me at Brisbane. We were now seven in all. We arrived at Somerset, unfortunately late in the afternoon, and landed about 11 o'clock on Saturday night, quite in ignorance of where we could find shelter for the night. Uninvited we took shelter under the storekeeper's verandah from the pelting rain, and although ordered off by the proprietor, we simply declined to go, and remained there till the morning, as we knew of no other shelter. The Lockup before this time had succumbed to stress of weather! And the Police Barracks had been removed to Thursday Island. Next morning we found the Storekeeper, and the Storekeeper's assistant, not in the best of tempers and he flatly refused to open the store and supply us with the necessaries. They knew that I had plenty of stores but unfortunately they were on board the lighter, and not to be obtained. It was a fearful rain, there were only a few houses in the settlement, so we didn't care to venture out in the rain to beg, and we had to bear the pangs of hunger as we best could till late in the afternoon, when Mr Chester the Police Magistrate having heard of our position came to the rescue, and provided us with a comfortable house. Better than all, he invited me to dinner, and my party at the same time were hospitably entertained by Mr Somers,[107] a pearl fisher, on board his vessel.

The next day I purchased the "Explorer"—— a little vessel of about 9 tons, 40 feet in length by about 9 feet beam, decked over and lugger rigged. It was raining in torrents and we could do nothing but sit in our house and look at it. The day after we placed our stores on board the Explorer, and it required no little ingenuity to get them all on board. We opened some boxes, and packed their contents in every available corner, until at last the vessel was loaded fore and aft right up to the hatches. In her little cabin, there was half a ton of biscuits and many other packages besides. The only entrance to the cabin which was about 7 feet long, and of varying width, as the vessel was whaleboat built, was by a scuttle about eighteen inches square, and when inside, sitting on the cabin

[105] Goldie's brothers William and James both settled in New Zealand.

[106] Other evidence suggests that these men were from Mare Island in the Loyalty Group.

[107] Frank Summers' station was at Bedanug (Possession Island), about 20 km from Somerset (this was where James Cook landed on 22 August 1770 to claim the east coast of Australia for Britain). At this time, Summers worked eight boats, seven of them with diving apparatus, and employed about 80 men. A shipwright by trade, he commenced pearl-shelling in May 1873, established the Possession Island station in June 1875, and in the early 1880s was manager of the Queensland Pearl Co.'s Wai-Weer station. In 1908 he was master of the Thursday Island hulk C.H. Watjen (Chester, 1878d; Chester, 1879a; Mackay,1908: 73–80).

floor, our heads touched the beam! [108] But at this time it was so full that we couldn't even sit, and no more than two of us could crawl in when off duty, and lie down among the stores.

We now left for a cruise in Torres Straits, and it soon dawned on me how unfit we were to go to sea. The vessel was staunch and good, but I soon found there wasn't a single seaman among my crew. I myself at that time couldn't box the compass, and a chart was a perfect pussle [*sic*] to me. The European I had engaged to act as mate, under my orders, whom I was told held a certificate as such, I soon found knew nothing of seamanship. It was with great difficulty that he got the vessel under weigh, but when once we got out we ran before a fair breeze to Possession Island distant from Somerset about fourteen miles, where we intended to visit one of the pearl fishing stations. We were running in towards the beach before the wind. He lowered away the foresail all right but gave orders to let go of the anchor while mainsail and jib was set, without luffing up. The anchor brought her up with a jerk, and happily held; if the chain had broken or anything given way, we should have been wrecked. After this incident I took charge myself. I now found it necessary to engage another Kanaka, named Jimmy Caledonie, who was a good rough seaman and who was well known to me having been engaged on board the mission steamer.[109]

During our cruise among the Islands I made a very valuable collection of plants. Among these were 3 very fine orchids, one (Dendrobium Bigibum) of a well known but very rare species, one (Dendrobium Bigibum album)[110] new, and exceedingly rare, as only three plants have yet been found in the islands — as its name implies a beautiful white hybrid — the other was also new, and has been described as follows…"

[rest of page blank][111]

These orchids are principally confined to the Prince of Wales Group of Islands. These islands are very rocky and barren, but very favourable for the growth of these beautiful orchids. Sometimes they were to be found under the shade of bushes with their roots embedded in the coral formation, at other times twining around the limbs of trees, with their beautiful blooms hanging in great profusion. They are in bloom during May and June. During the cruise we had some pretty rough weather, which increased our skill in handling the vessel, and when we got back to Somerset we found the mission lugger Myra about to start for New Guinea, and decided to sail in company.[112]

[108] 'Whaleboat built' suggests *Explorer* was double-ended and perhaps clinker-built. Mainsail on the aft mast usually means schooner-rigged, but sketches of *Explorer* depict it as a ketch.

[109] Jimmy Caledonie was a sailor from Mare in the Loyalty Islands who reputedly had experience on the New Caledonian, New Zealand and Australian goldfields. He claimed to have been with the famous prospector James Venture Mulligan on the Hodgkinson, but Mulligan denied this. Jimmy was employed by Thorngren at Yule Island in 1875 and after Thorngren's death joined *Ellengowan*. He frequently was employed as a guide and translator, and in 1878 was sent ashore at Brooker Island to negotiate the surrender of Torres Strait Islanders who had mutinied at Redlich's station. At least one of them, Billy, had worked with Jimmy at Yule Island. He was interpreter for Lt. de Hoghton of HMS *Beagle* after the 1879 attack on the *Pride of Logan* at Cloudy Bay. On that occasion the press described him as 'the well known New Guinea and Torres Strait pilot'. Jimmy Caledonie died of consumption on 31 March 1882 at Badu, Torres Strait (BC, 16 Mar. 1878; BC, 26 Mar. 1878; BC, 2 Jan. 1880; Shnukal, 1998: 38).

[110] A Dr Thomson was the first to collect *Dendrobium bigibbum*, in 1852 at Mount Adolphus (Morilag), an island in Torres Strait just north of Cape York.

[111] Goldie's party also collected and sent off 'skulls and skeletons' from Torres Strait to the Australian Museum and it is tempting to speculate that this gap in the text occurs because Goldie is uncertain about drawing attention to this aspect of his collecting (TM, 24 Mar. 1885; Goldie, 1877a).

[112] The correct spelling is *Mayri*. McFarlane acquired it in controversial circumstances after Thorngren's death at Yule Island in 1875. He then sold the vessel to the LMS for £200 (Mullins, 1995: 126).

FIRST TRIP IN THE EXPLORER

We left accordingly on ~~14th~~ July (1877), and reached Murray Island on the 8th, where we remained for a week. While lying here one night, we dragged an anchor about midnight, and were driven out to sea. We were rather in a fix as our sails happened to be ashore getting repaired. But we sent the dingy ashore to fetch the sails and having obtained them, beat back to the anchorage. A similar incident happened to us again since Murray Island is an extremely bad anchorage with strong currents. On the 14th we left, and passed outside the barrier reef through Flinder's passage. It was blowing pretty stiff, and our foresail was carried away. As we made leeway while repairing this injury, we found on attempting to sail our course, which was close hauled, that we had considerable difficulty. Passed the Portlock Reefs about three miles to windward just before dark. This was supposed to be the only obstruction in the way between the Barrier Reef and the Coast of New Guinea. We had a miserable night of it, very rough with seas breaking over us, and no where to sleep except on deck. I tried to get asleep the first watch after clearing the reef, by crawling into the cabin, and stretching myself on the top of the stores, but as the scuttle was closed it was like trying to sleep in a Turkish Bath. About midnight I was on deck, when one of the boys sung out "A reef close on lee bow". The vessel was immediately put about, and then I had time to realise the danger. Quite close to us was a round rock with the sea dashing over it! One minute later in wearing ship, and nothing more would have been heard of the Explorer or crew. This rock is not given on the Chart. We were thankful when daylight came but had great difficulty in cooking, as our substitute for a galley consisted of an old nail can placed in a bag full of sand! Just before dark we sighted land, and steered towards it all night. As dawn broke we could see that the land observed by us the previous night was the noble peak of Mount Yule, and away to the South East we could see the Owen Stanley range[113] stretching away with its peaks towering above the clouds. We stood well in to what is now known as Miva Bay, but at that time, we didn't know exactly where we were. We knew we were in some part of New Guinea and that was all, and it was only when we beat up close to Yule Island, that I recognised the cliff where Dr James's house, and that of the mission teacher, once stood. We had light head winds and tried to make the passage leading into Hall sound before dark, but failed owing to the heavy current set in the northwest. I was extremely anxious to visit Yule Island, as Jimmy Caledonie had been left there with the teacher, when the Myra and the rest of the Kanaka crew cleared out at the time Dr James was murdered. Dr James was murdered while visiting the mainland at the mouth of the Ethel River, and the natives of Yule Island had protected the teacher and Jimmy Caledonie at great risk. I was therefore very desirous to visit that Island, and recompense the natives for their noble action. I did not succeed in landing on the Island at this time, but I have since visited them, and shown my appreciation of their conduct.

Next morning we reached Redscar Bay. The sea was as smooth as a mill pond, and the sharks so plentiful, and they came so close, that we amused ourselves trying to bayonet them! We longed all day for a breeze to spring up as we found the heat of the sun, having no shade, to be almost unbearable! To our great relief in the evening a land breeze sprang up, giving us a leading wind, and we slowly crawled along the coast. At day break we were off Redscar Hill 30 miles to the west of Port Moresby and I sighted our consort the Myra for the first

[113] The Owen Stanley Range was used as a navigation aid. The range begins at Mt. Victoria and proceeds 153 km southeast, and then turns northeast for about 32 km to Mt. Suckling (3421 m) inland from Patumata Point in the Aroma district. The mountains are visible during clear weather for up to 145 km, although as they approach the coast they are not so clearly identifiable (PIP, Vol.1, 1970: 97–98).

time since leaving Murray Island about 2 miles ahead. They were lying becalmed, while we had a leading wind. We were fast overhauling them when all at once we lost the wind, and the Myra got it, and bore away. We reached the mouth of Port Moresby harbor, however, before dark, but then we were again becalmed, and did not get to anchorage till late at night. Here we made the acquaintance for the first time of the "Pride of the Logan" a bêche de mer schooner of which more anon.[114]

Next morning we landed, and ~~were~~ received a very hearty welcome from my friends the Motu people, who ~~ran~~ clustered round shouting out "Missy Goldie, Kuku lasi"? (Mr Goldie, have you got any tobacco). I likewise received a most hearty welcome from my old friend Rua,[115] and was glad to meet Mr Lawes, who had come over with the Myra from Murray Island, on old and well known ground. Mr Lawes kindly placed at my disposal the Rev Dr Turner's house and we were engaged till the 24th in getting our stores ashore, and putting our quarters in order.

On the 25th I started for the Laloki, with Morton and Blunden,[116] (~~the two Europeans~~), ~~and~~ my two assistants, and 12 ~~Kanakas~~ Natives, who were heavily loaded, but we had quite enough to do to keep up with them although we only had our guns. They are splendid carriers. We camped on the banks of the river about noon, and I dismissed the natives. Next morning I went out shooting and came on a flock of Paradisea raggiana,[117] disporting themselves on the limbs of an exceedingly high tree. The male birds were hopping from limb to limb with their beautiful plumes expanded at full stretch. My gun could not carry the distance, so I was unable to bring any of them down, although I fired 7 times. I have always found these birds fond of particular trees, usually very high — from 200 to 300 feet, and they are in the habit of congregating in the mornings on these trees near the river banks regularly for play. They are rarely to be found in flocks on the banks of the Laloki. In the mountain ranges, they choose trees situated on the top of the steepest spurs, and it is thus extremely difficult to find the bird even if it is shot, as they generally fall into the deep gorges below.

After seeing the flock of *Paradisea raggiana*, I treated every other bird with contempt, and returned to camp, only having shot a beautiful small fly catcher, with red at root of the tail (——) and returned that evening to Port Moresby, leaving Morton and Blunden to collect for a month, while I went on a cruise [*sic*].

COASTING CRUIZE [*SIC*] AND INLAND TRIPS

We left (July 28) with the intention of proceeding to Kerepuna but only reached Tusomalai,[118] a large Motu village built entirely on piles in the sea, situated about 14 miles from Port Moresby to the east of Bootless Inlet. We had great difficulty getting the vessel anchored, owing

[114] *Pride of Logan* was a 22-ton fore-and-aft schooner built in 1872 on the Logan River, near Brisbane. It went through many hands until purchased in 1877 by the Cooktown merchant J.W. Bolles. Bolles put Henry Blakesley in charge and sent the vessel to the New Guinea coast. After an adventurous career in North Queensland and New Guinea it was totally wrecked at Madge Bay, New Guinea, in April 1887 (McLeod, 2002: 10, 31).

[115] Short for Ruatoka.

[116] In 1877, the Australian Museum in Sydney arranged for Alexander Morton and William Blunden to accompany Goldie. The other European in the party was James Shaw. Goldie generally downplayed the role of his companions on this expedition. He had an agreement with the Australian Museum whereby specimens collected by Morton and Blunden would be divided equally between himself and the Museum and he would receive £15 for his trouble. Goldie was the expedition leader, but Morton and Blunden were not his 'assistants' (Goldie & Ramsay, 1877).

[117] *Paradisea raggiana*, or the Marquis De Raggis' Bird of Paradise is found in southeast New Guinea, mainly along the south coast. The female is a rather drab maroon-brown colour, while the male has a yellow crown and collar, a dark emerald-green throat, long black tail wires and splendid ornamental plumes of red to orange, depending on the subspecies. The male appears on the Papua New Guinea Coat of Arms (Elliot, 1988).

[118] Tubusereia village, east of Port Moresby.

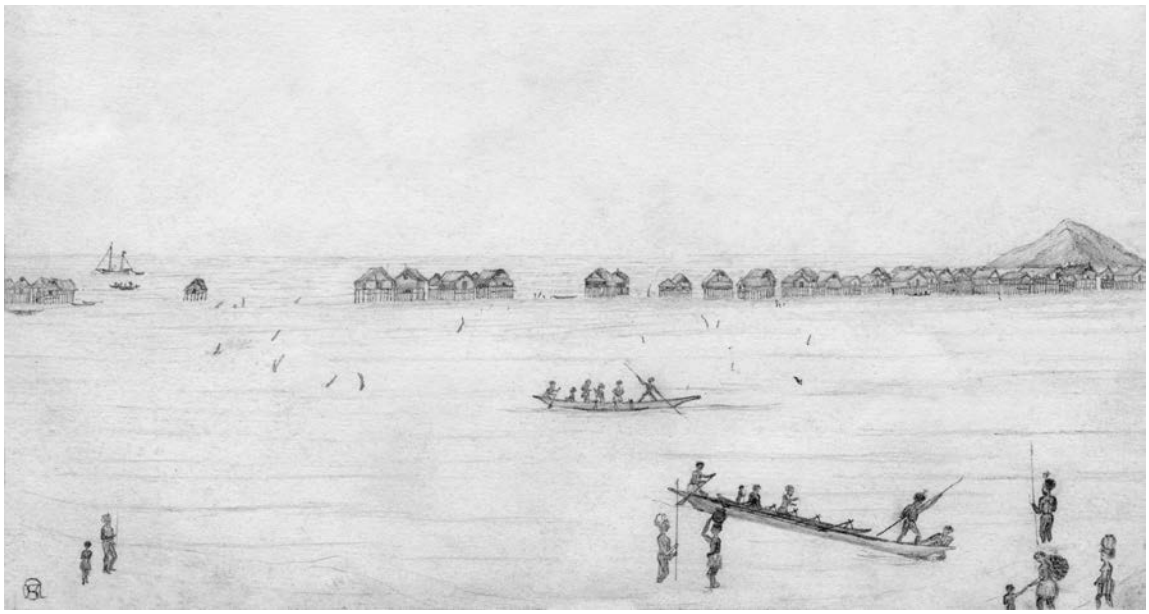

FIG. 2. Village built on piles in the sea about 20 miles east of Port Moresby. James Shaw, 1877. Courtesy of the Royal Geographical Society.

to [a] narrow intricate passage, but once inside we found a snug and safe anchorage, alongside and close to the houses. Discovered about a mile west of the village a large and commodious harbour. Two teachers were located here (at Tusomalai) and their house was the only one built ashore. Both the teachers and their families were sick, and hadn't even the necessaries of life, with the exception of yams and taros. They had neither tea nor sugar, both of which we supplied to them. Here I arranged for ten natives to accompany me on an inland journey to Mount Astrolabe as carriers. At this time I had great difficulty in communicating with the natives, owing to my imperfect acquaintance with their language, and when I went ashore in the morning, instead of finding only ten, I found over a hundred, all armed with spears. I was quite at a loss to know the meaning of this extraordinary muster, who clustered around the dingy, dragging the whole of its contents out on the beach. There was a perfect babel of tongues, and when the teacher arrived to try and explain matters, I was as wise as ever, for he couldn't speak a word of English, and his language —— was as great a puzzle to me as Motu! I tried to make them understand that I wanted no more than ten, but was unsuccessful in reducing the number below fifty, with which I made a start. After going about a mile they gradually fell off, till only 24 were left. I had three kanakas along with me and young Shaw,[119] and we were compelled to march single file on the narrow track. I interspersed them among the natives, and brought up the rear myself.

We marched for a few miles through open stony undulating country along the banks of a small river, crossing it several times. When we had proceeded some distance, the natives struck work, sitting down and flatly refusing

[119] James Shaw, the son of a Sydney medical doctor, was an adventurer and artist. After leaving Goldie he became secretary to William Bairstow Ingham and was one of the survivors of the 1878 massacre of Ingham's party at Brooker Island. He also went as photographer on the 1885 Royal Geographical Expedition to New Guinea (Moore 1992; ATCJ, 1 Feb. 1879).

to proceed further. They tried to make me understand, gesticulating and pointing to the Astrolabe Mountains, that the people up there would kill us. After a good deal of urging and encouragement they were persuaded to accompany us about 8 miles to the base of the Astrolabe Mountains, which rise very abruptly. A few of the more faint hearted had dropped off by the way, without payment, and at the last only 15 were left. During the last few miles the country got so broken and rough, that we had to take to the bed of the river, wading sometimes up to the waist. We formed a camp in a deep gorge in a bend of the river, near to an inland deserted village. The natives as they dropped their loads were off to their houses double quick. The next day, one of my kanakas, who had gone out to shoot, returned in a great state of excitement, informing me that about one mile below us in the bed of the river, over 100 natives were congregated, armed and evidently holding a council of war. Another man came in shortly afterwards and confirmed this intelligence. Not knowing the meaning of this, we spent rather an anxious time of it, all keeping a strict watch during the night, with loaded rifles at hand. There was a belt of tall grass very near, filled with kangaroo, and we would often spring up imagining that the kangaroos were natives crawling down on us. But we saw no more of them, and they had evidently decided to let us alone.

Unfortunately I had become lame from an [injury] to my foot, and was unable to ascend Mount Astrolabe. Shaw and one of the Kanakas however reported having reached the top, after great difficulty, climbing precipices in some places, by the aid of vines. They found villages built in almost impregnable places on the face of cliffs, and the country so rough, that they were of opinion that it would be a waste of time to remain here collecting. Nothing of interest was found here except a small parrot (*Trichoglossus subplacens*).[120] This bird congregates in flocks, and in this instance they were busily seeking the honey from the beautiful scarlet blossoms of a large Erythrina[121] tree. The natives in this mountain region do not bury their dead. They lay them out to dry on raised platforms fenced round and exposed to the sun. When nothing remains except the bones these are rolled up in palm leaves, and hung up in the roof inside of the house of the deceased, which is left deserted, and this custom accounts for the many deserted villages to be found in the interior. I observed here large plantations principally yams and taros, with large houses, used for the storage of yams, and containing tons of that useful tuber. A few women were busy in the plantations, but no sooner did they see us, than they fled in great terror. We were the first Europeans who had visited that locality. As we were not likely to be very successful collecting here, we summoned our native carriers from the coast, and returned to Tusamalai.

We found in getting back, that there were a great many strangers from the interior on the beach opposite the village. They were having a feast with the Tusamalai people, but it ended in a quarrel, and spears were used, a few on both sides being wounded.

From here we ran down to Redscar Bay, and anchored with a very heavy roll setting in. Having landed with great difficulty through the heavy surf, we only found a narrow track of sand along the beach and inside a vast mangrove swamp. We put off to the vessel again, and got under weigh with the intention of running up the Manu Manu River, but here

[120] Goldie may mean the Rainbow Lorikeet (*Trichoglossus haematodus*), a species of the Australasian parrot, found widely in Australia, Indonesia, New Guinea and the neighbouring Pacific Islands.

[121] Erythrina is a genus of tropical and subtropical flowering trees in the Family Fabaceae. They grow up to 30 m high and are often called Flame or Coral Trees because of their bright red flowers and the branch shape that can resemble coral.

found such a heavy break on the bar that I was deterred from entering. We beat out again, but couldn't get to an anchorage before dark, so were compelled to stand by all night. After dark the clouds thickened all round, and the rain came down in heavy squalls. It was an awful night, every sea breaking over us, but the little vessel behaved admirably, and we were exceedingly glad when day light appeared. Redscar Bay is not protected by the barrier reef, which ends at Aplin Island. In the morning we worked to windward and anchored at Boiera — a very large Motu village — built on the beach, and were hospitably entertained by Peera the Roratonga teacher.[122] Here they manufacture pottery as in Port Moresby, and go annually to the westward sometimes as far as a hundred & fifty miles to exchange it with the black Papuans for sago.

Behind the village, the soil seems poor, and the country is broken and very stony. We engaged 8 natives, Peera accompanying us, and went inland about 15 miles, passing through tracts of very flat, stony, dry, poor country, with abundance of grass and kangaroo, and camping near large lagoons, abounding with white cranes and ducks and also flocks of a species of Parra. It was interesting to watch these Paras [*sic*], hopping and fluttering among the aquatic plants on the surface of the water.

We had only been camped here a couple of days when an unfortunate accident occurred which put an end to our work. Shaw was engaged loading the second barrel of his gun, when the first barrel unfortunately went off, and carried away a part of his thumb. We had no medical appliances beyond damp cloths and were therefore obliged to return to the village, and thereafter to Port Moresby as soon as possible. With only the use of damp cloths and carbolic spirit the wound speedily healed.

FIRST TRIP TO MONIKEILI[123]

On returning to Port Moresby, I lost no time in visiting Morton and Blunden at the camp, and found they had collected in my absence 200 skins. We relieved them for a few days, and then returned to port and started (Aug 27) on my first trip to Monikeili, along with Mr Lawes, taking Rua the teacher, three kanakas and nine natives of Anapata. One of them was a woman, and the best man in the crowd. To take women with you is a sign of peace. We struck the river Laloki about 8 miles further up than I had done previously. It narrows here, and is confined within extremely high and steep banks. We were fording the river when we observed a flock of Goura,[124] on a small island near, which put us all in a great state of excitement. We only got one of them, which fell to Mr Lawes. After crossing the river our track led through a large flat of rich alluvial land, and passing through some broken stony country we reached the deserted village of Momari on the creek of that name. It was while camped here that Jimmy Caledonie found the first quartz specimen containing gold. Our camp here consisted of a single tent 8 by 6 pitched between two trees and Mr Lawes and I had each a hammock, which we slung the one above the other. My ~~Kanakas~~ followers, as many as could get inside, slept below our hammocks, the rest of them in dried grass round a huge

[122] Peri and his wife were among the second contingent of teachers who arrived in 1872. After surviving Redscar Bay he was transferred to Port Moresby. Chester maintained he was the best known teacher on the southeast coast partly because he had introduced the sweet potato to the region. Although the sweet potato, which originated in tropical America, probably arrived in New Guinea from the Indonesian archipelago or the Philippines in the 17th Century, it was not introduced to some coastal parts in the southeast until the 1870s. Moreover, Peri took part in the Boera people's annual trading voyages, so there may have been some truth in the sweet potato story. Peri was still working at Boera near Port Moresby in 1888. For a photograph of Peri see Chapter 1: 3 (Chester 1878a; ARBNG, 1888: 20; Bourke, 2001: 224).

[123] This usually is spelt Munikahila.

[124] Goura is the genus for three species of crowned pigeons, the largest members of the pigeon family. They are native to New Guinea and some of the surrounding islands.

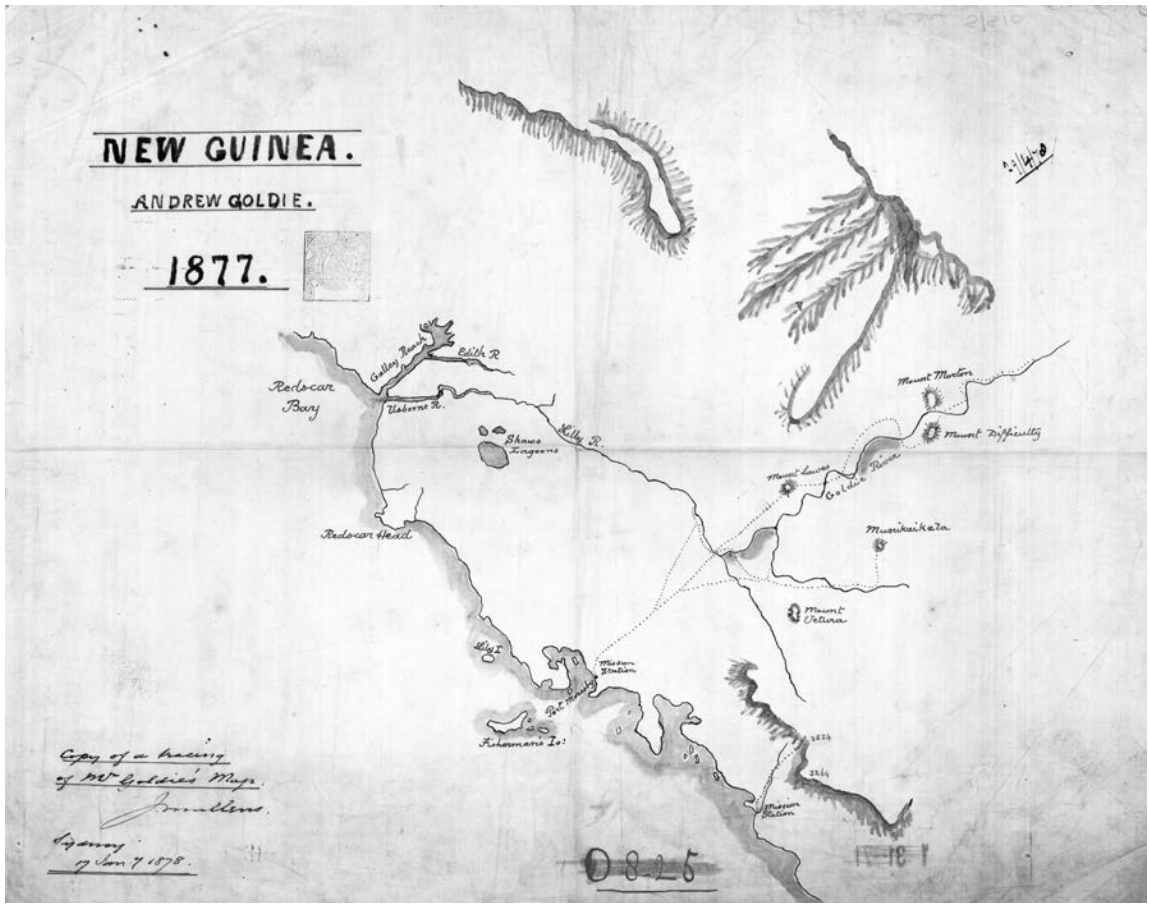

FIG. 3. New Guinea. Andrew Goldie. 1877. Copy of a map tracing Goldie's 1877 inland expeditions. Courtesy Royal Geographical Society.

fire. In the evenings, the natives were full of fun, and were continually laughing and joking. We had also the usual services and spent [our time] in a most pleasant manner.

We pursued our journey round the base of the Vitura Range wading a great deal in Momari creek. We were delayed sometime owing to a dispute having arisen among the natives, as to which was the right track, so little were they acquainted with the interior. I was following the bed of a dry mountain creek leading through a wild gorge, ~~only accompanied by~~ at some distance ahead of the party, when turning a sudden bend, I unexpectedly found myself face to face with three mountain natives. They were seized with great terror. The two furthest away made off into the bush, as fast as their legs could carry them, but the third man was too near and frightened to run. He commenced to jabber away at a great rate, until someone shouted out the name of Mr Lawes, which seemed to reassure him immediately, but he still continued his oratory and made signs for us to pass, which we did and when the last of the party had passed, he made off into the bush. And now the toilsome part of the journey commenced. We ascended a steep mountain spur, with few tees, and in the full glare of the tropical sun. The ground was exceedingly slippery, and

FIG. 4. Houses in the trees at the foot of Mount Vitura, South East Coast of New Guinea. James Shaw, 1877. Courtesy of the Royal Geographical Society.

for every step forward we slipped back half the distance. As we approached the top of the mountain two natives came down to meet us and welcome Mr Lawes. They had visited him at Port Moresby, and he was well known to them. They visit the Port[125] annually for salt and sago, which they obtain for betel nuts. They took us to a small village, built on the top of a very steep spur, sloping like the roof of a house rounded on the top, but so narrow that there is only room for one row of houses along the top. We rested here an hour and enjoyed a fine view of the country. The Owen Stanley range was entirely hidden in the clouds. It seemed from the position in which we were standing that we were about on a level with Mount Vitura which stood like a great dome between us and the coast. In every direction round us lay mountains and mountain gorges, covered with dense bush, with great bare cliffs with streams of clear water running down them. The bush was alive with flocks of red and green parrots and white cockatoos. The women in the village were all very much afraid of us, this being only the second visit of Europeans — the first having been made by Mr Lawes when with his usual courtesy he accompanied Mr Stone a year previously as his safeguard, Mr Lawes' name being sufficient as a passport. I made friends with the women by offering them a small piece of tobacco, but even then they were so shy that they would not even look at me, casting down their eyes while receiving it. The houses here are not so large as the Motu houses. They are built on piles but have a lower platform open in the front and they have a second platform in the eaves. They have a light appearance and are well built. The floor is composed of the stems of palm leaves, tightly laced together and artistically arranged. This makes a very neat and substantial flooring, quite flexible and about an inch thick. A few houses are built in trees about 60 feet high, with ladders which the occupants pull up after them, and these are used as houses of refuge when the village is attacked.

We had still 4 or 5 miles to traverse before reaching Moneikeili proper. The track led along the top of steep mountain spurs with deep gorges on either side, often descending to the bottom of these, only to reascend again. A native went ahead of us shouting "Misi Law Misi law".[126] He was warning his countrymen of the arrival of Mr Lawes and thus the intelligence was carried from mountain to mountain. The natives who accompanied us showed fear as they approached the large village. Arn and Poi the Anipati chiefs fell

[125] When Port is used with a capital 'P', Goldie refers to Port Moresby.

[126] 'Master Lawes, Master Lawes.'

behind Mr Lawes and myself, and enquired anxiously if our guns were loaded. We entered the village first, and found the men collected together and seated quietly on a knoll. They did not rise to meet us, but remained seated. Every man had spears and clubs lying by his side and in every house we could see war implements ready for immediate use. Without any greeting we quickly took our seats beside them and laid our guns on the ground. Here we remained till the rest of our party came up. We did not know very well what to make of this quiet reception, so different from the usual demonstrative style of the natives, but at last betel was passed round, which is a token of friendship. We could not speak to them as we were unacquainted with their language. After sitting some time, our followers arrived and we decided to pitch tents at once as we felt the cold very much after the fatigue of the day. We camped under the frame of an old house and in spite of noise all round I soon slept. The natives themselves did not sleep in their village but in the bush as they informed us, through interpreters, that in case they were attacked during the night, the enemy would only find the houses but not the inhabitants. A few young women occupied a house in a tree right above us, and they kept singing a chant over a dead man all the night, which interfered somewhat with our slumbers. At daybreak crowds of natives arrived from the vicinity with loads of taros which they sold to us freely for small pinches of salt. After breakfast we got native guides and went out for a day's shooting and were very unsuccessful owing to the difficult nature of the country, the spurs being so steep that it was with the greatest difficulty we could retain our footing. These steep mountain spurs are densely covered with vegetation and the soil is very rich. The extensive network of roots prevents it from being washed away, and native food, sugar-cane, yams, taro, and bananas, grows in abundance. There are numerous large mango trees which in the season are loaded with luscious fruit. The natives here hunt principally for wild pigs which are very numerous in the mountain gorges, but in the season they go down into the plains kangaroo hunting. They have a great craving for salt and this is the best trade to take into the interior. They ate the small quantities we gave them greedily licking it off the palms of the hand, and when we used to boil salt beef it was a great treat for them to get the water to drink. They likewise grow tobacco here, drying the leaf, and hang it from the ceilings or rafters of their rooms.

They cook their food in earthenware vessels which they get from the Motu people. The greater part of their food such as yams and bananas, they roast. The succulent soft bananas preferred by Europeans are not valued so much by the natives. They prefer a hard species which is only adapted for cooking. They obtain fish from the rivers by catching them in small nets. The women tatoo [*sic*] their bodies but this fashion is not followed by the men.

We returned by another route camping on our way back at the deserted village on the Momari creek, our object in taking a different route being to get on to hunting ground, lower down the river where the Goura pigeon abounded. Here we struck for the first time the river now known as the Goldie,[127] which we supposed to be a bend of the Laloki, though the way it ran was a puzzle to us. At this season the rivers were extremely low and we had no difficulty in fording. Early in the afternoon we camped on the banks of the Laloki and by evening had obtained no less than eight Goura pigeons, which kept us employed, by the light of a fire, skinning them, till late at night. The natives spent the whole night dancing and rejoicing as they were approaching home, and loaded with betel nuts and taro. On this trip I procured for the first time a large bittern.

[127] Goldie River runs behind Port Moresby, entering the sea to the west at Galley Reach opposite Manumanu.

Birds were difficult to find owing to the dense vegetation, and they were scarce. I was very anxious to procure some Birds of Paradise, but I was unsuccessful. There were no plants suitable for my purpose, but to the botanist or scientist a great field is here.[128]

MORE INLAND WORK

On 13 Sept, accompanied by 20 natives as carriers, we again left for the Laloki, where we remained a month collecting. We obtained a large collection of birds, of over 100 species, including a good many Goura pigeons, and several specimens of full plumed Paradisea raggiana. On the 27th I visited Port and was informed by the teacher that the natives of the interior intended to murder my party during my absence. I immediately returned to camp, and caused a strict watch to be kept for several nights, without being molested. One night about 2 a.m. my dog commenced to bark furiously, and we found that the natives were close up to the camp, but not in great numbers. When they heard us, they made off in great haste plunging into the river, and swimming across. A few nights later when I was absent they made another attempt. This time one of my Kanakas nearly took a prisoner, but he escaped across the river as before. This attempt was likewise made about 2 o'clock in the morning. Nothing further occurred here. Among the birds obtained were the following.

[rest of page blank]

BIRDS OF PARADISE (*PARADISEA RAGGIANA*)

I have often come across flocks of young birds. The first year the males are not distinguished from full grown females without dissecting. I believe they commence to change the second year. I have shot birds with a slight tinge of green on the neck and the yellow commencing to appear on the head. I have likewise got them in a stage further advanced with all the yellow and green but without any indication of plumes. I have got them with the yellow and green in the moulting stage and young plumes growing, and I have had full grown birds, perfect with the exception of plumes. I believe that as a rule they cast their plumes at the beginning of the wet season, though I have obtained birds at all stages in all seasons. There must be great quantities of these birds in New Guinea, as the natives kill great numbers to obtain the plumes, which they use as head-dresses.[129]

On 26 Oct ~~we~~ I started for Monikeili, accompanied by Rev McFarlane and the Rev. Mr Chalmers.[130] [The] latter had only arrived in New Guinea for the first time a few days previously. Rua the teacher and three other Loyalty Island teachers, who had just arrived, were also of the party, and half a dozen Port Moresby natives. Our intention at leaving was only to visit my shooting camp, which we reached early in the forenoon, but after resting for an hour or two, Mr Chalmers proposed that we should go on to Monikeili. But our natives struck work. We had not arranged on leaving Port Moresby to go to Monikeili, and they would not go — though some of them had been there with me before. After a good

[128] Goldie was looking for plants that would appeal to the commercial nursery market. He was especially interested in new species of palms and orchids.

[129] There is a bird of paradise headdress in the Queensland Museum's Goldie Collection – QM E5401).

[130] James Chalmers (1841–1901) was born in Ardrishaig, Scotland, the son of a stonemason. He married Jane Hercus, a school teacher, on 17 October 1865 and was ordained two days later. He served at Rarotonga from 1866 to 1876 and arrived in Port Moresby on 21 October 1877. In Rarotonga he acquired the name 'Tamate', by which he was known in New Guinea. He was stationed at Suau, Toaripi and Saguane. His wife Jane died in Sydney on 20 February 1879 and he later married Sarah Eliza (Lizzie) Large on 6 October 1888. Chalmers and Oliver Tomkins were killed by Papuans at Goaribari Island in the Fly River delta on 8 April 1901. He was a prolific writer, publishing among other things, *Adventures in New Guinea*, London, 1886, *Pioneering in New Guinea*, London, 1887, and *Pioneer life and work in New Guinea*, London, 1895 (Dutton, 1985: 156; Langmore, 1989: 276, 284).

FIG. 5. 21st November. James Shaw, 1877. Courtesy of the Royal Geographical Society.

deal of persuasion I got three of them to go as far as Momari. We were rather in a fix as we had more things in the camp than we could take with us, and it was my intention to move the camp and all hands to Momari in the hopes of finding good shooting country there. But we got over the difficulty by burying in the ground what we were unable to carry away, and the specimens of natural history already collected I sent back to Port with the natives who returned. We had to go eight miles up the River to reach the Monikeili ford. It was a very rough track, often leading through very tall grass, and once we had a rather ticklish piece of work in crossing a creek on the limb of a tree which had fallen across. It was nearly dark before we reached the crossing, so we camped without pitching our tents, by merely swinging hammocks.

At a late hour we held a sort of concert, singing hymns in three languages, Native, Lifu and English, and part of the prayers were in Lifu and part English, as the Lifu speakers were in the majority of our party, and Rua finished up with Motu. Our party was now composed of 5 Europeans, 6 Lifu men, 1 Rarotonga, and 3 natives. It was beautiful moonlight all night, so we struck camp about two in the morning. Although some of the Rev. gentlemen didn't relish crossing the River, it was the first thing we had to do, so we went across in a body, making as much noise as possible to frighten the alligators.[131] Then we had a thick belt of scrub to traverse, which was no easy matter, and we

[131] Alligators are not native to New Guinea, but in the 19th century the name commonly was used to describe the saltwater or estuarine crocodile (*Crocodylus porosus*), which is native. These grow very large and are dangerous to humans.

lost the way several times, as the scrub was too thick for the rays of the moon to penetrate. We reached the deserted village of Momari just at break of day, and our native carriers refused to go further — so I left the two Europeans and 1 of my Lifu boys there to establish a collecting camp. We had to carry three days provisions, and as we were short of carriers, the Lifu teachers had, very unwillingly, to assist. The same toilsome work as in my former journey had to be accomplished, and unfortunately on reaching the first village we found that most of the natives were off on a hunting expedition. Those who were left received us with joy, recognising Rua and myself at once. After passing this village for about a mile, the Lifu legs gave in, and couldn't crawl an inch further. It was now late in the afternoon, and we had been at toilsome mountain work since two in the morning.

Never did I relish water as I did that afternoon when at last we reached the Monikeili village thoroughly worn out. We were much disappointed with the journey as the great bulk of the natives were away on the hunting expedition, so after resting a short time, we had to make our way back to where the Lifu teachers had been left, and then we all returned to the first village. I was quite done up, and glad enough to lie down in my hammock, which was hung up in the centre of a deserted house. Mr Chalmer's hammock was hung to the right of mine, and Mr McFarlane's on the left. Both turned in, but Mr McFarlane was unable to sleep. The house had no sides, and was built on the ridge of a hill. He was all right when he lay looking towards me, but when he turned to the other side, it was right over a deep precipice or nearly so, as the slope of the hill was about 90 degrees, and descended sheer 500 feet. It was the same on the other side where Mr Chalmers was lying, but he had more nerve and slept it out. But there was little rest either for the righteous or the wicked that night. We had no blankets, we were on the top of a hill, and after the heat and exertion of the day it seemed as if the cold wind was going right through us. It was too much to endure, so the kanakas, after attempting in vain to sleep below our hammocks, lit a large fire, and gathered round it, and we were soon fair enough to join them. At two in the morning the Rev gentlemen took their departure along with Rua, and that day went right in to Port Moresby.[132] The rest of the party and myself followed at daylight and reached the Momari camp early in the day.

I had arranged for Morton to bring stores up to this camp, as we were entirely out, but I learned afterwards that he was unable to persuade the natives to come with him, and he had started along with some of the crew of the mission vessel, but they lost their way and couldn't find the camp. Next morning I resolved to go to Port and get stores out, so started two hours before daylight and reached the Laloki as day was breaking. Here I found Morton and the crew of the *Bertha*[133] camped under a blanket on the banks of the River. It being Sunday the Teachers would not do such an unholy thing as walk in with their guns to Port, so I walked in alone and sent out stores next day. While in Port I witnessed a native funeral. The scene was most affecting. The deceased was a woman up in years. The near relations showed much feeling. There were about 300 natives present. Two men and two women carried the body out of the house to the grave, which was a few feet in front of the house, and only eighteen inches deep. There was a mat laid in the grave, on which the body was placed. Her husband was dragged out of

[132] Chalmers explains that he and McFarlane were anxious to get back to Port Moresby to conduct Sabbath services the next day (Chalmers, 1895: 34).

[133] *Bertha* was a 64-ton schooner built in 1864 at Brisbane Water, NSW. It was chartered by the LMS while the steamer *Ellengowan* was out of service in 1877–1878. *Bertha* usually was employed in the Queensland and New South Wales coastal trade and it was lost in a storm near Point Bass, Kiama, on 9 September 1879 (Dundon, 1997: 185).

the house in great grief, and threw himself down on the body with his head under her arm, and crying piteously. Her daughters and near female relations stood over the body, crying violently and tearing their hair and faces with their hands. The other natives stood quietly looking on with the exception of about 20 young men who stood in a row with drums in their hands, singing a very solemn chant, and beating time on the drums. After about an hour of this ceremony, the relations were removed, and the body covered over with the mat, and two heavy boards of old canoes were pinned down on the top, so that the pigs couldn't get at it, and the dead was then left. The near relations went into mourning by blacking their bodies all over[134], and in this instance no further ceremony was performed. As soon as anyone dies in the village, a big drum is beat in regular slow time, until the dead is buried, and this custom reminded me of tolling the village bell for a like purpose at home.

A SEARCH FOR GOLD[135]

For some time previous to this, something seemed to have gone wrong with Jimmy Caledonie. It seemed to be his object to give as much trouble as possible, and his wish to obtain his discharge. This struck me as very peculiar, and I couldn't make him out at all. He was always trying to get inland, and was not at all satisfied at being left in charge of the vessel, the post I usually gave him, as being the best man for that position. But I got an explanation of the reason, just after the funeral described in last chapter. He came to me with a piece of quartz in his hand, which he said he had got on last trip in the interior, and which contained gold. He had said nothing about it previously, but he was now impelled to make the discovery [public], as the crew of the Bertha were at this time inland, and had openly avowed their intention of prospecting for gold. Jimmy knew there was gold in the country and hence his uneasiness. As I was anxious to go up the country at any rate I told Jimmy I would give him an opportunity of proving the existence of gold. I sent him out (31 Oct '77) with natives and stores to my camp at the Laloki, to wait for my arrival. On 3 Nov I went out myself to the camp, and here had some trouble with my kanakas. When I arrived I found the leader of them asleep in the tent instead of working. I roused him up without much ceremony but was met with insolence and a threat to return — and not only to return to Port himself, but to take his countrymen with him. They were his boys in Brisbane, and should be his boys in New Guinea. I knew this man to be a dangerous character, and to have a great influence with his countrymen. And I had discovered likewise that he had been guilty of several petty thefts, notwithstanding that he used to take an extreme delight in singing hymns and saying prayers. I could only rule such a man by fear, and he was not easily frightened. He was a big powerful fellow, had killed many a man in his own country in his younger days, and as I stood arguing with him, and with a revolver at his head Morton thought it was the last of Jack! Jack however was as cool as a cucumber, and the upshot was that he marched off to Port, and that his countrymen remained. I entered the occurrence in my log, walked in to Port after Jack, read the complaint in his hearing, and on our return to Thursday Island I brought him up before the Police Magistrate, and had him fined for insubordination, which was better

[134] Turner noted that Motu obtained this black mourning pigment by burning coconut husk (Turner, 1878: 480).

[135] The existence of gold in New Guinea had long been supposed. Owen Stanley of HMS *Rattlesnake* found a few grains at Redscar Bay in 1848 and in 1873 John Moresby of HMS *Basilisk* found gold quartz in Halifax Bay (later Port Moresby) and at Moresby Island. The LMS missionaries also found some gold but chose to keep their discoveries quiet rather than precipitate a rush, as eventually occurred at Laloki. The first Queensland-based prospector in New Guinea was probably Carl Thorngren, who sailed *Viking* 19 km up Vanapa River at Manumanu in search of gold in late 1872 or early 1873. Gold is now one of Papua New Guinea's most important exports (Oram, 1976: 17; Moore, 2003: 130).

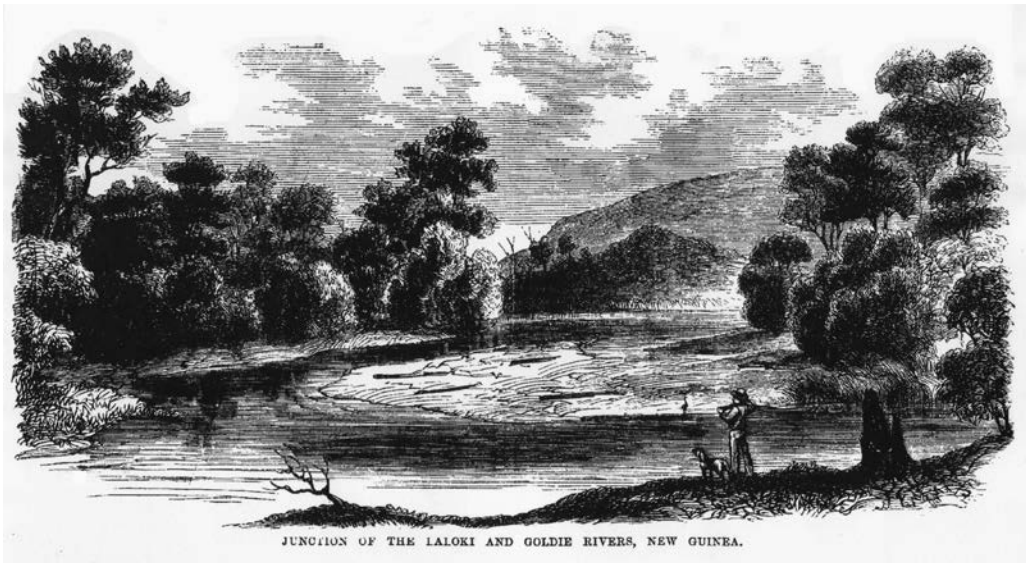

FIG. 6. Junction of the Laloki and Goldie Rivers, New Guinea. Courtesy of North Ayrshire Museums.

than shooting him. [136] Returning again to the camp after my interview with Jack in Port, I found that one of the other boys had gone off to Port, to bring Jack back, which he succeeded in doing, but Jack had to trudge back to Port in disgrace, and remain there until such time as I felt inclined to put him again on duty. Remaining here for a few days, the Momari natives, whose village was then situated about 2 miles on the other side of the Laloki, but has now been removed 5 miles from that River, came to assist us to carry our stores through their District. They took us as far as the deserted village, previously mentioned as being our camp on two former occasions.

While camping here I discovered that the river, which we had crossed several times previously, and which we believed to be only a bend of the Laloki, was an entirely different river, equal in size, if not larger, and forming a junction with the Laloki only a short distance above where I had been camped. This river we named the Goldie[137], and as it came from the direction of Mount Owen Stanley,[138] and to lead into the heart of the country we decided to follow up its course in preference to that of the Laloki which seemed to be coming only from the Astrolabe Coast range. I sent out 3 of the men to

[136] This was John Wieu from Lifu. He was found guilty of being absent from duty with another man from 3 November to 12 December 1877 and fined £5 (TICPS, 1877).

[137] In a letter to E.P. Ramsay, von Mueller remarked that it was a measure of Goldie's vanity that he would name a river after himself, something that had 'never occurred in the worlds [*sic*] history before' (Home *et al*., 2006: 123).

[138] There is no single Mount Owen Stanley today, although this is the name given to Mount Victoria by Chalmers. Sir William MacGregor renamed the mountain. Owen Stanley Range, the central mountain chain in the southeast of New Guinea, is about 480 km long and 110 km wide. It was named after Captain Owen Stanley who sailed along the southern coast in HMS *Rattlesnake* during a surveying voyage in 1849. The western extremity is usually said to be Mount Victoria, 4072 m, first climbed by MacGregor in 1888. The name is sometimes also used to describe the whole mountain chain as far west as Mount Albert Edward, 3990 m, midway between Yule Island on the south coast and Mambare Bay in Oro Province on the north coast, although Mount Albert Edward is well within the Wharton Range. The area of the range at the back of Port Moresby, now more famous as the Kokoda Track of Second World War fame, is heavily forested, broken and difficult to traverse. Coastal shipping used the range's peaks for navigation.

try and find a native track and native carriers. They followed the course of the Goldie for about 10 miles, Jimmy with pick and gold dish prospecting the river. He found gold, and always improving the further they went. When they returned I sent Morton back to Port to get some necessary articles, and as the River Laloki was flooded, I sent Jimmy with him to see him safely across. We were camped at this time about 5 miles from the river. Jimmy was to return to camp, as soon as he saw Morton safe over, but our tobacco happened to be all exhausted, and Jimmy was an inveterate smoker, so he thought he might as well go all the way as the next day was Sunday, and nothing would be done, and get some tobacco. Meanwhile night set in, and I was in state of great uneasiness about both of them. I never conceived that Jimmy would go into Port so I thought he must have got lost in the bush, or that both he and Morton were drowned or had been attacked by an alligator while crossing the river. When the moon rose, my anxiety got unbearable, and I went out for a couple of miles from the camp, firing my gun at intervals as I went along so that Jimmy might hear it, if he had lost his way coming back. But I was obliged to return to the camp, with no information, and spent a very restless night. There were only myself and two black boys in the camp, so next morning I left one of them and the dog to guard the camp, and took the other along with me to the River. We found that the river had fallen about four feet since the previous day, and I could see their tracks where they entered the river, but when I forded the river and went to the other side, I could see no indication whatever of their egress! There was no use looking for them in the river, though I now felt quite convinced both were drowned, but I sent the blackboy back to camp, and resolved to proceed alone to Port Moresby to see if by any chance they were there. The day was exceedingly warm, not a breath of wind and the country was open with no shade. I had gone about 6 miles on the way, when turning the corner of a small belt of scrub, I met Jimmy face to face, trudging along leisurely, pipe in mouth, on his way back. I felt very angry that he had disobeyed my orders, but when I saw him, such a load of anxiety was off my mind, that I couldn't be angry. My joy to find him alive and well was much greater than my anger. We both returned to the camp, and next day Morton arrived with the necessaries. The following day, we got our former Momari carriers to take us up to the River Goldie to another deserted village on the banks of the stream where we camped. The natives then returned to their own village and came back next morning at sunrise. These Momari natives were the first inland people who had ever been employed carrying and they were extremely shy of us. We started inland that day and only travelled about six miles passing through a fine track of good grazing country with belts of dense scrub intersecting it. We forded the river twice, which here commenced to change its character. The country through which it flowed hitherto had been comparatively flat, but now it commenced to enter the wild passes leading towards the Owen Stanley Range. The grass began to be only found in patches, the open country disappeared and we seemed to be entering on a rugged, broken, mountainous country covered with dense bush. The bed of the river had become nothing but a mass of rocks and boulders, and the stream was so rapid that it was very difficult to ford it, even when the water only reached the knees. Then it could only be done by going down the stream quickly at a considerable angle. The water at this time was exceedingly low, lower than I have ever seen it since, and as clear as crystal: the banks were high and precipitous. Before the natives left us they had begun to show great dread of the next tribe, on the borders of whose country we now were, and they gave us a hint in a characteristic manner to be on our guard. They closed one eye and used the Motu word "Mahuto" (sleep), as much as to say we were to sleep with one

eye open. Before they left I startled them by firing my revolver at a tree, to give them an idea of what I could do if molested, and then they went back to their own village. We were now left to our own resources and had to be our own carriers. We had more stores than the five of us could carry, so we buried the surplus in the sand. Jimmy was still trying the River from time to time, the colour always improving, and the excitement consequently increasing. There was no necessity for urging them on. Jimmy had a 50 lb bag of flour at one end of a stick and a like weight at the other end, carrying it in Chinese fashion, without a grumble, and the others were loaded in proportion. We followed the course of the river which was now N.E. by N. but very circuitous. We passed through a native village, the doors were all closed, and there were no natives about, but it appeared to have been lately inhabited as there were plenty of yams inside. This village is now known as Marowari. After leaving the village we crossed the River with the greatest difficulty, owing to the rapidity of the current, and then ascended a mountain over 1000 feet high. It was a fearful climb, with our loads. There was a narrow beaten track through long grass, and we were exposed to the full glare of the sun. Our legs ached, and we often felt as if we could go no further, and when I reached the top I lay down thoroughly exhausted without the power to admire the grand panorama that lay at my feet. I christened this mountain Mount Difficulty and from the top of it I could see another mountain which we had already passed, and which I named Mount Lawes.[139] The top of Mount Lawes is covered with scrub, with huge rocks cropping up here and there. When the Colonist[140] party of miners went over this mountain later on with their horses they named it 'Hell's Gate' after a wild pass of the same nature on the Palmer.[141] The view from the top of Mount Difficulty was extensive in two directions up and down the River. To the right and left, nothing but mountain on mountain covered with scrub met the view. We had no water, and we were all panting for a drink. We could see the crystal stream, away down below us 1000 feet. We could get to it in two ways, either by going back the road we had come, or by attempting to go right down the mountain, a task of great danger, owing to its exceeding steepness. We chose the latter alternative, and at first proceeded with great caution. I was burdened with a pick and a spade of which I had relieved old Jimmy, and near the base of the mountain we got among thick scrub. Sometimes the pick would catch in a vine, and I would find myself suddenly off my feet, sliding down the hill, and the pick remaining behind. I would pull myself back again by getting hold of a tree, and recover the pick. Sometimes the pick would go first, and I would have to follow. When we got near the banks of the river we were entangled in such a dense jungle that we could scarcely force our way through, and that being done we found the banks so high that we had great difficulty in getting down to the water. When we reached it, we quenched our thirst, plunged into the water, and refreshed ourselves with a swim. We had got beyond the region of alligators, and we enjoyed it immensely. We camped on the other side of the River.

[139] Mount Lawes (487 m) is 13.7 km north of Bootless Inlet.

[140] *Colonist* was the 109-ton schooner that brought miners from Sydney to the Laloki gold rush in March 1878 (ATCJ, 23, 30 Mar. 1878; TQ, 16 Jun. 1878).

[141] The Palmer River goldfield was on the eastern side of the Great Dividing Range, at the bottom of Cape York Peninsula in North Queensland, with Cooktown the nearest port. James Venture Mulligan discovered the goldfield in 1873. Originally an alluvial field, reefing began in 1877. Although a reasonable level of production continued until the 1900s, isolation and high transport costs made the goldfield unviable. With the Hodgkinson rush nearby in 1876, many miners moved on, although the Hodgkinson field was never as rich. The Palmer was Australia's richest goldfield yielding 1 049 233 ounces between 1873 and 1879. There were about 20 000 miners on the field, 17 000 of them Chinese (Kirkman, 1980; Savage, 1989).

The following day we moved further on, and about midday while resting for lunch under a tree we observed three natives tracking us on the other side of the river. They followed our track down to the river and crossed where we had, coming right up the bank close to where we were lying. As soon as they observed us they threw down their spears, and came forward and greeted us in a friendly way. Their sign of friendship was to place the finger on the bridge of the nose, passing it down the face and then placing the hand on the heart. They remained with us some time, and gladly accompanied my three men up the river for a few miles to show them the track for next day's journey. When my men returned they reported having seen the tracks of a strange animal, pointed out to them by the natives, who described the animal as being large and ferocious, and man killing. That night we camped in a very narrow strip of bush close to the river without pitching the tent. We were aroused in the night, by the movements of some large animal in the bush, and all hands turned out, but couldn't see anything, and after firing a shot or two, we turned in, and were not again disturbed. Next morning I went down to the river. On a sandy bank I saw the impression of an unknown animal clear and distinct. The impression in the sand resembled a horse's hoof with a shoe on it, but larger and more oblong, with this difference that it had three round toes at the fore-part of the hoof, and there was likewise an impression on the ground which was sand, which had the appearance of having been made by a large quadruped.[142]

We started swagging as usual and had gone about 2 miles when we were overtaken by a party of natives going in the same direction. They were very friendly and relieved us of our loads for a few miles, following a track which led us often into the river, up to our waists. They wore very large cassowary feather head-dresses[143] and also the usual fighting ornament for the mouth as in use on the coast, consisting of an oblong shape of tortoise shell adorned with red seeds & boars' tusks; as below. It is held in the mouth (describe this ornament here)[144] when fighting as they think it gives them a fierce appearance. They likewise carried spears like those in use by the natives on the coast.

We were now traversing a very rich undulating country, but densely covered with bush, here and there we could obtain glimpses of beautiful mountain scenery. Coming at last to a steep gorge where the banks of the river became very steep and the track apparently very difficult, we resolved to camp over Sunday. While here we were visited by another party of natives: one of them specially attracted my attention. He was a fine fellow over six feet high, very active, and strongly built; his mountain training having no doubt tended to his development. They had also a woman with them who was one of the finest looking women I have seen in the country, but the rest of them were small and poorly built. On making another move we found the track before us leading through the bush, intertwined with numerous climbers, and leading along steep ridges on which it was extremely difficult to retain a footing. Unfortunately few of the plants were

142 Stories about strange New Guinea creatures were common until 1880s. The most infamous source was *Captain John Lawson, Wanderings in the Interior of New Guinea*, London, 1875. Many readers took as genuine its accounts of new species of tigers, long-tailed monkeys and great apes. The true identity of Captain Lawson has not been finally settled. In 1877, William Lawes repeated stories about men with tails inhabiting the interior. The only large mammals in New Guinea are pigs and wallabys. The only large bird in this region is the southern cassowary. It is possible that Goldie mistook the marks made by a cassowary or a pig for large animal tracks (Lawson, 1875; Lawes, 1877).

143 The cassowary (genus Casuarius) is a large flightless bird native to the tropical forests of northeast Australia and New Guinea. Its feathers are widely used for decoration in head-dresses. They are black and look more like hair than feathers.

144 Goldie presented a mouth ornament to Queensland Museum in 1880 – QM E13319. The Museum of the Cumbraes also holds one in its Goldie Collection, donated by the Goldie family in 1978 – AN 206.08.

in flower so it was difficult to determine their species. I observed about six species of palms, but unfortunately, no fruit.[145] Suddenly we came on a clump of beautiful tree-ferns, some of them nearly 20 feet high. They resembled Alosophyllum Youngii,[146] the trunk hairy and about six inches in diameter but not so dark as that variety. We found it almost impossible to drag the little we had through the scrub. We had now come to our last meal, the provisions being entirely exhausted so after going a few miles I left two of my men to look after the effects, and pushed on along with the other two for a few miles further hoping to see open country — but the further we went, the rougher the country became. We cut down a palm tree, somewhat similar to the Areca of New Zealand and ate the crown of it. About an hour after I became very sick and vomited, and got very weak finding it hard work to get back to the camp. On getting there the other men also cut down a tree and partook of it, as I did not attribute my sickness to the palm, and shortly afterwards the party was laid up, ill and vomiting. It is quite a common thing for bushmen to eat the palm-tree crown, but this kind of food did not agree with us in New Guinea.[147]

The camp was pitched in a dense jungle and we suffered much from the attacks of mosquitoes. We had travelled a distance which we roughly estimated at 40 miles, and our provisions had run out, so, although we were willing enough to proceed it was impossible, and it was a case of homeward bound, "Kai-Kai"[148] done! We had just started when a large turkey[149] rose and perched on a tree close at hand. The two men in front of me were too excited to fire, hesitating with the guns in their hands, and as I was afraid of the bird escaping, I fired over their heads and replenished our empty provision bag: a few miles further we were fortunate enough to shoot two Goura pigeons. Game on the banks of the river was extremely scarce, but on the steep spurs leading away from it, all sorts of game abound. Butterflies in great numbers and of the most gaudy colours flitted about in the humid atmosphere. I had a very unpleasant experience here. Collecting palms I thrust my hand right into a hornets' nest, and I went down that hill backwards at a fearful rate. I was stung on the nose, all over my head, and one fellow actually stung the tip of my tongue. I raised such a hullabaloo, that Morton thought I was attacked by the unknown wild animal. One thing however deserves to be mentioned: there was no swelling and as soon as the sharp sting was withdrawn the pain ceased.[150] In returning through Marowari we again found no natives in the village. We took the liberty of breaking into one of the houses and supplying ourselves liberally with yams for which we left sufficient payment.

We had a good feed then to the delight of all, and camped that night on the river-bank, setting out with two men, leaving another two in charge of our stores, for Momari. While camped there we had an adventure. Going to the river to bathe in a rapid, but not far from a sluggish part of it when in the middle of the river I was

145 Goldie was especially interested in fruit because it contained the seeds required for plant propagation.

146 Goldie appears to be confused here. There are 10 species of tree fern in the genus Alsophila, but none by this name. Perhaps Goldie is thinking of *Dicksonia Youngii*, an Australian tree fern with a dark brown trunk.

147 Goldie may mean a betel nut palm. Areca is a genus that covers about fifty species of palms in the family Arecaseae, the best-known member of which is *A. catechu*, the betel nut palm.

148 Kaikai is pijin English for food.

149 *Talegalla lathami*, the Brush Turkey, is a large, edible bird found in Australia and New Guinea of the family Megapodidae. They live in the forest undergrowth and construct nests by collecting a large amount of decaying vegetable matter, which generates sufficient heat to hatch the female's eggs.

150 Known as hornets and wasps, there are a large number of species of Hymenoptera in New Guinea. The *Vespidae tropica* and *V. affinis* species are common around Port Moresby and both are capable of causing death if the stings are sufficient in number (Scragg & Szent-Ivany, 1965).

horrified at seeing a large alligator rise up between us and the bank. My kanaka gave a yell and stood paralysed. Instead of attacking us however, it seemed to get frightened, and made away into deep water as fast as possible: and we got out as fast as possible too, not relishing such company. I left the men here, and proceeded to Port Moresby to send out men to fetch in the swags as all my party were thoroughly knocked up with fatigue, and all arrived safely in Port in due course. Except the dog. He had been hunting kangaroo and had apparently been ruptured through over-exertion. Every one was attached to Son[151] and when he got too ill to walk, one of the kanakas stayed behind with him, although hungry & with no food. When the moon rose, Morton with two natives, went out to carry the dog into Port. They returned at break of day without him, having failed to find him. In the morning Blunden & Shaw started to bring him in. Blunden returned alone and reported that Shaw had taken ill and was lying beside Son in the bush. When the moon rose again I started with Rua the teacher, a Kanaka, and two natives in search of Shaw and the dog. We arrived at the place at one o'clock in the morning, found the dog but not Shaw. Leaving the teacher & a Kanaka to look for Shaw, I put Son into a hammock & had him carried to Port, where we arrived before day-break, took the dog into the house, but in the morning later we found that the poor beast had died. Shaw & the teacher returned soon afterwards.

INTELLIGENCE OF THE GOLD DISCOVERY REACHES AUSTRALIA

The day of Son's death (27 Nov) the mission vessel Ellangowan arrived from Sydney. There were none of the mission people at this time at Port Moresby, as they had all gone to the east about a month previous in the schooner *Bertha*, leaving word for the Ellangowan to follow them. I boarded the Ellangowan immediately on her arrival, and found the Captn.[152] in a great state of excitement. He had neither coals nor firearms on board, and he was in great terror of the natives, and very glad to see a white man. This was his first visit to New Guinea, and the crew were all likewise strangers. He didn't relish going to the East without firearms, and having to cut wood for fuel on the coast as he went along, and he declared, as he had six months stores on board, he would stay in Port Moresby and eat them. A few days afterwards however, a fishing party arrived from Hulah, who reported that the Bertha had left Mr Lawes at Kerepuna, and that he was awaiting the *Ellangowan* there. The Captain would not even go to Kerepuna, and the teacher and two of my men with two natives volunteered to go to Kerepuna in the mission boat and fetch Mr Lawes back. It was 5 days before they returned bringing Mr Lawes with them, and all the party were very ill, from exposure to the sun, for so long a time in an open boat. A few days thereafter the Bertha returned from the East, with Mr McFarlane on board, having left Mr Chalmers and teachers at South Cape to establish a mission there.[153] The Bertha left again after a couple of days for Sydney, via Thursday Island, having the Rev Mr Lawes on board, who at this time bade an adieu to New Guinea. He carried the intelligence with him, of gold having been found in the country, and

[151] Probably an abbreviation of 'boatswain', pronounced 'bosun'.

[152] In November 1877, Charles Dudfield replaced James Runcie as master of *Ellengowan*.

[153] In 1871, Thorngren of *John Knox* lost his way while accompanying *John Williams* to Torres Strait and strayed to the islands east of New Guinea. He reported favourably on the area around South Cape. In 1874, Port Moresby became the major LMS base on the New Guinea mainland. Then, in 1876 McFarlane proposed establishing South Cape near the eastern end of New Guinea as a new LMS headquarters. The LMS Directors initially rejected the plan because they wanted McFarlane and his Loyalty Islanders to stay in the west. It went ahead during the next year when Loyalty Islander and Rarotongan teachers were landed at villages between Suau near South Cape and Bubuleta at East Cape (Mullins 1995: 122–125; Wetherell 1996: xxii-xxiii; Wetherell 1977: 10–11).

my letters on the subject, which appeared in the press and caused great excitement throughout the Australian Colonies.[154]

KEREPUNA

On 20 Decr. I started for my first cruise to the East in the Explorer. A few days previously the South Westers had set in, light and changeable and we got a smart breeze after clearing the harbour, which carried us along the coast at a rapid rate. After passing Pyramid Point,[155] we came across several large patches of reefs not in the chart. Vessels going the inner route had better keep close along the coast, where there is a good open channel. As we neared Round Head the wind fell, but the tide drifted us on our course and about 12 o'clock in clear moonlight, we anchored near to the village of Koppa Koppa. The following day at dawn we sailed with a light land breeze, which carried us through the dangerous navigation at Round Head, and outside the reef through Ellangowan passage. On getting outside a very smart north west breeze took us through Hood Bay into Hood Lagoon at a roaring rate. We had no sooner dropped anchor opposite Kerepuna than the teacher came on board and crowds of natives swarmed over the Little Explorer. We found the mission people had established a bad practice here by allowing the natives to get on board, so that it was impossible for us to keep them clear. Next day, in trying to keep the vessel clear of natives, a quarrel was nearly brought about. I was determined to keep the vessel clear, and one fellow had been told several times to get in the canoe, and in refusal, I quietly lifted his foot over the rail, and forced him to get into his canoe.

He got into a great rage, and seizing a stick, he tried to strike me. Failing in this, he got hold of a fish spear[156], but the women in the canoe threw themselves on him and held both him and the spear. With drawn revolver I stood ready, and all the canoes immediately left the vessel, and from this date I had no difficulty in keeping the natives clear. There is no difficulty in keeping natives off a vessel, provided there [*sic*] are never allowed to get a footing on board. If a native have [*sic*] his foot once on board, he will take his own time to leave, and he considers it a great insult to be forced to do so. I had heard such favourable reports of the morals of the people of Kerepuna from Mr Lawes, that I was quite surprised to find them the most immoral people I had then or since that time have met in New Guinea. I have never found the Motu natives encourage immorality with Europeans, although such immorality has occurred, but the first night we anchored at Kerepuna young girls came off at dusk desirous of staying on board all night — and men brought young girls, offering for a few beads to allow them to stay on board all night. This fact I thought exceedingly strange, as no vessels except mission vessels had ever before that time visited the place and I know that the strict discipline on board the mission vessels has prevented anything of the kind with them. This laxity of morals gave me a great deal of trouble, during the week we remained there, so that I was never safe in allowing any of my men out of my sight. One day I went out with two kanakas and Morton on an exploring expedition. We had two native young men as guides. In our journey we passed through a native plantation. Four young girls were there at work. They immediately left work and sat down with us below some cocoa nut trees,

[154] The first announcement was a short piece in *Sydney Morning Herald* on 29 December 1877, followed by a longer article on 5 January 1878, which was then syndicated widely in Australian newspapers. The Laloki gold rush is described by Gibbney (1972b), Nelson (1976: 76–802), and Moore (1992). Parties of miners set out from Sydney and Cooktown, and between April and August 1878 around 100 miners descended on Port Moresby.

[155] Pyramid Point is to the east of Port Moresby.

[156] Four Kerepuna fish spears were among 119 items Goldie selected for the Queensland Museum in 1886. They cannot now be located and may have been exchanged out (QM P57).

while the young men climbed the trees to get cocoa nuts. After the young men came down they wanted each of us to take a girl and go into the bush with her. The reason why I mention these facts is to show that it must be a custom among the natives of Kerepuna to entertain strangers in this way. I am sorry to have to add that some of my countrymen who have since that time visited Kerepuna, have not been proof against the strong temptation placed in their way. This custom might not at once lead to difficulties with the natives but I consider it degrading for any Englishman to lower himself in this way to the level of the natives. During the years I have lived in Port Moresby I have not known a single instance of a girl freely offering herself to a European: one can't go to Kerepuna without being pestered with them. The natives of the two places are on friendly terms and visit each other often, they are only 60 miles apart. Why should there be this great difference in custom? One of the girls at this time, the boldest and most unblushing in her obscene actions, I met on my last visit to this place. She was then a married woman, shy and reserved, and so bashful that she was even afraid to shake hands with me. For any married woman to act like the young girls would be death. The natives here are exceedingly industrious, and at this time many of them were engaged on the beach from sunrise to sunset making canoes with stone hatchets. In forming a canoe two men are at work together. They stand facing each other, each with an axe. The first strikes with all his force, and the second immediately after brings down his axe in the same place and sends the chips flying. So they go on in regular time, striking heavy blows, with their long handled and springy axes. While these two have been working, their other two mates have been resting under a tree, and at stated intervals these two take the place of the first two, so that the work goes on from morning till night without cecession [*sic*]. The axes are of a peculiar pattern (see sketch). They fit into a very ingenious sheath and are capable of being placed at any angle. The edge can be turned in any direction, and used either as an axe or an adze. In making canoes the natives still prefer the old stone axes, though they now have plenty of American hatchets. As far as making canoes is concerned, the stone age in this district, will be a long time in passing over. At early dawn every morning fleets of canoe cross the mouth of the lagoon, full of women some going to work in the plantations and others going to Kalo to sell fish in exchange for yams and taro.

One portion of the village is inhabited almost entirely by fishers, who are known in the village as Hulah people, owing to their having originally migrated from Hulah. This is the only village I know of where a regular fish market is held. Daily as the fish come in fresh the women seat themselves in regular rows in front of the houses with their fish spread out beside them on mats waiting for purchasers from the non fishing portion of the village to come and buy. They exchange yams taros bananas and other vegetable products for the fish. I used frequently to visit the market to buy fish. My arrival usually caused great excitement. I was at once surrounded by hundreds of old and young women and children holding out their fish, and shouting akeba, akeba (beads) but of late they have changed the cry to Kuku, Kuku (tobacco).[157] I used to derive great amusement from watching the peculiar workings of their countenance in their eager desire to sell. Sometimes the old women were very firm in their demands to obtain more akeba than I usually gave for what they offered, but they soon came to find out that the young and good looking ones, were more successful, as they used to come to me in a coaxing and half entreating manner, with smiling faces very difficult to resist. Even in New Guinea a young good

[157] Lawes records the Motu word for beads (red spondylus shell) as *Akeva* (Lawes, 1888: 19). Villagers were asking for red glass beads, a popular European trade article.

looking girl, with a smiling face, is not without fascination. I was one day done very neatly by these smiling beauties.

I was purchasing fish one day as usual, and handing them to one of my men to place in a bag which he carried over his shoulder, and it was some time before I found out that a young girl was deftly extracting them from a hole in the bag in which they were placed and handing them round for sale again! They have a method of preserving the unsold fish for a day or two. They get two pieces of stick, cut from the branches of a neighbouring bush, which they cut a little longer than the fish to be operated on and between which they place the fish lengthwise and tie the two ends of the sticks together tight. They then place them over a slow fire, until they are thoroughly smoked, and in this state carry them into the interior for sale. The natives here are adept in the manufacture of what I call the Kerepuna or fighting shield.

In making these shields they first obtain a piece of board about four feet long and two feet wide, and reduce it to a thickness of about 1/2 an inch. The shape of the shield is not unlike that of a large bass violin, only both ends are more nearly the same size. About the centre a cane handle for holding with one hand is fixed and the whole of the shield except a small part at both ends is neatly covered with a sort of wicker work, woven with great care, and with the greatest uniformity, from native grasses, and fitting close to the wood. This wicker work is ornamented at regular distances with four fringes of gaudy coloured feathers. In every fringe there are two distinct rows of feathers, the undermost being rather longer and the uppermost always composed of very small red feathers, neatly woven together, to cover the ends of the larger ones. Interspersed among these are neat tassels, made of flax cord. The wicker work is also sometimes stained with black longitudinal lines. They are always very careful to keep the shields with the proper end up, so as not to disarrange the feather fringes in the slightest and they are also careful to keep the feathers and wicker work clean. When not in use they are carefully covered up, with fibre mats fitting tightly to keep the feathers in proper order, and laid aside in their houses. It is very difficult to purchase these shields as they value them highly. [158]

The chief of Kerepuna (Keriopa by name) has a powerful influence over his people. His word is law in all things but he does not wield his power in a tyrannical manner, but strictly in accordance with the customs of his people. They have a custom of tabooing certain things at certain periods of the year, and during that time no native dare touch them. In one of my visits I found that bananas were tabooed, and although I saw plenty of them in the plantations no offer I could make would induce them to sell me a single banana, but while I was there, the taboo was taken off the bananas, and they were then brought into the village in canoe loads, and hung on poles along the main street. They were to celebrate the occasion by holding a great feast, during which all these bananas were distributed among the natives, who carried them to their homes. I was invited to this feast, and presented with two large wooden bowls, one full of cooked yams, and the other of cooked sago, and containing enough for at least twenty men. What I didn't eat, I was expected to carry away. Wooden dishes of a narrow oblong canoe shape are very much used here.[159] At another visit I found cocoa nuts were tabooed, and although they were hanging on the trees in great abundance, nothing would tempt a native to get me a single nut to allay my thirst. At other times I could get plenty of cocoa nuts for nothing.

[158] Queensland Museum held two of these shields collected by Goldie. One was transferred to the Papua New Guinea National Museum and the other cannot be located. The Museum of the Cumbraes holds one in its Goldie Collection, donated by the Goldie family in 1978 – AN 357.

[159] See E8237 in QM, supplied by Goldie in 1886.

This custom as far as I have observed is peculiar to Kerepuna.

Unfortunately I never witnessed a dance here, as they are always held at night, and by moonlight, and I was unwilling to leave the vessel and go ashore for the sake of the ill effect it might have on my crew, and as they would have wished to go on shore too. Mr Stone says that the girls here do not dance. At the time he visited New Guinea neither he nor any other European had ever visited Kerepuna, and from whatever quarter he derived his information it is not correct. The girls here are as fond of dancing as their sisters in more civilised countries.

They are very fond of keeping tame parrots and cockatoos, which they catch young and rear. Their principal reason for keeping them is to obtain feathers for their shields. These they pluck out of the live birds, and thus get superior clean feathers. The houses are large and lofty, built close together in regular streets and lanes. Several of the houses have spires 60 feet high. The people are fond of the cultivation of ornamental shrubs, and they often grow orchids on poles in front of their houses. The Sunday night before we left, the teacher requested me to allow my men to go on shore for church. This I firmly refused, as I have often observed that native services at night are mere blinds for immoral purposes.[160]

I left Kerepuna on the 30th Dec. with a strong South Easterly blowing, beating dead to windward. Run inside the reef at Keppel point,[161] found very shallow water only 1 fathom. Run round Keppel point through a very narrow intricate passage, and anchored off Aloma.[162] Crowds of natives, men women & children, came down to have a look at us, as we were the first vessel which had ever anchored there. A canoe came off loaded with mangos, which the natives offered us for sale. They also invited us ashore, but we did not accept of their invitation. Aloma seemed to be a very populous district. From the appearance of the village at a distance, I reckoned it to be one of the most populous places in New Guinea. The following day we stood out to Contance Island,[163] on the barrier reef. Found a large canoe, with a crowd of natives in it at the island. They seemed very much afraid of us and got under weigh. They would not approach us, so I took the dingy and one man and went alongside their canoe, and purchased from them a lot of sweet potatoes, of a species which seems to be indigenous to this part of the country. Contance Island is merely a coral reef densely covered with hardwood trees. In the day time it seems to be the favorite resort of flying foxes,[164] who congregate there in thousands, coming from the mainland to sleep, and returning every night to hunt. They are of a large species, resemble a common bat, only much larger, their wings measuring 3 feet and upwards across.

In the night time, the Island is the resort of the Torres Strait pigeon,[165] which comes here in flocks to roost. We shot here a beautiful Nickerbau pigeon.[166] This seems to be the limit

[160] Goldie would have been aware that at Mabuiag, Torres Strait, the teacher Saneish had been accused of sexual misconduct. Lt. de Hoghton of HMS *Beagle* investigated and Saneish was removed in 1879. It was not uncommon for LMS missionaries themselves to remove teachers from their post for sexual transgressions. In 1873, when 2 teachers and their wives were murdered at Parama (Bampton Island) to the west of the Fly River delta, the missionary Murray reflected on their past immorality and drew the lesson that, 'God would not be mocked'! (Mullins, 1995: 130–131).

[161] Keppel Point is 12 km east southeast of Hood Lagoon.

[162] Aroma (Aloma) is a district and village name, to the east of Keppel Point.

[163] Coutance Island is low and wooded.

[164] Goldie is referring to the Great Flying-Fox (*Pteropus neohibernicus*).

[165] Torres Strait Imperial pigeons (*Ducula bicolor*) migrate south out of the New Guinea lowlands, reaching Torres Strait in July. They spend the summer between Mackay in central Queensland and the Kimberleys in Western Australia, returning to New Guinea between February and April.

[166] The correct spelling is Nicobar pigeon (*Caloenas nicobarica*). The bird is large and heavy, measuring around 40 cm in length. The head and much of the upper neck is grey, and it is green and copper towards the breast.

of their range to the west, they are plentiful further eastwards, but I have never seen any further to the west. From here we steered a straight course to Cape Rodney[167] — about 3 miles from the island, we passed over a six fathom patch, but inside we saw numerous reefs and sandbanks. Before reaching Cape Rodney we observed a sail close in shore working along the coast, so we slacked away and stood in, she hauling out to meet us. It proved to be the mission lugger Mayri with Captain Dudfield on board wounded.[168]

We called at Kerepuna on the way back, and informed the natives what had happened to the Mayri at south cape and the punishment the natives there had received. The chief, Kereopa, gathered the natives together and told them, that they mustn't steal from us, that they mustn't come on board the vessel and that they must treat us as friends. We arrived at Port Moresby on the 8th Jany 1878.

On 21 Jany Keriopa the chief of Kerepuna with a lot of his people arrived at Port Moresby in a canoe bringing my letters, which had been left there by the Ellangowan. The chief took great pride in delivering me the packet of letters, and sat down and watched me with great interest, while I read them. He quite understood that it was my countrymen speaking to me "leva leva Kuraia"[169] as the Motu people called it. Previous to this day the Mayri had left, with the wounded captain, and also my assistant Morton, for Sydney.[170]

The following day we again left for Kerepuna, as my letters advised me of stores lying there. I got the stores all right, but on the way back we were caught in a gale, which carried away our jib. It was getting dark, so I ventured to cross a reef, and found a snug anchorage inshore. Next day we got the sail in order, and safely reached Port.

31 Jany. The Prospect[171] cutter arrived. She had been chartered by Mr Ingham[172] to take him

The breast and remiges are dark grey, the tail is short and pure white and the remainder of the plumage is metallic grey.

167 Cape Rodney, low and wooded, is to the east of Macfarlane Harbour.

168 On 4 December 1877, Chalmers, his wife and two Raratongan teachers and their wives landed at Suau near South Cape to establish a mission station. Suau stories indicate that when Chalmers arrived the people hid women and children inland while Benoma, a magician, went to the beach to spit magic to make the ship go away. Then they decided that Chalmers was Boledau, an ancestor-hero returning to end a four-month drought that had blighted their crops. However, not long after, they realised he could not speak their language, tired of his presence, and determined to kill him. On 29 December, a Teste Islander tried to steal a stove cover and poker from *Mayri*, which had arrived at Suau from East Cape on 21 December. Charles Dudfield, who had replaced James Runcie in charge of *Mayri*, threatened him with a sword. The Teste man left but returned with three others and seized the crew. Dudfield shot the man dead but was severely wounded in the process. Goldie accompanied *Mayri* safely back to Port Moresby, and in an angry newspaper report implied that McFarlane had compromised the safety of missionaries in the east by keeping *Ellengowan* in the west. Dudfield left the dangerous service of the LMS, only to fall overboard from the cutter *Florence* in the Brisbane River and drown on 15 October 1882 (Goldie, 1878b; Chalmers, 1878; ATCJ, 23 Mar. 1878; BC, 16 Oct. 1882; Kaniku, 1975).

169 This translates as 'making words'.

170 After Morton left Port Moresby he then published a brief piece in the press about his New Guinea experience, much to Goldie's annoyance. Goldie wrote to Ramsay complaining that in his opinion this was a breach of Goldie's agreement with the Australian Museum. The letter seems to have had the desired effect, but in 1885 Morton probably considered any obligation over. By then well established as the Curator of the Royal Society of Tasmania's Museum, and with Goldie having fallen silent, he published three long pieces on his time in New Guinea (Goldie, 1877b; Morton, 1885a, 1885b & 1885c).

171 *Prospect* regularly traded in North Queensland and along the New Guinea coast (TQ, 19 July 1879).

172 William Bairstow Ingham (1850-1878) was born in Mirfield, County York, England, the son of a wealthy farmer. He attended Oxford University but left without a degree. In 1873 he migrated to Tasmania to join his brother before purchasing 400 acres to establish a sugar plantation on the Herbert River in north Queensland. The venture ended in disaster when Downey Mildew (rust) destroyed his crop. He left the sugar industry and entered the coastal trade with the small steamers *Louisa* and *Vulcan*. He moved to Cairns and then Cooktown. On 21 January 1878 he left for Port Moresby

to New Guinea, and he told me of the great excitement which my letters had caused in Australia, and that several vessels had been laid on for New Guinea, and that there was an immediate prospect of a great rush of Europeans. In such circumstances he expected to obtain the appointment of Police Magistrate, or some similar position to maintain law and order.[173] This news surprised me, and I couldn't help thinking that the people of Australia were far from being wise as I was careful in my letters to deprecate a rush of Europeans. A few days after the arrival of Mr Ingham, there was great excitement in the village as the Motu people were expecting to be attacked by the mountain tribes. At night they lighted large fires all round about the village, leaving the village itself in entire darkness. All night long they kept up an infernal howling and shouting, and threatening an invisible foe and blowing the congs [*sic*] shells[174] added to the uproar. At break of day all the natives turned out, armed with bows and arrows, spears, clubs and shields, the women joining with them likewise bearing arms. They scoured the country in the neighbourhood of their villages in strong parties. This excitement lasted for a few days and nights during which all work was suspended, and all the time they kept together in strong parties. The people of Boripata,[175] a village a few miles to the west, left in a body, and for some days lived in Port Moresby. The quarrel was originated in that village by the Dora people, who had killed some Koitapa[176] people residing in Boripata, while at the Laloki, and the Motu people anticipated further hostilities, which fortunately were averted.

On 6 Feb. the Ellangowan arrived from the east, bringing news of the first Brooker Island Massacre.[177] A party of Beche de mer fishers[178] who ~~had been fishing in the Louisades~~ were engaged at their occupation on this island, at a station belonging to Capt. Redlich and Mr McCourt, were attacked as we learned afterwards, while asleep ~~and murdered~~ by the natives in conjunction with some members

to establish a store after Goldie's announcement of the Laloki gold strike. Before leaving he applied to be appointed a Queensland Government Agent and this was gazetted on 27 March 1878 (Moore, 1992).

173 Queensland had no jurisdiction over mainland New Guinea, and until 1879 jurisdiction only over the southern Torres Strait islands. For a short time the Thursday Island Police Magistrate was appointed a Judicial Commissioner of the Western Pacific High Commission (WPHC), but only with jurisdiction over Torres Strait islands beyond the Queensland maritime boundary. From June 1878 there were moves to have Ingham appointed as a WPHC Deputy Commissioner, but the High Commissioner was on leave and no final decision was made. Ingham's appointment as Agent for Queensland was formally gazetted on 30 March 1878 (Moore, 1992).

174 Conch is one of a number of different species of medium-to-large saltwater snails or their shells. They are marine gastropod molluscs in the family Strombidae and the genus Strombus. By placing holes in two strategic positions, the conch can be used to produce a loud call, which is used widely in the Pacific as a signal.

175 Porebada village.

176 The Koita are a non-Austronesian language group that lived on the site of Port Moresby alongside the Austronesian Motu. The language is part of the Koirarian languages family that extends from Port Moresby to Mount Lamington and the Hydrographers Range (Oram, 1976: 2).

177 Utian (Brooker Island) is in the Calvados Chain, Louisiade Archipelago.

178 The boiled, dried and smoked flesh of bêche-de-mer (phylum *Echinodermata*), also called trepang or sea cucumber, is used for soups in Chinese cuisine. Bêche-de-mer, any of a dozen species of the genera *Holothuria*, *Stichopus*, and *Thelonota*, are obtained from coral reefs or nearby shallow areas. The standard practice was to erect curing houses on beaches, leaving a few employees to supervise the curing at each station. Local people were employed to gather bêche-de-mer and help process them onshore. The bêche-de-mer fishery preceded other maritime trades in both Torres Strait and New Guinea. In the 1870s and 1880s the best species were sold in Cooktown for over £100 per ton, although some only fetched £25 to £30. The Louisiade bêche-de-mer traders were based at Cooktown, Somerset and later Thursday Island, the first Queensland vessels venturing to the eastern reefs in 1873. From the mid-1870s interest focused even more on the Louisiade reefs, particularly those surrounding the 40 or so islands of the Calvados Chain northwest of Tagula (Sudest) island, and to a lesser extent along the coast east from Port Moresby (Moore, 1998: 269).

of McCourt's crew, and McCourt along with the other Europeans and those who assisted them were killed.[179] I visited ~~Broken Island~~ the locality afterwards.

On 11th Feby I went up to Fairfax harbor for a couple of weeks shooting, and got about 200 birds, but in very bad condition as they were moulting. We were now in the middle of the rainy season, every night there were heavy rains, and severe thunderstorms. One night the thunder was so terrific and the lightening so vivid, that all our party sat huddled together awe stricken, without speaking a word. Between the flashes it was intensely dark, and the rain fell in torrents. I never wish to see such another night.

About the end of Feby the 'Prospect' cutter returned from Brooker Island with Capt. Redlich on board, confirming the news of the Massacre, and on 1st March I sailed for that Island. I was desirous to have a trip to the East at any rate, in order to see how the country looked for collecting purposes. I was accompanied by Capt. Redlich and Broadbent, also my two European assistants and five Kanakas. We were thus ten all told in the Explorer. The first day we ran to Hulah, and spent a very miserable night there. We were on a lea [*sic*] shore, there was a stiff breeze blowing, we had no awning, and had to sleep on deck. At midnight a heavy shower came down, and the wind fell. The following day, we had a stiff breeze, reached Contance Island shortly after noon and anchored. We went ashore and had some shooting among the pigeons, and camped ashore all night. The next day we ran to Cloudy Bay, and anchored off the village, where Irons and Arthur were since murdered, and which was on that account burnt by the Beagle.[180] The natives came alongside armed with clubs, which I soon bought up for Hoop iron. They were the worst featured natives I had seen, villainy was stamped in their faces, and I could see they meant mischief. I changed the current of their thoughts however, by lifting a snider and sending a few bullets into the water close to their canoes. This caused great terror amongst them, and they speedily left us. It was high water, so and I took the Explorer over a sandbank and some distance up a small river, and here for the first time I established a system of night watch, every man taking an hour and a half by turns. This system we adhered to during the rest of our cruise. We spent a few days shooting here, and obtained some good specimens of birds of paradise, goura pigeons, hornbills and cuscus.[181] Westward of

[179] The first Brooker Island massacre occurred early in 1878, among a party engaged in relocating Edwin Redlich's bêche-de-mer station from Brooker Island to Punawan (Duperre). The party consisted of John McCourt (Redlich's partner), five men and four women from Torres Strait and nine men from New Britain. While McCourt was away, one of the men struck up a relationship with McCourt's 'boat wife' and on his return he beat them both. This sparked a mutiny, led by the Coconut (*Poruma*) Islanders Billy and Smoke. McCourt and an unknown number of his workers were killed. Poruma Islanders had been in the bêche-de-mer industry since the late 1860s and Billy was an experienced seaman. He had been with Thorngren at Yule Island and sailed *Mayri* back to Somerset after Thorngren and James were murdered in 1875. Although the Brooker Islanders were willing accessories, they were not the main players. Redlich had close to £3,000 worth of plant at Brooker, and in April 1878, Goldie took him in *Explorer* to try to recover his property. They found the remains of his station, but were afraid to land on Brooker. The mutineers had captured a number of snider rifles, five large pistols and 8000 rounds of ammunition (Goldie, 1878c; SMH, 10 June 1879; Moore, 1992; Mullins, 1995: 77–83).

[180] Irons and Willis (Arthur may have been Willis' Christian name) were cedar-getters from Sydney who had arrived on a chartered vessel in 1879 and began work at South Cape, about 177 km east of Cloudy Bay. Against all advice they moved to Cloudy Bay, their small boat towed there by *Ellengowan*. Willis was ill and lay down on the beach, only to be speared by a man from Abau village, and Irons was caught in the bush, clubbed and beheaded. HMS *Beagle* investigated and retaliated with considerable force, such that there was 'nothing remaining but a quantity of native curios on the quarter-deck, and a cloud of smoke where the village had existed in the morning…'. Goldie accompanied HMS *Beagle* in *Alice Meade* and participated in the retaliatory attack, which he does not mention here (BC, 13 Aug. 1879; TQ, 16 Aug. 1879).

[181] Cuscus is a type of possum. The most common is the Spotted Cuscus (*Spilocuscus maculatus*). While cuscus occur in both Australia and New Guinea they have

Cloudy Bay, there seems to be a fine flat bush country, with enormous trees. A native here brought me a piece of cedar wood, and I was given to understand that there was plenty of it in the vicinity.[182] Cloudy Bay we found to be a labyrinth of reefs and shoals, the navigation extremely difficult, more especially as the heavy freshets from the rivers colour the water, so that the dangers are not discernable. Vessels passing through Cloudy Bay should keep close out to the Barrier reef, as the water there is clear, and patches are observable. We were several times in great danger in Cloudy Bay — it was blowing very stiff, and we had to make very circuitous sailing to avoid the dangers. We passed close to the village of Dedaili, lying on the east coast of Cloudy Bay where portion of the crew of the "Pride of the Logan" have since that time been murdered, and the village itself has been burnt by H.M.S. Beagle.[183] The wind was blowing half a gale from the North West, as we passed through Table Bay,[184] and here we lost the shelter of the Barrier Reef. There was a tremendous sea breaking on the bay, but we ran before the wind, and anchored under the lea of Amazon Island.[185] Next day we had a splendid run, passed through Orangerie Bay[186] and steered a course well off Eagle point, losing sight of land frequently owing to the heavy showers and squalls. Ran up to Stacey Island and anchored off the mission station. We found Mrs Chalmers here alone, Mr Chalmers having left in the Ellangowan for Cooktown.[187] The excitement among the natives had quietened down, and there was no fear of any further attacks. Here they

not been recorded wild in Torres Strait. However, early explorers did record pet cucus in Torres Strait, so it seems they featured in trade with New Guinea (McNiven & Hitchcock, 2004: 111).

182 New Guinea cedar (*Toona sureni*) is a species of forest tree in the mahogany family valuable for timber. It is a close relative of Australian red cedar (*Toona ciliata*), an iconic species in the thriving colonial northern New South Wales and Queensland timber industries, which by the mid 1870s had made its way as far north as the Daintree River near Cairns. Papuans used cedar for canoes and carving and its export was one of New Guinea's first large-scale industries. The first official survey of southeast New Guinea timber trees was undertaken in 1908, and the first regulation imposed in 1909. Timber is now one of Papua New Guinea's largest export industries (Ryan, 1972: 1130–1135).

183 The *Pride of Logan* massacre occurred at Cloudy Bay on 29 September 1879. Part-owner of the vessel, Harry Webb, Thomas Govier, a Cooktown master mariner, Henry Mullholland (Mate) and his Malay wife, Alexander Drew, a Cooktown publican, another Malay woman and three male Chinese crew had established a bêche-de-mer station in the Bay. Webb, who had been out on the reef in his yacht Colleen Bawn, returned to find the smoke house on fire and villagers hauling the ransacked *Pride of Logan* on to the beach. Five of the party had been killed at the station, and Mullholland's wife, the cook and another man had been killed on the schooner. Webb single-handedly regained control of the schooner and turned it out to sea, anchoring the vessel off shore. He returned that night in a boat, but found no survivors. He then took the yacht along the coast as far as Hula looking for *Ellengowan*, left letters with the LMS teachers, and finally set out for Cooktown in *Pride of Logan*, without mainsail, staysails, running gear, or chain plates, in company with *Colleen Bawn*. HMCS *Spitfire* (60-tons) found him on 2 November 1879 sheltering in a bay in the Howick Group, inside the Great Barrier Reef, and after securing the vessel he made his own way to Cooktown in *Colleen Bawn*. HMS *Beagle* was in Cooktown and set out for Cloudy Bay on 3 November to investigate and inflict punishment (TQ, 9 Aug. 1879, 3 Jan. 1880, 21 Aug. 1880; Bevan, 1890: 64–65).

184 Table Bay is a shallow indentation of the coast between larger Cloudy and Amazon Bays.

185 Amazon Bay is between Magarida (named after the Queen of Portugal by Luis Váes de Torres on *San Pedro* in 1606) and Millport Harbour. Amazon Islets (Lopom and Laruoro) are off Amazon Bay. The name Amazon was given by Chalmers in 1877. He had heard that there were only women there, but incursions from Aroma had driven the people inland and the women and children had been confined to a village for safety (TQ, 16 Jun. 1883).

186 Large Orangerie Bay is to the east of Amazon Bay.

187 It was not uncommon for LMS missionaries to leave their wives at mission stations for months at a time, often with no European company. Both Jane Chalmers and Elizabeth, James' second wife, complained in their letters home about loneliness. Jane (née Hercus) was from an eminent Scottish Presbyterian family and temperamentally well suited to missionary work. Chalmers maintained that at the time of the *Mayri* attack she was the only person who remained calm, and she refused to contemplate leaving Suau for the safety of Port Moresby. Nevertheless, her health was poor and she died in Sydney on 20 February 1879. Chalmers was away at the time (Chalmers, 1878; SMH, 29 Mar. 1879; Langmore, 1989: 69, 74, 81, 276).

appeared to be an inferior type of natives to the Motu people. They are similar in color, or perhaps a shade darker, and all seemed to be suffering from a skin disease, which gave them a filthy appearance.[188] The men here cover themselves with a large dried leaf, the women with coarse grass dresses. The women are slightly tatooed, but not to the same extent as the Motu women. Their houses are built on piles, but different from the Motu houses. The roofs are curved inwards on the top, as per the sketch.

So cape

Port Moresby

sketch here

Outside their houses on poles they stick skulls, and inside are shelves of wicker work where they keep their fishing nets and other effects. Their spears are hung inside the roof. They cultivate small plots of ornamental plants where they bury the dead, and often cover the graves with small houses.

From here we ran to Heath Island in China Straits,[189] encountering a calm before dark, which delayed us till midnight before we reached the anchorage. Our arrival caused a great consternation in the village near which we anchored. It was very dark, and they did not know of our approach until we dropped anchor. Next day we made Basilisk Island,[190] and saw very few natives on the south side of the Island, and on the 13th March we made Teste Island, where the missionaries have established a station. The night we arrived, it blew a perfect hurricane, and as we were anchored under the lea of a reef, we experienced the full force of the wind, but fortunately no sea. I was afraid our anchor might slip and had rather an anxious night.

We lay here a week, windbound by heavy squalls and rain the whole time, and on the 21st left for Brooker island. We experienced light winds and strong currents, so that after being under weigh a day and a night, we found ourselves still in the vicinity of Teste Island.[191] On the 23rd we were within 6 miles of Cosaman Island,[192] were under weigh all night, and drifted again to leeward. We seemed to be doing a little circular sailing here the next night again we found ourselves within 5 miles of Cosaman Island, so hauled in sail, and pulled in to the island, where we anchored. Our provisions having got rather low, we spent a day shooting and got plenty of pigeons. The Nickerbau pigeon is very plentiful here. The next two days we were beating to windward betwixt the Long Reefs,[193] and reached La Jeune Island.[194] Went ashore and saw nothing but wild fowl. Having got short of water we sunk for it, but only got brackish water. On 28th I placed all hands on an allowance of a pint of water per diem, and as provisions were also short, and we were a great deal becalmed, and had to sweep the vessel for miles every day, my crew began to get very dissatisfied. Next day we reached the easternmost of Bramble Haven Islands,[195] where we landed and found a lot of

188 This probably was the sarcoptic skin disease known locally as 'kas kas', which was endemic in New Guinea (Backhouse, 1929).

189 China Strait is the passage between the southern tip of New Guinea and the adjacent islands.

190 Basilisk Island is separated from Sideia Island by Fortescue Strait, on the eastern side of China Strait. The island rises to 502 m and when examined by Captain Moresby in 1873 was well cultivated, right up the hill slopes with yam and taro plantations. The valleys produced sago in the swamps, betel nut, sugar cane, and showing earlier outside influence, corn and oranges (PIP, 1970, Vol. 1: 126).

191 Wari (named Teste Island by D'Urville) is southeast of Moresby Island and has a narrow range of hills its entire length, with a height of 117 m. The village is on the southern side.

192 Marigili (Kosmann Island) is on the southern reefs below the Conflict Group, is low and wooded and surrounded by reefs.

193 Long Reef is an atoll just south of Kosmann Island.

194 Lajeune Island is low and wooded, on the northern edge of Long reef.

195 Bramble Haven Islands are the reefs around tiny Punawan (Duperre) Island to the west of Utian (Brooker Island).

gear belonging to the station at Brooker Island. They were about to move the station to this place, when the massacre was committed. Amongst a lot of charred wood we found the bones of a man, which no doubt were the remains of a cannibal feast, as two of the kanakas belonging to the Brooker Island station were here murdered. Some canoes we observed at a distance, but the island itself is uninhabited. We were at this time reduced to great straits for water, and collected a small cask of rotten water alive with insects, from the hollows of trees. We sunk here for water, but found none on getting down to the coral. On 31st we got under weigh and stood over to a new group of islands not given in the chart. We landed on a low coral Island in hopes of finding water but were unsuccessful and as it was a dead calm, there was no possibility of getting to windward. At this time we would have given anything for a drink of water, and gone through any amount of toil to procure. This day our water entirely failed us. We got out the oars, and all hands worked with a will, but we were caught by the currents after toiling for hours, and swept right back to where we started from. The currents here were about 5 miles an hour. On 2 April a light breeze sprung up — a head wind — but we resolved to reach the large island and get water, if strength of man could do it. Fortunately after great toil we made the reef which surrounds the large island, but couldn't find a passage inside for some time. After getting to the reef I placed three kanakas[196] on the reef, with a rope from the vessel, and they dragged us for a couple of miles right round, until a passage was found. This was a work of great difficulty and danger, they had often to swim from reef to reef, were most of the time up to the neck in water, and exposed to great danger from the sharks. After getting inside we had no difficulty in running up to the Island, which we reached just after dark. Our only thought was water, by this time we could scarcely talk, our tongues having swelled to such an extent, so we lost no time in landing, and fortunately having gone into the bush for a short distance, we found ourselves unexpectedly up to the knees in a swamp. The water was none of the best, but it seemed most delicious to our parched throats. The want of provisions we had not felt so much, although we had nothing left but rice, as the want of water.

These Islands I named Bute, Arran and the greater and lesser Cumbraes,[197] and their position is now given in the chart. We found here deserted villages, and saw natives at a distance who refused to approach. We were now near to Brooker Island, and the natives were afraid we might have come to punish them for that Massacre. I had taken on board at Teste Island, Christiana[198] a native, (since employed by Ingham and the only survivor of his ill fated descent on Brooker Island,[199] and afterwards taken on board the Wolverine[200] to that place)

196 Here, Goldie uses 'Kanakas' to mean the local people.

197 These are the names of islands in the Firth of Clyde, near where Goldie was born. The place names are not in use today. They may be the Duperré Islets, 18.5 km east of Lejeune Islet.

198 This is the man also called Joe, from Wari (Teste Island).

199 Ingham went to Brooker (Utian) to salvage Redlich's equipment. He set out from Port Moresby on *Voura*, his small flat-bottomed, stern paddle-wheel steamer, accompanied by William Ailes, an English engineer, Harry Condiotti, a Greek cook who had been a Laloki gold prospector, James Shaw who had been with Goldie, two Chinese deckhands, Ah Sing and Hung Gar, three South Sea Islanders (one being Jack Wieu, who Goldie had before the Thursday Island Bench) as boat crew, and Joe, a Wari Islander as pilot. *Voura* reached Samarai (Dinner) Island on 19 November 1878. McFarlane tried to dissuade Ingham, but he left for Brooker on 23rd, stopping off at Leocadie Island on the way where Shaw and Ah Sing were left to begin a new bêche-de-mer station, while Ingham and the others went on, heavily armed, including with a small cannon. They were welcomed for three days then all killed quickly, except Joe who escaped in a boat to Misima Island where McFarlane received the news on 5 December. McFarlane reached Brooker on the 7th where he found *Voura* totally dismantled (Moore, 1992).

200 HMS *Wolverine* (1703 tons) was a wood, screw corvette built in 1863. It was flagship of the Royal Navy Australia

as interpreter, and succeeded in opening up some communication with the natives at a distance.[201] Christiana would only go within speaking distance of the natives, and they showed no desire to get nearer Christiana, both parties being exceedingly wary of each other. We found here abundance of pumpkins,[202] and pumpkins and rice mixed together we thought luxurious living. We also got plenty of pigeons, and a few fowls, preserved from the plunder of Brooker Island. While here we were in clover. One day Jimmy Caledonie and myself went for a little distance into the bush, and came on a large house, built in a tree about 60 feet high. This house was built in the same style as the houses I had previously seen in the mountains inland from Port Moresby. A very high tree with a thick bare trunk is fixed on. About 60 feet from the ground are several large branches, on which they lay the framework composed of saplings as a support for the sides and roof. This framework is generally firmly fixed in the forks of the trees, and of a large rectangular shape. Poles about 4 feet high are then placed erect round the edge of the flooring, and firmly lashed together. On this superstructure an ordinary ridge roof is placed, and the whole fastened with vines and other contrivances. An aperture is left for a door, and a ladder of vines is attached, which they can pull up at their pleasure. A good supply of stones for defensive purposes is usually kept in these houses.

Old Jimmy at considerable risk, made his way up this rickety ladder, while I stood guard below. There was nothing in the house except 4 human skulls, neatly done up in grass baskets, and a piece of a chart and a sack, no doubt part of the plunder of Brooker Island. These islands are not of coral, but volcanic formation, and densely wooded. There is good anchorage near them, and plenty of fresh water.

On 4th April, we ran for Brooker Island through an eastern passage in the reef, where a 5 knot current was running, but had no sooner cleared the reef than it fell dead calm, with a rapid current setting in towards Brooker Island. We were within 6 miles of the Island at dark, but there was no anchorage, and the current having here changed we were carried away to the East at a rapid rate. We spent a very anxious night, as we were amid a chain of reefs and could hear the rushing of the water over the reefs as it ran sometimes at 6 knots. We were dragged by the current about midnight in the direction of a large reef, and found on putting out the oars that we were powerless to pull away. Put out the anchor, which fortunately held, and at daylight we found we were only the length of the little vessel from a rugged and dangerous reef. This reef was one of the grandest sights I ever saw in my life. I took the dingy and pulled about. The water was beautifully clear and I could see to a great depth. Far away down in deep crevices I could see in the clear blue water coral and marine plants in great variety, and in every shade of rich colour, and sporting among them were millions of fish small and large, which even outdid the coral in brilliancy. They were of all colours — red, scarlet, rich blue and green, with beautiful stripes and spots of every shade and hue imaginable.

Station from 1875 to 1882. Before coming to Australia it had participated in Edward John Eyre's controversial suppression of the 1865 Jamaica Rebellion. After 1882, it remained in Sydney as a naval training ship (Lint, 1998: 117–119).

[201] News of Ingham's fate reached Cooktown on 21 January 1879. The Royal Navy sent HMS *Cormorant* under Lt. James Bruce in April 1879, which carried out a desultory bombardment but did not land a shore party. This was considered unsatisfactory and Commodore Wilson on HMS *Wolverine* arrived on 10 June. Wilson ordered a naval landing with a steam pinnace and four smaller boats, capturing several large sailing canoes. He also took hostages, of whom nine escaped, one was killed and one was wounded in the recapture. Huts and coconut trees were destroyed and the ship left on the 14th. Ingham's skull was not surrendered until October 1892 (Moore 1992).

[202] Pumpkins are not indigenous and must have been introduced, perhaps by other bêche-de-mer fishers.

We lay at anchor here all day, right in the mouth of a narrow channel formed by the surrounding reefs with a 6 knot current running and changing every few hours with the tide. Two currents meet here, and cause a fearful rip, which is very dangerous for a small vessel to sail through if there is any wind. There was not a breath of wind and it was with great difficulty we succeeded in getting our vessel into a lagoon formed among the reefs, where we got a somewhat safer anchorage. In doing so we grounded twice, and only succeeded by a free use of ropes and oars. I took the dingy, and spent a considerable time in looking for a passage out, but none was to be found but after waiting a few days for a high tide we got out over the reef safely. These reefs are not given in the chart, but from our anchorage there, Real Island bore Southwest half west, and the eastern end of St Agans[203] bore North East.

We left here with a light breeze steering for Brooker Island, and got close to the reef surrounding that island when it again fell a calm, and we took the sweeps and pulled the vessel as close into the reef near the station as we could possibly get. We could see the Iron houses and wreckage of all descriptions lying about, but no natives were visible. We could hear them however under cover challenge us by blowing on the Congs [*sic*] shells. We thought it prudent not to accept their challenge, as they were under cover, and we knew they were armed with Snider Rifles.[204] In this voyage I gathered the following information as to the Massacre, and the cause of it, and came to the conclusion that this was an instance where the natives had visited the actions of the Europeans with due retribution. A part of the fishing crew who had combined with the Brooker Island natives to kill the Europeans had been kidnapped from New Britain and the New Hebrides, years before, and held in slavery. I had in my employment during the first season I was in New Guinea a native of the Island of Mota, Banks's Group New Hebrides, who had been kidnapped along with his brother, and they originally formed part of this same fishing crew. Ou's brother died in slavery, and Ou himself was engaged by me from his kidnapper, and I afterwards brought him to Sydney, intending to ship him to his native Island, but I had some difficulty in getting a vessel at once, and I found on my return from New Zealand that he had been decoyed by a crimp from the lodging house where I left him, [205] and I have since been unable to find him. Some of these men who took part in the murder of McCourt and the other Europeans were Ou's previous comrades and some of them his fellow countrymen. Naturally enough these men wanted to get home, and had been promised to be taken home for years previously, but the promise had not been fulfilled, and they began to think was never likely to be. A quarrel about a woman fanned the smouldering fire into a flame — a native woman kept by one of the Europeans had shown favor to one of the Kanaka Boys. The woman was put out of the house, and the Kanaka well thrashed. Both vowed vengeance. In an unguarded hour when the Europeans had fallen asleep after a booze, their firearms were seized by the woman, and handed outside to her friends. Then the conspirators threw themselves on their masters, and tomahawked them, vowing vengeance on every white man who should dare to come to the island. And this vow they have made good. While in the vicinity I learned from one who knew well, some of the above facts, and I did not feel that I had a right to

[203] These names are no longer in use. Goldie may mean Panasia Islet (161 m), the most western of the Calvados Chain, and another neighbouring islet.

[204] Taken from Redlich and Ingham's camps on the island. The Snider was a .577 calibre, breech loading rifle used by the British military throughout the empire.

[205] For a fee, crimps specialised in decoying sailors, often the worst for drink, to vessels in need of crew. In the 1870s, Sydney's harbour-side boarding houses were notorious for this activity and Pacific Islander sailors were especially vulnerable (Mullins, 1995: 73–74).

interfere. The Explorer was the first vessel who had gone to Brooker Island after the massacre to obtain information and that information obtained, I did not see any necessity to run any risk.

On 7 April we anchored at a small Island on the edge of the reef about 4 miles west of Brooker Island. Our position here was anything but pleasant. It was an easy matter for the Brooker Island natives to approach after dark under cover of the small Island, and they could have made it very hot for us with their rifles, as we were within easy distance of the beach. While we were sitting talking about our great danger, the wind having entirely died out, and the current as likely to carry us to Brooker Island as away from it, after dark, we suddenly felt the anchor trip, and away we went with the current at 5 knots an hour. At this time Captn. Redlich shouted out "Now Boys, the current will carry us right into Brooker Island, and we shall all be shot, take to the oars and pull for your lives". And pull they did for ten miles, but the current all the time had been carrying us away from the Island. We were afraid however that it might turn. A breeze springing up we set sail and steered for Bramble Haven, which we reached next day and replenished our larder with a lot of pigeons. In about a couple of hours, we shot no less than a hundred. We steered our course back outside the Long Reefs calling at Cosman Island. From there to Teste Island, taking the anchorage after dark, and nearly running on the reefs. Here we spent a few days trading, and I met here trade of an uncommon kind. The natives brought off canoe loads of human skulls, which they wished me to buy. The natives here are commonly decked with armlets, made from the human jaw. Teste Island itself seemed to be a very poor Island. They were well supplied with yams of an enormous size, which must have come from the neighbouring Islands. They are great fishers, and use catamarans a great deal for fishing on the reef. These catamarans are generally made of three logs of wood, lashed together, bevelled, and mostly underwater, with natives squatting on the top, or standing paddling. The sea breaks over them, but they can never sink, and when upset always right themselves, and the natives clamber on the top again. These catamarans are only used in the South East. I have not seen them in other parts of New Guinea.[206] They have got immense canoes here as per sketch.

It was here I first obtained specimens of the large Eastern axe. They are now becoming a thing of the past, and are very difficult to procure. Though very clumsy they are real works of art, and with the native tools it must have taken years to make one. The stone is a —— very hard and brittle, and is brought to the required shape by constant tapping on it with a piece of hard flint. It is polished by rubbing in wet sandstone, and gets a fine edge in the same way. This takes an immense amount of labour and time. These stones are all formed alike, and some of them measure twelve inches by six. The handle is made of one solid piece of wood, and beautifully worked with cane all over, sometimes stained. A socket of a most ingenious construction is made of cane, for receiving and holding the stone. The end of the handle is generally adorned with tassels of fibre.

The last night we were here, Capt. Redlich slept on shore, and in the morning when he came on board told me that the teacher requested our assistance to recover a bundle of hoop Iron which the natives had stolen from him. The teacher had told them that I would come ashore, and fight if the hoop iron was not returned. I did not think it would be good policy to go ashore and make a show of fighting — the teacher thought only a show would be required, but I was quite willing to

[206] Goldie is correct that this style of catamaran was confined to the extreme southeast. They were first recorded by MacGillivray (1852, Vol. 2: 255) and as Goldie points out, were used mostly for close inshore fishing (Haddon & Hornell, 1975: 241).

land unarmed, so took the dingy, and four of us stepped ashore unarmed, leaving two men in the dingy to follow us along the beach with fire arms. A two miles walk brought us to the village, and as we approached we could see a great commotion on the beach. The natives had launched 14 large canoes in which they placed all the women and children with a few fighting men, and moored them at a safe distance from the beach to watch proceedings ashore. The village is situated in the heart of a dense grove of cocoa nuts, so we did not observe the natives, until we were face to face with over a hundred armed men, every man with at least six spears in his left hand, and one in his right hand poised ready for use. I held up my hands at once to show I was unarmed, and then made the sign of friendship by touching my nose and stomach with the right hand. They returned the sign, and then I signed for them to ground arms, which they did. Then I squatted on the ground, and the natives all squatted round us and an excited debate was held, when it was agreed that the hoop iron would be returned that night after dark, as the offender did not wish his name to be known. That night the hoop Iron was returned as promised.

The following morning, with a light breeze, we steered for China Straits, and after dark anchored in a snug little Bay at Hayter Island,[207] causing a great commotion amongst the natives on shore who came off in canoes with torches to inspect us. In the morning we were rushed with canoes bringing enormous quantities of yams and bananas, all anxious for trade. I bought several pigs here, and one of them afforded us some amusement. He was placed in the hold, but managed in some way to get loose and get on Deck. With one bound he was into the water, and making for the shore with several canoes after him. When they were about to catch him, he dived down and reappeared again a considerable distance off, and this he repeated several times.

We had some difficulty in getting out of China Straits owing to light winds and strong currents. On the 17th late in the afternoon while standing towards the Loucadie Islands,[208] a very heavy squall came down with heavy rain, and caused a nasty sea with a heavy roll. When the squall cleared away the wind ceased entirely, but the roll set in shore and we were in a position of great danger. The small size of the Explorer saved her. A larger vessel could never have got out, but it was with great difficulty that we managed to sweep her away from the shore. After a light breeze sprang up, we shaped our course for Stacey Island[209] which we reached about midnight. On reaching the anchorage I fired several sniders to let the mission people know of our arrival as I was anxious to know of their safety, but I became still more anxious when I could get no response, though within speaking distance of the mission house. I could see that a large tree near the mission house was on fire, and a group of natives were seated round it, in silence, and paying not the slightest attention to our salute. I came to the conclusion that the missionaries had been murdered and that a cannibal feast was being held over their remains. I gave orders for the dingy to be got out to go ashore, when I was hailed by the Rev. Mr Chalmers, to my great relief, who had recognised my voice. The reason of their silence was then explained. Coming in at that hour of the night, they thought that the Explorer had been seized by the murderers of Brooker Island, and that she was now on a cruise of murder and rapine. At this time Mr Chalmer's position was one of great danger, and he had never ventured previous to this time, to go far from the mission house. The next day Mr Chalmers and I with three guides went on the top of the hill, which was a very

[207] Sariba (Hayter Island) in China Strait is next to Samarai Island.

[208] Deirina Deirina (Leocadie Island) is just to the south of Milne Bay.

[209] Suau (Stacey Island) is off South Cape.

toilsome matter, owing to the dense scrub and steep cliffs. We sat down close to the edge of a steep cliff on the top and had a magnificent view. We could see the glittering coral reefs stretching along the coast to the Loucadies, with the white foam here and there breaking over them, while all round the coast and stretching inland lay a broken rugged country with here and there towering mountain peaks covered with luxurious vegetation. While sitting on this peak, the same idea at the same instant struck both Mr Chalmers and myself — and it was not a very comfortable idea. We were close to the edge of the cliff, and we thought how easy a matter it would be for our three native guides to pitch us down the cliff. A push, and we would be over. Mr Chalmers was unarmed, and he thought I was so, too, but I had my hand on my revolver inside my shirt, and my eyes on the natives. The natives here were strangers to us, and at that time not to be trusted. On returning to the village we inspected a large new war canoe, which they were about to launch. This canoe was different from those further to the East, being longer, not so much built on, and the prow not so high. I interviewed an old man, the carver to the tribe, who was busily engaged in carving an ornamental prow, and I found that he had discarded his flint and stone tools, for iron nails. His kit of tools, comprised caulking tools, large needles for sewing the knees of canoes, made of bone, and cocoa nut fibre and gum for caulking the seams.

On 21st April we got under weigh at daylight with half a gale blowing, running before it under jib and foresail. Cleared Cone point early in the day, ran through Orangerie Bay with a fine breeze, and steered for an opening in the bold headland to the west of Orangerie Bay. I was confident I would find a good harbor, as I had passed close to it on my downward trip and could see every appearance of a good inlet. The mouth of the apparent harbor was fully exposed to the south east, and we entered with a tremendous sea chasing us, so that it would have been very difficult to have got out, but I had every confidence in the little Explorer being able to face it, if necessary. All the crew got frightened, and the question was put to me, what I would do, when we got in, and couldn't get out again, to which I replied that in that case, we should have to stay in! We passed between two bold and lofty headlands about 800 feet high, and visible at a long distance off, about half a mile apart. A reef ran off the inner point of the western headland, but on rounding this we found ourselves as snug a haven as any ship could lie in — about 2 miles long by 1 mile in its widest part. This harbour I named Port Glasgow,[210] after the Rt. Honble. The Earl of Glasgow (see sketch chart).

This was the finest harbor I had previously seen in New Guinea — the only drawback being that vessels would require to beat out of it during the South East monsoon, but I have now beat twice out of it and found no difficulty in doing so, as the water is deep close in shore, but caution is required in going too near as there is danger of being landlocked. Inside there is one of the prettiest pieces of coast scenery I have seen in the country. There are numerous bays with sandy beaches and clumps of cocoa nut trees, and native villages in the background. Immediately behind these rise wild spurs, covered as usual with dense vegetation, alive with gorgeous colored birds of many species. On the deck of the vessel, we could hear the quack, quack of the Bird of Paradise. We had no sooner anchored than we were surrounded by numerous canoes, all anxious for Keelam, Keelam (hoop iron). This is a favourite article of trade to the East, and preferred to tomahawks. We were very short at this time, of this valuable commodity, but what I had, I cut up into pieces two inches long, and one of these pieces I traded for a

[210] Geagea Doudou (Port Glasgow) is an excellent small but landlocked harbour just west of Orangerie Bay.

FIG. 7. Port Glasgow, New Guinea. — Mr Goldie's Recent Discovery. Illustrated Australian News, 5 September 1883.

plume of the Bird of Paradise.[211] Next day we were again surrounded with canoes, and the natives ever so numerous, and became so bold and insolent, that it was difficult to keep them off the deck. They were pressing us rather closely, so I took a favorable opportunity of discharging a snider, and the effect it had was amusing to me, but very startling to the natives, whose terror was so great that they rolled over each other, out of the canoes, and into the sea. All left the vessel, and sat down on the beach opposite where they held a "kwow kwow" (a talk) consultation. Shortly afterwards a canoe with three men put off, and we then learned for the first time, that they had stolen a tomahawk from the deck of the vessel, which they now brought back, together with a pig as a peace offering. The accompanying sketch shows the Explorer at anchor close to a village, with native canoes surrounding her.

The following day we beat out of the harbor, with a light south east [wind], taking soundings as we tacked, and about 8 miles westward entered another harbor, even superior to Port Glasgow which I named Millport Harbor.[212]This harbor has since been surveyed by Lieutenant Thos. de Hoghton commanding H.M.S. *Beagle* who reports to the Commodore as follows:

> "I anchored at Port Millport at 3 pm and found it to be a splendid anchorage easy of access, well protected (the points of

[211] Papuans have always valued bird of paradise plumes for personal adornment, but bird of paradise skins also were one of the earliest commodities in long distance trade out of New Guinea. Swadling maintains that New Guinea bird of paradise skins were being traded to Indonesia and beyond 3000 years ago. They had arrived in Europe by the 16th century. To preserve the plumes, the entire bird was skinned after the removal of legs, skull and wing feathers. Because trade skins lacked feet Europeans initially thought they had none, staying constantly in the air. The first scientific description of a bird of paradise was in 1758, and the first scientist to see a live bird in its natural habitat was R.P. Lesson in 1824. By the mid-19th century, natural history collectors had increased the demand for trade birds, boosted further by commercial collectors who targeted the European and American millinery fashion market. Between 1872 and 1880, about £7,500,500 worth of feathers of all species was imported into the United Kingdom (Swadling, 1996: 15–19, 49–53, 83–91).

[212] Goldie spent most of his childhood at Millport on Great Cumbrae. Millport Harbour (Sabiribo Doudou) has an entrance 0.8 km wide and a depth of 16 m.

> entrance bearing from our anchorage S by W 1/2 W and S.W. by W) of a remarkably even depth, mud bottom, water obtainable, and great anchorage space. I enclose a rough outline of it. The comparatively low land to the east admits the Breeze, and facilitates ingress and egress."

The following are Lieut. De Hoghton's notes on his sketch. "Lat 10.22'S Long 149.18' E of Islets at Entrance. There are two of these Islets about 30 feet high and woody, 11 fathoms with 40 yards of outer Islet. A large reef about a mile in extent East and West, dry at low water lies a mile or so east of Cette Island, and a mile or more east of this reef is a patch with 3½ fathoms water on it. An excellent and commodious anchorage about 2 miles long East & West and 13/4 north by south. Soundings as per sketch in fathoms at low water. Rise and fall 5 feet — depth very even. Good mud all over where sounded. Water good but at low water has to be carried some way. No natives live I think on the beach — all in the hills. A good number about and quiet."

Sketch

After leaving Millport Harbor, we ran through Amazon Bay with a smart South Easter. Could see traces of a river, falling into the Bay. Very few natives about. The country seems a good flat forest country. Ran through Table Bay, and rounded Table point two hours before dark and anchored at a Point, since named Forrest Pt., under its lea. The next day was calm, and we were visited by a number of canoes from the village of Dedalie, since burned.[213] Ran up Cloudy Bay into what is called in the chart Robinson Harbor, but is only a harbor for vessels drawing not more than four feet of water. Took soundings with the keel of the Explorer! Inside, the river runs so rapidly that we were unable to pull against it in the dingy. All round are vast Mangrove swamps, with rugged mountain spurs, running through the Mangrove right down to the river. These spurs lead to the lofty Owen Stanley range, which here approaches nearer to the coast, than in most other parts of New Guinea. I followed one of these spurs a considerable way inland, in hope of finding a clear view of the country, but entirely failed owing to the dense scrub. While here we were much pestered with several large canoes, with as many as 40 men — ugly looking villains — in each, who kept hovering round us, and I had to resort to usual rifle practice to get rid of them. Getting out of this so called harbour, we rounded the bay inside an island at the mouth of the river, running over shoals as it was high water, and entered a small river on the western side of the bay, which I named Blunden River.[214] We grounded in entering, and observed that the natives who were hovering about in their canoes, at once landed and made towards us, and I had again to treat them to a little rifle practice.

On 28 April we left Cloudy Bay, running through a narrow passage in the sandbank, now known as Sand Bank bay. Here there is good anchorage under the lea of the sandbank in South East monsoons. Along the coast the country is flat and well wooded, and few natives appearing till you reach Keppell Bay. There there are numerous villages and a large population, with large groves of cocoanuts. We kept outside the reef at Contance Island, in a very heavy sea, and in the evening anchored among our old friends at Kerepuna, and after being absent for two months among the natives to the East, the marked superiority of the Kerepuna natives struck me forcibly by contrast. Among the Eastern natives I found skin disease very prevalent, here it was much rarer at this time. I had not been anchored here long before I was informed by the natives

[213] Usually given as Dedele. It was one of the two villages razed by de Hoghton of HMS *Beagle* in November 1879 in retaliation for the September attack on *Pride of Logan*.

[214] Blunden River is probably Aivaguina River, the estuary of Riguina River.

of the arrival at Port Moresby of a Britannia Lakatoi patapata and Tau momo momo (a large British vessel with a lot of men) baroma pata pata[215] (horses — baroma meaning pig and pata pata large). This news made me anxious to get to Port Moresby as soon as possible, so the following morning we got under weigh, and ran as far as Round Head when we anchored and were visited by a lot of canoes from Kapa Kapa. They confirmed the intelligence I had received from the Kerepuna natives. The following day before reaching Port Moresby we were boarded by a canoe with one of the teachers, who informed me that a vessel had arrived with 30 Europeans and 7 horses. On anchoring we were boarded by Mr Ingham, who informed me that the vessel was the Colonist from Sydney and the men had come over in consequence of my discovery of gold, the news of which had reached Sydney, in search of the precious metal. He likewise told me of the arrival of the 'Swan' a very small vessel with 6 men, and that others were likely to follow. They had only been landed a few days, and at the time the mission hill presented a lively appearance being dotted over with white canvas tents. The appearance of the men at first sight struck me very favourably. They were a fine body of men, full of health and vigour, hopeful and energetic. The day I landed, the first party had started on a trip to the Laloki, and they returned a few days afterwards for extra provisions as they were short of horses. It was a novel sight to see these man start off each with 50 lbs of flour on his shoulders, and seeming not to feel the weight. At a meeting held at this time, I was unanimously requested to accompany them up the Goldie as guide, which I willingly offered to do, but after this was agreed to, I was waited on subsequently by the Secretary of the Colonist party, who gave me to understand I was not wanted, because if payable gold was discovered, I should rob them of all the honour! As soon as I knew this, I at once sent word to the camp that I would not go, which was answered by a numerously signed requisition for me to accompany them. This placed me in a dilemma, but finally I decided to go, and left for the Laloki on 7 May, taking my two Kanakas with me. I reached their camp about dusk, tired and thoroughly worn out, and anything but fit for a long journey inland. As the long sea voyage, with bad feeding, and little exercise, with nearly a years exposure to the climate, had almost exhausted my strength. I found on arrival that the Secretary, had unknown to ~~some~~ the majority of the men, had been working underhanded to prevent me robbing him of honor, and had got a party of the men on his side who were averse to my accompanying the expedition. He had the impudence to come to me in the name of the Colonist party, and say that if I went with them, I would have to be subject to their laws[216] and would not be allowed to write, or report any of their proceedings, and that there was a party among them, who did not wish me to go. I told him I was not particularly desirous to go, as I intended to return in a few days to Thursday Island. As far as their laws

[215] 'Pata' is more properly 'bada'.

[216] When Goldie announced the discovery of gold he emphasised that any prospecting party setting out for New Guinea should be disciplined and unified under strong leadership. To begin with the *Colonist* party took his advice to heart. Styling themselves the New Guinea Exploring Expedition, with leader, secretary and committee of 3, they established 10 rules, the first of which was to abide by British Law. A court was established to provide for trial by jury. Offences against Papuans, theft from each other, or failure to come to the assistance of a comrade in the event of hostilities with Papuans, were all subject to trial by jury. Discoverers of gold were required to report to the leader within 24 hours, if possible, and had prior right to first claim. Other members could take up claims by ballot, with a limit of three miners to a claim. 30.5 m of stream was the limit of an alluvial claim, with the discoverer of quartz claims allowed 183 by 244 m with options on either side. Subsequent claims would be 30.5 m by 244 m. Claims had to be registered with the leader/judge, and there were mechanisms in place to resolve disputed claims. Rule 10, stipulated, 'no letters or reports to be sent back by any of the party without the consent of the whole expedition.' (Ingham, 1878b).

were concerned I refused to recognise them as binding on me, and I had no wish to create disunion among the men, and I would not go. When the majority of the men found I would not go, they came and requested me to allow one of my Kanaka boys to go with them as guide, which request I complied with. The miners camp in the Laloki at this time occupied the same ground as my old shooting camp. They had named it Prospectors camp, and there were in all about 30 tents, scattered in groups all round. The majority of the miners had a small tent each for his own use about 8 by 6. In the centre of each tent, swung a hammock from the two trees, supporting the ridge of the tent, with nice white mosquito curtains. The main body of the Colonist party, had a large tent, surrounded by a wall of logs, which they used as a store room, and here they had about two tons of stores of all descriptions. The camp presented the usual appearance of bustle incident to cooking, and the other pursuits of camp life. Before starting up country they divided into two lots. A party of 12 men with two horses, and another party of 12 men with 5 horses. The men with two horses started first with my kanaka Harry as guide, and I stood looking on with interest as they crossed the River. Every man was heavily loaded with at least 60 lbs on his back. They had no sooner crossed the River than they were lost to view in the dense scrub. The others left half an hour later, with the pack horses and light swags, and the camp with the bulk of the stores was left in charge of six men. On the following day I returned to Port, and on my way I met another two parties of miners who had arrived by the Pride of the Logan and Economist[217] from Cooktown. These parties had five horses with them. I found on reaching Port a third vessel, the Annie, a schooner, bent on bêche de mer fishing.[218] They commenced the first night by having a drunken row on board, during which an African nigger with a loaded rifle drove the captain, mate and two of the crew into the sea.[219] They were rescued by young Shaw in my dingy. Old Jimmy, one of my crew, was on board at the time, and he told me, that when the nigger went down below to get the rifle, he (Jimmy) fastened down the scuttle and sat on it. The nigger shouted out to let him up or he would fire, to which Jimmy replied "Fire away" which the nigger did, and sent a ball through the scuttle between Jimmy's legs. This was too hot for Jimmy, so he was obliged to allow the nigger to get up, by which time the rest of the crew had escaped in the dingy.[220]

[217] *Economist* started life as a 12-ton ketch built in 1858 at Brisbane Water, NSW. It was rebuilt as a 27-ton schooner in 1874 and purchased by the Maryborough merchant Chen A Yeen. In October 1876 the Rockhampton shipwrights John Burton and Charles Thomas purchased the vessel. After its time in New Guinea it was abandoned at Thursday Island and in 1880 was reported a total wreck (Dundon, 1997: 130; McLeod, 2002: 44, 49).

[218] *Annie* was a 15-ton fore-and-aft schooner built in 1868 at Bustard Bay in Queensland. In February 1878, Henry Blakesley, Douglas Pitt and Robert Watson purchased the vessel. After a short but adventurous career *Annie* was wrecked near Lizard Island on 3 August 1881 (McLeod, 2002: 43).

[219] This incident occurred on 9 May 1878. The 'nigger' was Douglas Pitt (1844–1933), born in Kingston, Jamaica. He arrived in Torres Strait from New Caledonia with Thorngren's *John Knox* in 1871. Pitt resided alternatively on Erub and Mer working in the bêche-de-mer and pearl shell fisheries. His first boat was the condemned Somerset government cutter *Alert*. By 1875 he was in charge of *Christine*, which belonged to the then Somerset storekeeper Harry Webb. In 1876 he was working two boats, *Rita* and *John Bell* in association with Webb. Because of reports he was abusing Torres Strait Islanders at Erub and Mer, islands that until 1879 were beyond Queensland jurisdiction, Chester persuaded Webb to break off the business relationship. In February 1878, Pitt went into partnership with Blakesley in *Annie*. He had a third share (Chester, 1876c; Mullins, 1995:73).

[220] Before Pitt went below and began firing, he threatened Blakesley with a cutlass that Jimmy Caledonie managed to wrest from him. Blakesley immediately reported the incident to Ingham, but they decided discretion was the better part of valour and let Pitt sleep it off. Although Blakesley was frightened of Pitt, they reconciled the following day. A few months later, in July 1878, *Annie* was with *Pride of Logan* collecting bêche-de-mer near Keppel Point. A dispute occurred with villagers over the purchase of bêche-de-mer, which led to shots being fired and a local man wounded. A few weeks later several villages

The Economist was a rotten old schooner, and brought over a blackguardly lot, the scum of the earth. Among them were two well known Cooktown women, the lowest of the low. They landed on the beach without an ounce of provisions, and Mr Ingham was forced to get a tent pitched for them on the hill, and we were obliged to find them in provisions, as we could not see them starving. They received no encouragement from the rest of the miners, who were bent on gold.[221] On 15 May, two men returned from the Laloki, very ill with fever of a bad type. This was the beginning of what followed. On the 17th I got under weigh for Thursday Island, and on going out the harbour, met the *Ellangowan* steaming in. I went on board, told them what had transpired, and asked Mr Chalmers to get the two Cooktown women taken away. We had a very fine voyage across, and reached Thursday Island on the 23rd.

On reaching Thursday Island, I shipped my collection, which embraced 1000 bird skins, and many mammal skins, to Sydney, and they were described in the *Proceedings of the Linnean Society of Sydney*.

(Here give extract)[222]

At the same time I shipped a collection of live plants to England.

I discharged all my crew except two bidding adieu to Shaw & Blunden and shipped fresh hands. I got the Explorer refitted with new rigging and sails at a pearl fishing station about 20 miles from Thursday Island, belonging to Mr Craig.[223]This station is like an industrious beehive, and furnished in every appliance for prosecuting successfully extensive pearl fishing. Mr Craig employs 6 boats each carrying a crew of six men and a diver. They are all without exception south sea islanders. Some of the divers get as much as £20 a month and all found. Good wages for a kanaka! The rest of the crew get from £2 to £3 a month, and all found. From what I have seen of the stations the men are liberally found in provisions, and are not over worked. The capital invested in each boat is about £400 — including diving gear. Shell can only be found when the tides are slack, at floodtides the crew do nothing, so the greater part of their time, the men are idle. They usually choose a place 6 to 8 fathoms deep, and anchor. The diver dons his dress and goes down. If nothing found, the signal is given to haul up, and the anchor is lifted, and another place is tried. If however they have chanced on a good spot, he signals "hold on" and proceeds to collect the shell and send it up in a bag by the lifeline. When he has collected all in his immediate vicinity, they slack away chain, and he follows the boat collecting and sending up, as he changes position. Sometimes they have as much as 60 fathoms of chain out.[224] Two of the men in the boat attend to

combined to attack the shore party during the day, but were driven off with the loss of three or four men. A few nights later a curing house was burned down with considerable loss of plant. *Annie* and *Pride of Logan* then moved on (Ingham, 1878a; Chester, 1878c).

221 Annie Smith and Jessie Ormiston were sent to Thursday Island on *Ellengowan* at Ingham's expense. They were able to meet their own costs from there. One returned to Cooktown and the other went to Singapore (Duff, 1878).

222 See Chapter 2, Appendix, for a full listing of E.P. Ramsay's descriptions of Goldie's collections in the *Proceedings of the Linnean Society of New South Wales*.

223 Craig Brothers pearl-shelling station was in Endeavour Strait (Chester, 1879a).

224 This system of working changed as divers had to go deeper to find payable quantities of shell. By the mid-1880s the common system in Torres Strait was for luggers to make short tacks close to the wind across the shelling ground slowly towing divers at depth behind. When the end of the ground was reached the divers would signal to be retrieved and the lugger sailed down wind to the top of the mark to start again. Diving was done on the windward tide, so that the tide carried the diver forward at about the same speed as the lugger tacked. The lugger tacked under mizzen, the aft and smaller sail, which explains why Torres Strait Islanders anomalously refer to it as the mainsail. In Western Australia where diving conditions are different luggers simply drifted across the shelling ground. These different techniques partly explain the regional variation in pearling lugger design that developed in the 1890s.

the air pump, one man looks after the lifeline, and the others pull the shell up and clean it. They reckon nothing on the pearls in Torres Straits, they rarely if ever reach the owner of the boats, as when found they are secreted by the crew.[225] There are seldom any serious accidents in Torres Straits but there have been a few to my knowledge. One time a diver allowed his air pipe to get foul of a coral rock, and then seemed to loose [*sic*] his presence of mind, and cut the Life Line. He was fixed there in the bottom acting as an anchor to the boat. The pipe was not strong enough to bear the strain, so the man perished. Sharks never attack a diver's costume. They hover around, smell about, and go off. Sometimes however the men get frightened when this occurs, and come up, and won't go down again that day. There are in all 10 stations, owning 70 boats with diving dresses and about 30 swimming boats (with a crew of 11 men each) employed in this work in Torres Straits. The men in what are called the swimming boats dive without dress. Including the station hands there are 700 Kanakas employed comprising natives of every Island in the South Pacific, a few African niggers, and of late some Malays are used in place of South Sea Islanders. Generally speaking Chinamen are employed as cooks.[226] There is a great deal of rivalry between the different boats, and some cute dodges are adopted to lead rival boats away from the vicinity of a good patch. I have seen 30 boats together fishing in one place, in Endeavour Straits. When the tide begins to rise here they sail to shelter under the lea of the mainland and anchor — so the greater part of the time is taken up in sailing to and from the fishing grounds.[227] Once a fortnight the boats generally rendezvous at some appointed place, where they are met by a tender, which brings stores and takes away the shell. On Sundays they generally moor close together, part of the crews go ashore among the Binghi (Australian natives) but the greatest portion of them usually spend that day and all their other spare hours in gambling with cards. They often loose [*sic*] in this way pipe tobacco, and clothes. They are not allowed to visit the settlement at Thursday Island, but they sometimes manage to get access on Sundays, when they raise a few shillings by selling pearls, and then get drunk. Some of the greatest rows imaginable take place on the beach at Thursday Island, when twenty or thirty kanakas get drunk together.[228]

[225] The first legislation to regulate the Torres Strait fishery, the 1881 Pearl-Shell and Bêche-De-Mer and Fishery Act, 45 Vic., no.2, attempted to address this issue by requiring the licensing of pearl buyers. This proved ineffective. The problem for owners was partly overcome by the introduction of the 'floating station' system that dominated the industry from the mid-1880s until World War One. In this, schooners were mother ships for lugger fleets that stayed at sea for most of the season. All shell was collected live from the luggers by launch and opened on the schooner under the supervision of the fleet manager. In this way the owner retained the pearls.

[226] Pacific Islanders dominated the Torres Strait maritime workforce until the early 1880s. While there always had been some Asian workers in the industry, the balance did not begin to shift in their favour until the late 1870s when Burns Philp & Co. started to systematically recruit men in Singapore under three-year contracts, transferring them to other employers on commission. By then employers were looking for a more tractable alternative to Pacific Islanders, who had a reputation for being too alert to their own best interests and somewhat unruly (Mullins, 1995: 156; The best source on the Asian community in Torres Strait is Shnukal, Ramsay & Nagata, 2004).

[227] The need to catch tides and minimise sailing times, both to and from grounds and to the top of marks on grounds, meant that the best divers, who worked on a 'lay' (a percentage of the catch), were attracted to the fastest luggers. The imperative to attract the best divers was significant in the development of the yacht-like lugger design that emerged in Torres Strait in the early 1890s.

[228] In this era, alcohol abuse was the 'curse of the Straits'. The 'rum ration' was sacrosanct to most sailors and spirits was kept at shore stations and on schooners to issue or withdraw in a system of punishment and reward. It was not in the interests of owners or managers to allow excessive drunkenness. However, as incomes increased in the late 1870s and public houses and wholesale outlets were established, drunkenness became a serious problem. Men refused to work for employers who were not liberal with alcohol and at some stations there were customary end of season sprees. At Christmas 1879, one Torres Strait

The men present a very picturesque appearance. Some of them with little clothing, but that little of bright colors, and worn in all sorts of ways. There are only about 20 Europeans in all employed to look after these men. Some years ago there was a belief in the merchant service, that these boats were little better than pirates — and amusing incidents have been related to me of the terror they inspired in large Merchantmen. Once one of these small boats in charge of a European had a wish to communicate with a large Dutch ship passing. On the small boat getting sufficiently near the Dutchman showed fight, and threatened to shoot if they didn't keep away. I have always found the Europeans employed in the pearl fishery extremely hospitable, and a superior class of men, treating the kanakas under them in a right and fair manner, often in difficult circumstance, and with troublesome crews. At some of the Islands on which these stations are established there is a native population, and many of them are likewise employed at a lower rate of wages, to their great benefit. This practice has done much to civilise the natives, although the agents of the London Missionary Society have done their utmost to prevent their being employed. At the stations, no drink is to be had, consequently no rows, but everything conducted in order, and the employment of natives I think ought to be encouraged. When the settlement at Somerset was first formed, it was established as a harbor of refuge and free port under the Imperial Govt. but afterwards passed into Colonial hands, and now belongs to Queensland. When I first visited Somerset the only government official there was a Police Magistrate, with a crew of water police, and some black troopers. These troopers were used for tracking the natives of the peninsula, who used to come down and make raids on the settlement. The Queensland Govt. at last began to think that New South Wales capital was unduly favored in being allowed to take so much wealth out of their waters, without paying duty, so Somerset was made a closed Port, with heavy taxes on goods imported from New South Wales. Then for some reason the settlement was removed (though why it would be difficult to say, for in my opinion Somerset is the better place) to Thursday Island[229], and a customs house office sent down. Thursday Island is one of the smallest of the Prince of Wales Group about 11/2 miles long by 1 mile wide and is the last calling port for Steamers from Australia to China. The highest point is 365 feet above the level of the sea. The land is barren and rocky. The port is situated on the most sheltered side of the Island. The buildings on the Island comprise the house of the Police Magistrate situated on a knoll, and commanding a view of both passages, and close by are the offices for the shipping master and customs officer, with a Courthouse attached, and in the Courthouse a very creditable reading room well supplied with periodicals supported by the Pearl fishers and Queensland Government. Immediately adjoining the Court house is the Gaol with house attached for [the] Gaolkeeper close

shore station supplied its employees with 35 cases of gin, which resulted in considerable violence and at least one death. The 1881 Act did not prohibit Pacific Islanders access to alcohol, and when a prohibition was imposed under subsequent legislation it was easy to avoid because it did not apply to Asian workers who generally were willing to supply their shipmates. By the late 1880s the problem had eased (Mullins, 1995: 151–153).

[229] Somerset was established in 1864 in the expectation that steam would soon replace sail. However, while regular international steamship services via Torres Strait were established by 1873, sail continued to dominate cargo shipping. Sailing masters preferred the clear water well outside the Great Barrier Reef, by-passing Somerset altogether. All Torres Strait shipping routes intersected in the Prince of Wales Group however, and after a thorough investigation Waibene (Thursday Island) was chosen to replace Somerset. Its main advantage, other than the above, was a sheltered harbour (Port Kennedy) that can be easily entered and exited in all sailing conditions. Although it had been noted in official correspondence that the Kaurareg, traditional owners of the islands in the Prince of Wales group, were 'evidently adverse' to a settlement, in the end this counted for nothing (Mullins, 1995: 144, 170).

to which are the Police Barracks. Not far off are two nice cottages occupied by the Custom house officer and pilot. The Pilot crew live aboard the cutter. There are only another 4 houses on the island. Two are large stores and two public houses.[230] This completes the settlement. The stores and public houses are supported by the Pearl fishers on the neighbouring Islands, and by the Mail Steamers, which call once a month, and occasional visits from the Dutch steamers, on the Sydney Port Darwin and Batavia route. The police magistrate has now got a schooner with lieutenant sub lieutenant and crew.[231] What he wants with it, nobody knows but it pretty well eats up all the revenue. There is a signal station on Goode Island,[232] commanding the Prince of Wales Channel from which all vessels are signalled as they approach.

After refitting at Craig Station I started for a cruise along Endeavour Straits[233] as far as Jardine River for the purpose of collecting orchids. I found abundance of *Dendrobium Bigibbum*, but the rarer variety of *Sumnerii* was exceedingly difficult to get. From Jardine River, we struck over to Prince of Wales Island,[234] but was not very successful there. After about a couple of weeks spent in this way, I returned to Thursday Island to meet the steamer from Sydney. We had only been a day there when H.M.S. *Sappho*[235] came in from Port Moresby, bringing four sick diggers. I had brought away one man very ill, and this was the second consignment. Captain Digby of the *Sappho* informed me that when he left, a great many of the miners were down with fever. Then the mail steamer came in. Mr Chester the Police Magistrate received despatches instructing him to pay a visit to Port Moresby, and report on behalf of the Queensland Government. The *Ellangowan* was here at this time and he was granted a passage in her, and we arranged to sail in company. It was about the middle of June when we left, and I did so a day before the *Ellangowan* in a gale of wind, which the *Ellangowan* was unable to face.[236] The strong South Easters had set in, and it took us nineteen days to get to Port Moresby. It was late in the afternoon, before we could beat out of the passage owing to the tides, and it was just getting dark as we cleared Ellis's passage.[237]

We had a fearful night, coming down in heavy squalls, under mainsail and jib close reefed beating to windward. Unfortunately I had only two sober men on board, which was one reason I decided on going to sea, in order to get my crew sober before morning. Old Jimmy Caledonie, one of the two men I retained in my service, literally stuck to the helm all night. He was pretty well on, when we started, but soon became sober enough. He has only one eye, but that eye is like a cat's eye, and that

230 One store was owned by Harry Webb, who became the first private storekeeper in Torres Strait when he went into partnership with E.L. Brown at Somerset in 1875. Before that the Somerset store was part of the government establishment (Webb, 1875).

231 The topsail schooner QGS *Pearl*, 70 tons, was purchased by Queensland from the Imperial government in 1879. The Admiralty had sent it to Australia as a survey vessel. The schooner was refitted for its new purpose, to patrol and keep order on the recently annexed islands of Torres Strait. It also regularly cruised to the coast of New Guinea and into the Gulf of Carpentaria. After the refit it carried, as well as light arms, two 9-pound Armstrong Guns. Its first master was Charles Pennefather, a pearl-sheller who went on to become Queensland Comptroller-General of Prisons. *Pearl* arrived at Thursday Island in August 1879. Goldie's comment is therefore made in retrospect (Chester, 1879b).

232 Paliling (Goode Island) is close to Waibene (Thursday Island) in the Prince of Wales group.

233 Endeavour Strait, between Cape York and Prince of Wales Island, was named by Cook in 1770 when he passed through on HMS *Endeavour*.

234 Muralag (Prince of Wales Island) of 204.6 sq km is the largest island in Torres Strait. The island is 20 km north of the tip of Cape York and separated from Waibene (Thursday Island) by Normanby Sound.

235 HMS *Sappho* (727 tons) was a composite screw sloop launched in 1873. It served on Royal Navy Australian Station from 1876 to 1878. At this time, it was under the command of Lt. Noel Digby (Lind, 1988: 118).

236 Chester departed on *Ellengowan* on 1 July 1878. *Pearl* did not arrive at Thursday Island until August 1879 (Chester, 1878a: 7).

237 Ellis Passage separates Waibene (Thursday Island) and Ngurupai (Horn Island).

night he made out land between the squalls, that I couldn't catch a glimpse of. I had only one white man and a boy in my crew, the others being kanakas. The kanakas were from various Islands, and could not communicate with each other except in English. I had learnt a lesson with my previous crew, having had three Loyalty Islanders, who were too many of one kind, and combined to give me trouble. Since that time I always took care to have my crew well mixed. The white man had seen better days. He had taken his degree at Oxford in happier times, but the night we left, he was put on board, and didn't discover where he was, for some considerable time afterwards. About 3 am we dropped anchor under the lea of Peak Point on the mainland. We had three hours sleep, and next morning found it blowing fresh as ever with a fearful sea — but as it was daylight, and we had had breakfast and felt refreshed, we hauled up the anchor and at it again.

We stood out close hauled and in one tack made the Sisters,[238] which took us all day. We anchored there for the night. Next morning weather the same — tried to beat out between two of the Sisters, but owing to the strong current, did not make an inch of way. Slacked away and ran under the lea of Bet, one of the Sisters. Tried to beat betwixt Bet and Long Island[239] and succeeded in finding a large ship at anchor under the lea of a reef to windward. They signalled to us, but we had no time to respond, being anxious to make an anchorage before dark. Reached Cocoanut Island[240] and were glad enough to get under its shelter. The following day, the sea was white, we still went on facing it and steered a course amongst numerous islands and reefs to York Island. I found there that a Beche-de-Mer station had been established since my visit the previous year, and that the teacher who had been stationed there, was removed.[241] There was a marked improvement among the natives. This industry having been introduced they got European food and clothing in exchange for their labor and they seemed healthier and happier. This improvement I noticed particularly from the fact the European stationed there was one of the lowest of his class, and yet not withstanding that, the civilising influence of work had been very great. How much greater it would have been had the Europeans been of a superior type!

The day after, we reached Darnley,[242] and it was blowing so stiff that my jib was carried away and we were thankful for the friendly shelter of Treacheous Bay.[243] We spent a day here, with my old friend Gooshing,[244] a Loyalty Island Teacher. From the summit of a hill I had a commanding view in the

238 The Sisters, Burar (Bet), Warraber (Sue) and Guigar (Poll) are south of Sasi (Long Island) in the Central Group.

239 Sasi (Long Island) is directly west of Poruma (Coconut Island) in the Central Group.

240 Poruma (Coconut Island) is in the Central Group of Torres Strait at the south of the Great North East Channel.

241 This was Edward ('Yankee Ned') Mosby's station. Mosby was an American who arrived in Torres Strait in 1871 on the schooner *Three Brothers*. He claimed to have been the first white full dress helmet diver. He left *Three Brothers* and worked as a diver for Frank Jardine until 1876. In 1878 he established a bêche-de-mer station at Masig (Yorke Island). Sometime after that he lost his right leg below the knee in an accident and from then wore a peg. He continued to manage his station and remained at Masig for the rest of his life. Before moving to Masig he was regularly before the Bench on disorderly behaviour charges, and on 19 February 1876, when drunk, drew a knife on Harry Webb, the Somerset storekeeper (TICPS).

242 Erub (Darnley Island), a volcanic island in eastern Torres Strait. The London Missionary Society's first station.

243 Treacherous Bay acquired its name after 5 seamen from the ships Chesterfield and Homuzzer were killed there in 1793. Erubian tradition has it that the men were attacked because they were caught washing clothes at a fresh water spring. The attack provoked revenge raids from the ships that resulted in several islanders being killed, as well as 135 huts, 16 sea-going canoes and extensive gardens destroyed. Several islanders were also killed at nearby Ugar (Stephens Island) and a boy kidnapped and a village destroyed as the sailors searched for survivors of the original attack who had escaped in a whaleboat (Mullins, 1995: 18-20).

244 Gucheng.

direction of Murray Island, through which I would have to pilot the Explorer, and beat to windward next day. Gooshing pointed out to me a narrow passage in the reef which I did not previously know of, and I found it superior to the one I had passed through the previous year. Next day we faced this perilous passage, on short tacks all day, and blowing like fury. Early in the afternoon we dropped to our anchor under the lea of a sand bank, having failed to make Murray Island, as the tide set in against us. On reaching Murray Island we dropped anchor opposite the mission station, and that same afternoon the Ellangowan anchored along side. We lay here nine days windbound. On Sunday it was amusing to see the gathering of the natives. They turned out in honor of the visit of the representative of her Majesty, Mr Chester, decked in their Sunday Togs, with pieces of turkey red cloth around their loins,[245] and attended chapel "clothed and in their right mind" — to use the expression of Mr McFarlane, when speaking to me of the subject. Murray Island has been appointed a "head station of the New Guinea mission" — a most erroneous term. It is the most outlying and out of the way place, among all the Islands in Torres Strait, being situated right out in the Barrier reef and more than 130 miles from Thursday Island and about 300 miles from the nearest mission station in New Guinea. It isn't even a fit place for the head quarters of the Torres Straits mission, as it lies so far to windward of all the other mission stations, that it is very difficult to communicate with and the navigation to it is extremely dangerous. It hasn't even the merit of a good anchorage. The reason why it was chosen for headquarters, is that it is a perfect little paradise in itself.[246] It is covered with the richest tropical products, and food is so abundant that the natives will do nothing but lie down and eat. There is no work for the natives as the island is far away from the track of the pearl fishers. The mission house is a large and commodious weatherboard erection containing every comfort, situated on the side of a hill, commanding a beautiful view. A beautiful walk, with banana trees on each side leads down to the native villages, and teachers house & chapel. They are situated on the beach, and surrounded by a dense grove of cocoa-nut trees. Here croton plants grow in rich profusion. While bananas and Murray apples (a fruit like a rock melon growing on a succulent plant 18 feet high)[247] lie and rot, for want of mouths to eat them.

We made an attempt to cross the Papuan Gulf but after going a few miles put back on a/c of the heavy sea. The next day it was still blowing pretty fresh, but we stood out through Flinders Passage,[248] and took our course close under the lea of the Portlock Reefs which we passed just after dusk. I had been on deck all day, navigating the vessel through the reefs, and at sunset I turned in, leaving two men on deck, after giving them a course to steer, being clear of all reefs. We were sailing close hauled and

245 'Turkey Red' was a common trade calico.

246 The location of the New Guinea LMS headquarters was just one of many contentious issues between McFarlane in Torres Strait and Lawes and Chalmers at Port Moresby. It could only finally be settled by dividing the mission into two divisions. Goldie is here reflecting the view of William and Fanny Lawes, with whom he was close. It is worth noting that by this time, relations between the three senior missionary families were so difficult that the New Guinea Mission Committee, which the three men comprised, was dysfunctional (Langmore, 1989: 189–191).

247 We have not been able to identify this plant, but from the brief description it might be a type of Red Pitaya (*Hylocereus polyrhizus*).

248 Matthew Flinders (1774–1814) passed through Torres Strait three times in his career, the first with William Bligh in 1792 as a junior officer on HMS *Providence*. However, he charted this passage on 29 October 1802 in HMS *Investigator*. His 1814 book *Terra Australis* provided detailed sailing instructions for Torres Strait that most mariners used for the next 30 years. He called the passage Pandora Entrance after HMS *Pandora*, which was wrecked trying to make the entrance on 29 August 1791. Captain Edward Edwards of HMS *Pandora* was returning to England with 14 captured Bounty mutineers. 78 of a complement of 134 survived the wreck, among them 10 mutineers (Flinders, 1814, Vol.1: 106–109 & Vol.2: 289–293).

steering east by south, and had a very rough night of it. Next day and night were equally bad, and on the third day we made the coast of New Guinea at Cape Suckling. Ran into Hall Sound, and anchored close to a village on the mainland. This was the first time a vessel had visited Yule Island, since the murder of Dr James. The natives seemed to be in great terror of us, and for some time would not come near the vessel, and only approached after recognising Jimmie Caledonie. The natives had protected Jimmie's life after the murder of Dr James, and they had confidence that he would not be a party to do them any harm. The murderers of Dr James were a tribe, living up the Ethel River, the natives of Yule Island had had nothing to do with the murder. Old Taboora the chief of Yule Island came off and all his talk was about Dr James, trying to express his sorrow, and anxious that Europeans should come back and live with him. We spent a night here and then got under weigh, all day and beat to windward, with half a gale blowing and a fearful sea rolling into Redscar Bay. It was late at night before we reached an anchorage under the lea of Redscar River. Next day worked to windward along the coast, and anchored after dark to windward of Boera. The following day ran up to Port Moresby, and found that the *Ellangowan* had arrived the previous day, having left Murray Island a day after us. On landing I found that the miners who had gone up country before I left Port Moresby had not succeeded in getting further up than I had gone the previous season, for various reasons, but more especially owing to the denseness of the scrub, through which a track had to be cut for the horses, and the absence of feed. Their greatest enemy however was fever, to which every man of them had succumbed before being a month in the country, and three of them had already died. The most of the men had returned to Port without finding payable gold, and a couple of days after I arrived a meeting was held by Mr Chester, who addressed the miners. After landing stores, we left to obtain a cargo of timber for the purpose of building a house, as I had become the purchaser of a piece of land, close to the mission station in Port Moresby. We went to a village about 15 miles to the west of Port Moresby, and anchored at the mouth of a small river. The village was a very large one with fine lofty houses. I observed here a beautiful plank of cedar in one of the houses, and they informed me that cedar trees were to be found in Redscar Bay.[249] When the natives knew the sort of timber we wanted, they at once started up the River and by night had brought down as much as loaded the Explorer — beautiful straight mangrove sticks all barked, and without knots, from 12 to 40 feet long and from 4 to 6 inches in diameter. This was a splendid place for small vessels loading timber, but unfortunately there is a bar at the entrance. The water was deep close up to the banks, and we could run the vessel close up and load with the greatest ease. The two nights we spent here, we were nearly devoured by the mosquitoes. We had a stiff beat to windward, and a very heavy cargo, so that it took us the whole day to get back to Port. We found the Ellangowan had gone but the following day the Emily ketch[250] arrived from Cooktown with 20 diggers and 10 horses, and while we were away the *Prospect* cutter had returned from Cooktown with another batch of miners. The day after H.M.S. Sappho returned from Thursday Island, Captn. Digby bringing with him a Commission as Deputy Commissioner of Polynesia which gave him power to try British subjects & punish them

[249] See Note 182.

[250] *Emily* was a 44-ton ketch built at Brisbane Water, NSW. It was purchased by the merchant John Walsh of Cooktown in 1876 and put in charge of Alan Craig. Craig and three partners then purchased the vessel in October 1879. He made a number of voyages to New Guinea and the Solomon Islands for pearl shell and bêche-de-mer. In September 1886, Craig and his crew of 8 were attacked and murdered while pearl-shelling in the Louisiade Archipelago. The vessel was burned to the waterline and sank (McLeod, 2002: 14; BC, 1 Nov. 1886).

for offences against natives or otherwise.[251] A gross offence had come to my knowledge and I thought it right that it should be known. There was at this time an idea among the miners that they were beyond the reach of law, and it was as well that they should realise that as British subjects the law had still power over them. The offence referred to was a gross outrage on a native woman, by one of the miners, witnessed by two Europeans. Capt. Digby formed a court to enquire into the case and read his commission. The witnesses were put on oath, and the crime was proved but the accused was nowhere to be found. At this time another man was tried for creating a disturbance in the village at night and threatening to shoot natives, but the case fell through for want of sufficient evidence. The action of Capt. Digby at this time, I believe had a powerful effect afterwards in preventing outrage. The Dr of the *Sappho* had his hands full here, with no less than 40 sick miners and some of them in a very low state — 14 of the worst cases were taken to Thursday Island by the *Sappho*. While here Capt. Digby, the second lieutenant, the Dr and myself took a trip to the Laloki to visit the camp there. We found all the men sitting in their hammocks doing nothing, and a few of them very sick. This was my first experience of horse back travelling in New Guinea, and I found it considerably better than trudging along on foot. We shot a few kangaroos on our way and brought them in at the saddle-bow, and they were served up on board the *Sappho* at the offices mess and pronounced equal to mutton. The *Sappho* had brought over a dingy and some other necessary things for me, which if I had not received, I should have had to run over for, and so the loss of time was not indeed necessary.

When the *Sappho* had left I went for another cargo of timber, accepted a contract from one of the miners to build my house, and started up country. I had my crew with me, with the exception of the European boy, and two horses. We camped for a fortnight in the Laloki ten miles below the miners' camp, and were not very successful, and always hearing bad reports from the miners, and that the difficulties in getting into the heart of the country were almost insurmountable. But the greatest drawback to their success was the want of unity. They were all split up into small parties. A party of four started on a native track, and had not gone far when they came across another two tracks. They couldn't agree which of the three tracks they should take. One man went straight ahead, one to the right, and another to the left, the fourth man, who was not reconed [*sic*] very wise, was a wild Irishman, and in this case was the wisest of the lot, for he took the track back to the camp. One of the men got lost in the bush, and found his way back after a few days, with great difficulty. The other man after going some distance turned back. The remaining man came to a native plantation — a fenced in garden — and entered it with what object is not known. He was in a part of the country where the natives had never seen a European. A group of them caught sight of this strange animal walking about in their garden, and came near to get a good look. The European seemed to lose his senses, and commenced to run round the garden, with three or four natives round him. One native immediately in front of him, wished him to stop as it was getting rather tiring and commenced to touch

[251] The Western Pacific High Commission was established in 1877 and naval officers of the Royal Navy Australia Station held these commissions, which made them part of the High Commissioner's court of magistrates and arbitrators. The northern limit of WPHC authority extended over all of New Guinea and as far as Micronesia and east to 160° longitude. As noted earlier, the Thursday Island Police Magistrate also held a similar commission in 1878, to circumvent his lack of authority over Mer (Murray Island)) and Erub (Darnley Island) in Torres Strait. Queensland's problem was solved when a 1878 Letters Patent, incorporated the next year into the Queensland Coast Islands Act 1879 43 vic. no.1, extended the border to within a few hundred metres of the New Guinea mainland (Moore, 2003: 134; Mullins, 1992).

him a little with his spear, on which our friend the miner drew his revolver and fired. The natives were now frightened enough, and quietly disappeared — and our green friend the miner crawled into camp, and reported having been attacked by the natives. He gave so many versions of the affair however, that he didn't seem to know what had taken place himself. He was wounded at any rate, and took some time to recover. About this time part of the Colonist miners all good men — headed by Jones — a thoroughly good man, were working to the westward, and struck a new river, now known as the Brown river, larger than the Goldie. One day Jones and Brown left the camp to prospect up the River, and on their way back, Brown proposed to shorten the journey to the camp by crossing the river. Neither of them could swim and Jones didn't see the necessity of running any risk. The river is very treacherous, with water extremely clear and deceiving. Jones had gone on before thinking Brown was following close behind, and was surprised on speaking to him, that he received no answer. Turning round Brown was no where to be seen, and a cooee brought no response.[252] Jones went back along the track, and saw Brown's track entering the river. Thinking he had crossed over and gone to the camp by that way Jones proceeded there but Brown didn't turn up. It was then supposed that he had been attacked by the natives, and a feeling of fear and insecurity took possession of the miners, and prevented them from prospecting further in that direction. Brown's body was got next day floating down the river and unwounded. At the same time there was another party headed by Rolles, working along my old track on the Goldie. This party was the first to penetrate through the scrub into the open country of Kupeli, right on the Owen Stanley range. While these men were working in these several directions, I was engaged in collecting low down the Laloki, but little interesting with the exception of a black Kangaroo.[253] Returning to Port Moresby leaving my men in the camp, I found H.M.S. *Conflict*[254] in the harbor, and the Capt. requested me to accompany him to Kerepuna, and help him to investigate a report which had reached Port Moresby of a native of Hulah having been shot by a European.

A light North West breeze took the *Conflict* as far as Round Head but early in the afternoon it fell a dead calm, when we were about two miles off the reef. A light roll was setting in towards the reef, which carried us too close for safety, and as we were afraid of being cast on the reef Capt Masters ordered two boats to be lowered away, with the object of towing the vessel off. The men worked at the oars until they were perfectly exhausted, but without the slightest effect, as we were still nearing the reef. Fortunately however as we got close to the reef there was a set in along the reef which carried us along, and a slight breeze springing up, we managed to make sail, and got out of the dangerous position. We all expected to go on the reef, but Capt Masters took all the precautions which the Admiralty rules prescribe in such emergencies, and consoled himself and us with the remark, that "if we went ashore, we should go according to Act of Parliament"! We stood out to sea all night, and the following morning we were well out, right opposite Hood Bay. We ran up the Bay with a heavy roll setting in. The Admiralty charts at that time, gave no information about this and many other Ports on the New Guinea Coast, so I acted as pilot. As we stood well in Capt. Masters observed the reefs on our Port and Starboard bows, and

[252] 'Cooee' is a distinctive shout that carries over a considerable distance and is used by people to locate each other in the Australian bush. According to Richard White, it was adapted from Aboriginal use (White, 2001).

[253] Probably a Black Forest Wallaby (*Dorcopsis atrata*), which is native to New Guinea.

[254] HM Schooner *Conflict* (120 tons) was part of the 'Blackbirding Flotilla', built in 1872–1873. On this cruise it was under the command of Lt. J.C. Musters (Goldie spells the name incorrectly). *Conflict* served on Royal Navy Australia Station until 1881 (Lint, 1998: 114).

began to wonder where I was taking him. The Kerepuna reef is a long and dangerous one, and would not be safe for any stranger, as it is always covered, and the fresh water from Kemp Welsh River, makes the water of the bay very muddy.[255] But after being in once, it is a very easy matter to go in a second time. I have observed that H.M. schooners are not A1 at staying,[256] so Capt Masters thought it wise to get under shelter of the reef, and drop anchor without going into the lagoon. The boat was then lowered and Capt Masters and myself with Ruatocha[257] the teacher who had accompanied us, landed on the beach, amid a great crowd of natives, who welcomed us warmly and carried us ashore. We walked up to Kerepuna along the beach, crossing the lagoon in canoes. The enquiry about the shooting affair elicited that the Pride of the Logan, a bêche de mer vessel had been fishing on the reef at Hulah, and had formed a station on the beach for curing. Two miners who had come over in that vessel from Cooktown, were going in the direction of the Kemp Welsh River to prospect for gold, and had camped on the beach, to the east of Hulah. While here they were visited by a native, and according to their own version, this native had tried to steal a tomahawk. He was observed, and the tomahawk was taken from him. When this was being done, he naturally lifted a spear and stood in the attitude of defence. One of the miners, who held a rifle in his hand, upon this fired and shot the man dead — a cowardly thing to do, as there was only one native against two armed Europeans. The miners were then seized with a panic, being in a district where there were thousands of natives, and being afraid the dead man should be seen, they cut half the rope off the canoe which they had borrowed from the teacher, fastened it round the body, and tried to sink it in the sea. But the swell always washed it up again on the beach, and then they dragged the body ashore, scratched a hole in the sand very hurriedly and covered it up — and then made off to the fishing station. The 'Pride of the Logan' upon this lost no time in clearing away for Port Moresby. The body was found a few days afterwards by the natives with the teacher's rope round it, and he was then placed in a serious dilemma. They threatened to kill him and his family, and no doubt would have done so, if it had not been for the chief, who took the teacher and his family into his own house.[258] The following day we returned to Port Moresby, but the two culprits had gone up country, beyond reach.

We had no sooner dropped anchor in Port Moresby than Captn Redlich came on board, and informed us that there had been a great Panic among the miners in the Laloki camp and that fourteen men had run away from the Camp in the greatest terror, and come to Port. We afterwards found out the cause. Rae a Port Moresby native, an old friend of mine, was out at the camp, and informed Mr Broadbent, who had a slight smatter of Motu that about 500 inland natives had formed a plot to surround the Camp, and kill every European. He went through the pantomime of showing how they would crawl down stealthily through the scrub, and spear every one in the Camp. Broadbent on

[255] Goldie spells Kemp-Welsch incorrectly. Kemp-Welsch (Wanigela) River flows from the Owen Stanley Range to Hood Bay just east of Hula. Kalo village is at the mouth of the river. In 1877, Lawes named the river after the treasurer of the London Missionary Society. Lawes recorded the local name as Vanekela (Wanigela). In 1881 Kalo village was described as 'very beautifully situated, and... architecturally superior to any place in that part of New Guinea.' (Whittaker, Gash, Hookey & Lacey, 1975: 257–258; TQ, 15 Oct. 1881).

[256] Goldie is referring to the dexterity with which foresails are transferred across forestays from one side of a vessel to the other when going about. If this manoeuvre is not performed expeditiously the vessel might lose wind and stall. Stalling is dangerous in reef-strewn waters, especially where there are strong currents. Many vessels were lost in Torres Strait and New Guinea waters as a consequence of not 'making stays'.

[257] Previously spelt Ruatacha (Ruatoka).

[258] This appears to be the July 1878 confrontation described at Note 220, although the other versions of this event fail to mention the two miners.

this, was in great terror, and informed the others of their impending fate, so no time was lost in taking up their most valuable possessions and fleeing to Port, and a party afterwards went out with guns, and lay all night on the top of a hill, watching to see if the natives would come. Old Rae, succeeded in his dodge to his heart's content, for all he wanted was to frighten the miners, so that he should get the plunder left in the camp. The men in this camp were principally composed of loafers and hangers on, with one or two exceptions, and the upshot was the *Conflict* gave fourteen of them a passage to Thursday Island. The good men at this time were up country, about Kupeli, and doing hard work. Some of those in Port, thought these men would be in danger, and were afraid to go up, and there was some talk of getting up a party of volunteers to look after their safety. I laughed at this proposal, as I knew there was no danger. My men at this time were camped on the other side of the river, about ten miles further down, and during my absence a letter had been sent out to them, asking them to come in at once as their lives were in danger. When I knew of this I sent out word that they must remain where they were, and I would be out in a day or two afterwards. On reaching the Laloki, we found it had risen very high, and I here discovered how dexterous the natives were in such circumstances. They constructed rafts of dry timber, by laying several heavy pieces of timber in the water for a foundation. Then they fastened cross pieces on with vines. This was submerged in the water from its weight, and then they fastened on in the same manner lighter pieces of timber, along and across, until they had raised a large raft, with a platform high out of the water, on which they placed all my stores. Long rattans were fastened to the raft thus constructed, and laid hold of by the natives swimming ahead, while others pushed behind. The river was a perfect torrent, but in this way they crossed and recrossed three times, and everything was landed on the other side safe and perfectly dry. We then took the saddles off the horses, and drove them into the river, and they swam across — and then we followed ourselves, swimming of course. On reaching my camp I found two of the kanakas very sick, and the rest of the men knocked up, as owing to the reports they had received, they had been keeping a strict watch day and night. I immediately sent the two sick men into Port with the natives who had come out with me, then with a party of four men and five horses, I visited the village of Momari, from which it was reported the attacking party was to start which had struck terror into the hearts of the miners. The first question I was asked was why "Britannia Momo momo lano?" (Why the white men had run away?!)

They laughed when the joke was explained to them, and offered at once to assist in carrying my stores to their village, where I intended to move my camp. Next morning I went down to the camp alone with ten of them, and in a short time every thing was moved to their village, a distance of ten miles. Having seen the camp fixed, I returned to Port to get the horses shod, with the object of proceeding up country. While we were in port, a party of the Emily miners had returned for stores, and were going up country again, as they were very hopeful of coming across payable gold. The Colonist party was at this time in Port Moresby, and had got reduced to three men, and I arranged to accompany them up country. The Colonist party started at break of day with two horses, and were joined by Redlich's party, which consisted likewise of three men and two horses. I started about two hours later, my party comprising 4 men and four horses. One swagman had started alone ahead of us, and as we reached the Laloki, we saw him floundering out of the River on the other side. He had had great difficulty in crossing, as he couldn't swim, and the rapidity of the current had carried him into

deep water, and all his flour, and tea and sugar were soaked through and he had to spread every thing out on the bank of the river to dry. The fords on the Laloki are very treacherous. This was at one time a nice shallow ford, but in crossing it on the previous occasion the man wading immediately in front of me very unexpectedly at once disappeared under water in a deep hole, which had been formed by a freshet and had great difficulty in regaining the bank. So when one finds a good ford on a certain occasion, probably the next time on attempting it, it is found to be anything but what was expected. We got across this time without much difficulty. While dressing on the other side (we had forded just below the junction of the Laloki and the Goldie) and paying much attention to the horses, we were surprised to find that two had crossed the Goldie, and were quietly feeding on a beach formed by the junction of the two rivers, a place where I had often seen alligators basking in the sun! I didn't like to cross here, but there was no help for it, as I couldn't ask another to do what I was afraid of myself, so after a moment's hesitation I undressed and plunged head first into the river, and swimming rapidly, with a very uneasy creeping sort of feeling, I was glad when I got to the other side. Then I got hold of the horses and took the ford back. Five miles brought us to the Momari camp early in the afternoon, where the Colonist party were waiting for us. Next morning at daylight all was bustle, preparing for a very arduous and trying journey. Six men and four horses started first, and this day's journey was almost on the same track as my journey of the previous year. But it was less wearisome, as having a horse to attend to seemed to afford the mind a relief, though the horses often were in difficulties. We forded the River 6 times that day, laying hold of their manes in fording which we found of great assistance. The bottom of the river was full of round boulders, very slippery and insecure footing, so our task was one of the greatest difficulty. But we had only one slight mishap, one of the horses having stumbled and rolled over a steep bank. We passed round the base of Mount Lawes, instead of going over the summit as I had done on the previous occasion, and after passing Mount Difficulty, as it looked very like a thunderstorm, we unpacked horses and pitched tents. We had just got this done, when a most tremendous thunder storm came down, but we were snug under canvas, every man having a tent of his own.

In this journey we only carried flys without ends or walls, so we usually chose two convenient trees about 10 feet apart, placing two forked sticks at about an angle of 60 degrees close to the trees to support the ridge pole, and a couple of long sticks to form the other side at the same angle. Spreading the canvas on this, the tent is complete, and this simple form of tent can be pitched with great ease in a very short time. We all had hammocks — a piece of strong sail canvas about six feet by 3. This was attached at the ends to two pieces of saplings, and fasted [*sic*] with three pieces of cord at each end to the trees, and when properly stretched it lies like a flat board, and is the best hammock one could wish. A mosquito curtain is then stretched above in the same way, and the whole thing is complete. In this journey, we had not many delicacies — a piece of salt pork and a damper was our usual fare, and we thoroughly enjoyed a good yarn when we came across a native village. It rained all that night, and next morning the ground was so wet and slippy, that it was impossible for the horses to travel. But in the afternoon we moved up and joined the Colonist party, who were two miles ahead, and the rest of the journey we went all together. These two miles were of a difficult character, dense scrub and so steep in some places, that the horses couldn't walk down, but they soon got accustomed to this kind of work, and on coming to a steep descent, used to spread out their two fore legs, sit down on their haunches, and slide down

in this manner, obtaining an impetus which carried them half up the next ascent. The horses all this time were left mostly to their own ingenuity, as it was impossible for us to keep up with them at this kind of work, and they became so intelligent that they required very little attention. We had now ahead of us 30 miles of dense forest country, very rugged and mountainous with nothing better than the reeds on the river's banks to feed the horses with. Next morning we were ascending a steep ascent when one of the horses missed footing, and fell backwards, performing a dozen summersaults before he reached the bottom. We expected to find his neck broken and his pack scattered but wonderful to relate we found him wedged in the creek on his back with his legs in the air, and being released he seemed none the worse, and the pack uninjured, owing no doubt to the softness of the ground. We got the pack lugged up the hill, and started again. I went ahead driving my horse "Stumpy". Coming to a track leading down the river, Stumpy took it into his head to follow the track, and follow it he did for two miles with me running behind him all the way, and commanding him to stop in the strongest language. But he paid no attention. When I ran he ran and when I walked he walked, but always kept ahead. I caught him at last, by darting through the scrub at a sudden turn in the track — the rest of my party having waited until I came up, which I did very tired. We went on a few miles further and camped on a high knoll, from which we had a splendid view of Mount Owen Stanley. We had heavy rain every night, and the rivers began to get very high, and the fords dangerous. We were here overtaken by the Emily party — 8 men and 8 horses, and we were now 16 men and 16 horses all travelling in single file. Near the knoll where we camped, is situated the last of the Koiara villages on this track and we saw no villages nor natives again till we reached Kupeli a distance of 20 miles. After making about 8 miles in company with the Emily party, we arrived at what is now termed the junction — where the Goldie divides into two streams of an equal size, one branching to the right the other to the left. The ford here was running so rapidly that it was impossible to cross, so strong in fact that it was impossible to hold the hand in it, so we camped that night tethering the horses to trees. Before we got there we had descended a steep hill for two miles at an angle nearly all the way of 30 degrees. But it was impossible for the horses to get off the track owing to the denseness of the scrub, which was interlaced with a mass of vines. Next morning all hands turned out with axe pick and shovel, and cleared a track along the steep banks of the river, as far as the commencement of the rapids, where we managed to ford without mishap. But it was amusing to see some of the party who could not swim, clutching the tails of their horses! After crossing, we had another heavy piece of work, up a tremendous hill, and came on a small patch of grass, where the Emily party camped. We went forward another half dozen miles, travelling along the ridge of a spur so steep, that the tops of trees on each side of us from 100 to 200 feet high were on a level with our feet close to us. We had to descend again under the greatest difficulties, and two of the horses got knocked up, and lay down, unable even to carry their saddles. We camped but had nothing for the horses to eat, so we had to drive them back two miles where there was a little picking on the top of the hill. But there, there was no water, so we had to go to the river and take the horses back again. Here we had a rare feed of fish, which we killed with a charge of dynamite, and I never enjoyed anything more.

Up and at it again next morning and had some difficulty in fording. We left a man behind and a horse unable to proceed further, the other horse had recovered a little. The gorge by this time had got very narrow, often rising in steep banks to a great height on each side,

covering with luxuriant vegetation so for the next six or seven miles we were mostly in the bed of the river. This was sometimes a very pleasant method of travelling — up to the waist in water on a sandy or gravely bottom, with a perfect shade from the sun formed by the overhanging trees, thickly matted with ferns. Here I observed a great change in the vegetation, many new plants appearing for example a beautiful species of Lycopod and a great variety of ferns — more especially a very tall Glechina,[259] covering large patches of ground — and on the steep spurs clusters of very large tree ferns with slender stems. These plants I have never seen anywhere on the high lands near the coast on the mainland. I regretted that, owing to our rapid travelling, I was unable to collect specimens. At other times travelling was extremely difficult, among rapid currents and large boulders in the bed of the river. Early in the afternoon we emerged from the Gorge on spurs of open country, and reached Kupeli, where the miners on their previous trip had formed a camp, and left four men, whom we were glad to find in health and safety. Here we were also welcomed by a crowd of natives, who struck me as being very peculiar. In physique they were much inferior to the Kerepuna natives — but very wiry and of a darker hue — though not so dark as the black Papuans of the Gulf. Their customs in the main are the same as those of the Koiara natives. But two of their customs were very different, from anything I have observed in New Guinea. They allow the hair to grow uncombed, and uncut, until it forms a huge mass, matted with filth, and it is very convenient forming as it does a natural pillow. The coast natives on the contrary are very particular about their hair, and take great care of it, training it in the shape of a mop, which they will scarcely allow to be touched for fear of displacing the arrangement. Another peculiarity, they wear an appendage behind attached to a string which goes round the loins, made of dried grass, and tapering to a point, reaching the calf of the leg. Their war implements are spears and some clubs with shields. The bow and arrow is unknown here. They deck themselves with feather head-dresses. Crowds of men visited the camp every day, bringing abundance of splendid bananas and yams, which we bought for small pinches of salt, which they greedily devoured. No women visited us.

The next day we sent back for the man and horse left behind. We were very anxious about the horse, as he was the only entire in the country — and he was brought to the camp scarcely able to crawl. Here we remained a fortnight — the miners engaged in prospecting — while I intended to devote myself to collecting specimens of natural history. A large party of miners left the camp and were away for a week, following the course of the Goldie, until it ran out in innumerable creeks to the east of Mount Stanley but further inland. They came across another tribe similar to the Kupeli natives. A river formed the boundary line between the two tribes, and not one of them would cross the boundary line on either side. Owing to the immense difficulties of the country they did not get as far as the dividing range, but they were confident that another large river lay between them and the range. They prospected for gold in various directions, always got the colour, but nothing payable, so they returned to the camp, resolved to abandon the search and leave the country. Unfortunately for me I was seized with a very severe attack of dysentery and fever — being delirious part of the time. This put quite an end to my work, and it was only by a free use of laudanum that I partially recovered. The country here was composed of huge conglomerate rocks and slate, with rich soil and extraordinary vegetation. It was now the month of November — late in the season — and it had rained heavily every night the river close to our camp being

[259] *Lycopod* is another name for the fern-like plants in the Division *Lycopodiophyta*. Goldie means, *Gleichenia*, which is a genus of ferns.

a seething torrent, and it would have been quite impossible for anyone to ascend. It had become a very difficult and dangerous task to descend, so we waited for a week hoping for a few fine days, but in vain. Things were getting worse, so we resolved to start. One of my men had a bad foot and was unable to travel, so I left him behind with the Entire, which had not yet recovered, and Jimmy Caledonie with plenty of stores. Two of the miners likewise stayed behind without horses. They were confident there was gold, and would not come away.

We proceeded slowly down the river, up to the saddle flaps in water, leading our horses, those who could not swim hanging on to the tails. At the first crossing, a man was carried away, into the rapids, but managed to crawl out on a rock. Next two men with powerful horses tried it, and got through with great difficulty. We now got a rope across, and by this means got the other two horses across. But that proved too risky, so all hands set to work and cut a track to a ford further down, where we all got across safely. At the place we intended to camp there was another bad crossing. Two men got half way across, and seized hold of an overhanging branch, which they were afraid to let go, and twirled round and round with he current hanging on to the branch. Here they hung till they got exhausted, and when they could hold on no longer, the current carried them in the direction of the bank, up which they contrived to scramble. We were now camped in the same place as coming up, and had again to drive the horses up a steep hill two miles for feed, and bring them back next morning — by no means a light task. Next day we were out of the river, but as usual a very toilsome journey. We were all afraid to tackle the junction — the worst ford in all the river — and camped for a day. The junction is most dangerous. On the opposite bank where we were, the only landing place was only about 3 feet wide, and if carried beyond it, there lay the rapids, almost certain death. One man swam across in deep water above the ford, and stationed himself on a large boulder at the landing place, with a long rattan in his hand, for us to clutch when being carried past. Two men and two horses then crossed and made the landing place. Then came my turn. My horse and myself got into deep water, and the horse swimming faster than I could headed in the wrong direction. It was with great difficulty I swam round him, being carried down all the time, and I had just succeeded in putting him right, as we were being carried past the friendly rattan. I made a desperate clutch, and just caught it without an inch to spare and dragged myself ashore very thankful. One horse was unable to ascend the bank even without his pack, falling back several times into the river, and at last was carried down, rolling over the rapids. He got over them safely, which was a great wonder, and getting into still water, one of the men swum and brought him ashore. Another horse refused to attempt the bank, and as I made a clutch at him to prevent him being carried away he gave a sudden jerk, and pulled me head first into the water under his belly. I came up on the other side, clutched the halter, and succeeded at last in getting him up.

After crossing we had two miles of a terrible ascent. One of the horses got off the track, and got jammed on his back with one of his legs round a tree, and it was with immense difficulty he was relieved. In due course we arrived at Momari, where I was glad to find the men I had left all right, and we thought we were now at home, our difficulties all over. But that night it rained, as I never saw it rain before, and next morning the river had risen 15 feet above its banks. We had left 8 of the horses feeding on a bend of the river the previous night, which in the morning was all under water, and the horses were nowhere to be found. That day we could do nothing the country was too flooded. Next day we found two of the horses, the other six were drowned. One had taken refuge on a

small island, the other was found standing in a lot of drift wood in the middle of the water. My horse "Stumpy" was all right. That night he hung about the camp as was his custom, looking for what he could steal — he was a great thief. That night he managed to purloin a bag of dried apples, and the last damper of one of the diggers, of which he left nothing but the crust — and this habit saved his life. But the loss of damper was a serious matter, as we were now very short of provisions, and our way to Port cut off by the floods.

In a few days the flood partly subsided but not before we were entirely out of stores, and we started with a about a dozen Momari natives assisting to take the things across the river, but they were not so good at this work as the Coast natives. They made a raft of green timber, and having loaded it, three or four of them went into the river, with a long vine attached to the raft, and swimming ahead, others pushing behind. Away we went in the seething torrent, and made the bank on the other side a long way down, and were like to be carried away, even after we got into shallow water. Our united strength was barely sufficient to prevent the raft from going. It took us two hours to get the first raft over, and afterwards the river having fallen a little, the miners and their horses got across. When we reached Port, we found the Prospect cutter the Saucy Jack cutter and a ketch ready to sail for Cooktown, [260] and the three vessels took the whole of the men away (excepting three men that remained with me and four that I brought away to Thursday Island) a few days afterwards to Cooktown.

There were in all nearly a hundred men who had landed in New Guinea in connection with the gold excitement. Among these were to be found the representatives of almost every civilised nation — the bulk of them being of course British subjects. As a rule they behaved and acted well towards the natives, although there were a few exceptions, but these were kept in check by the general good feeling which prevailed. But a great many of the men were merely loafers, who came to wait and see what would turn up. Among the whole there were not more than a dozen experienced miners — if so many — and not more than thirty did any work in the country. In leaving the men were firmly convinced that there was payable gold to be found, and they only left for want of sufficient means to prosecute the search. Among all the men, there was only one who escaped the fever, and he had never left Port Moresby — and the most of them were attacked before being a month in the Country. Those who loafed about the camp and did nothing, never thoroughly recovered while they remained in the country. Those who worked, soon shook the disease off, by an active life. There were in all five deaths. But only two of these could be attributed to the climate. One was the result of an accident the other two succumbed to constitutional diseases aggravated no doubt by the climate and exposure.

The day after the miners left the country the H.M.S. Conflict returned from Cooktown owing to a report which appeared in the Queensland papers that the miners had been shooting natives in Port Moresby. This report was quite groundless — nothing of the kind occurred.

A few days later my men came in from Momari bringing with them the two men and horse I had left at Kupeli, who had got safely down,

[260] *Saucy Jack* was a 19-ton cutter that arrived at Port Moresby from Cooktown on 7 December 1877. The owner, a man called Smellie, established a bêche-de-mer station across the bay from Port Moresby, employing local gatherers paid in tobacco. By July 1878, *Saucy Jack's* Master, a man called Simpson, was very ill with malaria and died soon afterwards. Smellie continued work, not leaving Port Moresby for Cooktown until November 1878. He took with him some of the sick Port Moresby diggers (as Goldie explains). *Saucy Jack* struck the Great Barrier Reef on 29 November 1879. Smellie and the passengers made it to shore in the cutter's boat, but the crew were left stranded on a rock without food or water for three days before being rescued by *Prospect* (Chester, 1878a; BC, 7 Dec. 1878).

but under immense difficulties. Before they left Momari, the two Europeans who had resolved to remain at Kupeli, reached the camp, almost dead with exposure and want of food, and covered with sores.

On the 13 Dec, having placed every thing on board, I sailed in the Explorer for Thursday Island, taking the remaining miners with me. I left six men in my employment to wait my return. I induced a young Port Moresby native named Mea to accompany me to Sydney. I had very great difficulty in getting him to come, but at last succeeded and I thought it would be a good thing for him, and for his countrymen, that he should be brought into close contact with Europeans in a large city. I only intended to be away about six weeks. The morning we sailed Mea came to the mission house, hanging his head, and very downcast, with a whole troop of girls following, and loudly protesting against his going. All the crew were on board, and I remained ashore with the dingy, waiting his decision, which seemed very uncertain. He was being told on all sides, that if he went to Britannia, we should certainly kill him. But Mea reasoned with them very logically. He said I had come to Anipata, they hadn't harmed me, therefore if he went to my country, we shouldn't kill him. While in this undecided state, another native stepped forward and declared that if Mea didn't go he would. That decided the matter — Mea at once jumped to his feet and walked into the dingy, with all the women hanging onto him, and crying. We were off like a shot, and away to sea. Mea soon recovered his spirits, and was in great glee all the way across. We had a pleasant passage, and in due time arrived at Thursday Island, a few days before the arrival of the mail steamer for Sydney. I left one man to look after the Explorer, discharging all the others — never thinking that I was never again to see the little vessel, in which I made so many adventurous voyages. I took a passage in the mail steamer for myself and Mea, and reached Sydney about the end of December.

Mea was very much astonished on entering Sydney harbour, seeing all the houses and ships, and all the time he stood on deck biting the nail of his thumb, a sign among his people of the greatest amasement [*sic*]. He was dressed in a light suit of clothes, and with his magnificent head of hair, presented the appearance of a girl, and in going along the streets, the passers by would take up wagers in my hearing, as to whether "it was boy or girl". The high houses, built of stone, were a great source of wonder to him, but the Railway was something inconceivable! I took him to all the places of public interest in Sydney, and soon he began to take everything as a matter of course. He was received with great interest in Sydney, as he was the first New Guinea native who had been seen there — and his bau bau[261] (pipe) especially attracted great attention.[262] This was a short piece of thick bamboo, which he always carried with him, and was not at all averse to showing how he used it. The bau bau is generally about three feet long, hollow except at one end, which is closed. Near the end there is a little hole in which they place the tobacco rolled in a leaf — having lighted it, they take a few puffs through the hollow end of the bamboo, and pass it round.

On 30 Jany 1879 I left Sydney for Thursday Island, expecting only to remain there a few days. I had left 6 men in New Guinea, and had promised to be there not later than the 9th of Feb-

[261] Baubau is the Koiari dialect name for the bamboo pipe (ARBNG 1889–90, p.132). Queensland Museum holds a bamboo pipe collected by Goldie – QM E5030.

[262] Mea (usually spelt Mayr) was one of the attractions, along with specimens of natural history, Goldie exhibited at a public presentation at the Presbyterian Church, Balmain, on 24 January 1879. In 1883, Lawes claimed that the Port Moresby LMS teacher had been made virtually a hostage for Mayr, and Lawes used the anxiety over Mayr's delayed return to illustrate how reluctant Papuans were to leave their homes, and thus how unsuitable New Guinea was as a source of indentured labour (SM, 8 Feb. 1879; WA, 1 May 1883).

ry. I had also informed the Natives that I would bring back Mea by that date, so I was extremely anxious to be in New Guinea. I intended also, and had arranged to make a voyage to the extreme South East of New Guinea and for this purpose it was necessary that I should catch the last of the North West Monsoons in the end of March. I was extremely surprised as I steamed up to Thursday Island at not seeing the Explorer in her usual anchorage, and was thoroughly upset at being informed she had become a total wreck at Somerset. I learned that during my absence a certain gentleman had taken the liberty of using her, on his own business, and had wrecked her there. I made every effort to replace her with another vessel, but could not do so before the end of March, but was fortunate then to get hold of a small schooner — the Alice Meade, a few tons larger than the Explorer.[263]

[at foot of page]

The "Alice Meade" at anchor at East Cape

I left Thursday Island on 18th March with a crew of four Kanakas, and Mea as passenger. The wind was exceedingly light all day, and we only reached Mount Earnest, where we anchored for the night. The following day, wind still light, and drifted away to the west of Pole Island — and reached the Island of Bet,[264] just before dark, and anchored. Light winds the next day so only made the Island of Arden,[265] reaching Campbell Island[266] the day following. These Islands are all low coral formation and on the usual course. After leaving Arden Island, stood out to sea, sighting Bramble Kay [*sic*] just before dark. Bramble Kay is a reef, with a small sandbank on one end, and the resort of numbers of sea fowl, who rear their young there. At daylight on the 23rd we encountered a very heavy squall, had to lower away foresail, and drop the peak of the mainsail, and run before it. Light fair winds for the next three days, with a heavy squall and rain every day just before daylight. On 25th at daylight sighted high land in the distance, and but could not make out our exact position. Stood in all day and night, and on 26th at daybreak sighted Mount Yule[267] and found we were close into Fresh Water Bay,[268] having drifted off our course to the West, during calms, at least 30 miles. Changed our course, and steered for Yule Island,[269] anchoring in the passage leading to Hall Sound. The following day, we were under weigh creeping quietly along the Coast. About noon the wind headed us, and we had to beat into Redscar Bay[270] all that day. Next morning owing to calms during the night, we had drifted 30 miles out to sea. The following day, with a light leading wind, reached Caution Bay, and anchored in the middle of the Bay at dusk in 16 fathoms. The following day we only got as far as Lillie Island, and while passing Boera the teacher came off with a lot of natives, and were exceedingly pleased to find Mea well, and on 29 March I anchored in Port Moresby early in the day.

263 On 6 April 1877, Goldie advertised in the *Sydney Morning Herald* for a 50-ton fore-and-aft schooner. Whether *Alice Meade* was acquired in this way is not known. *Alice Meade* was a 15-ton schooner. Goldie sailed it extensively until early 1886 when it passed to Thomas Mullins who employed it pearl-shelling near Samarai (SMH, 6 Apr. 1877; BC, 1 Nov. 1886).

264 Burar (Bet Island), one of the Sisters Group.

265 Garboi (Arden Island) is between Aurid (Aureed Island) and Masig (Yorke Island) in the northeast of the Central Group.

266 Damut (Campbell Island, also called Dalrymple Island).

267 Mt Yule (3261 m) near Tapini, and close to Mt Strong is 53 km northeast of Cape Possession. It is at the junction of the detached portion of the Owen Stanley Range and its table top is visible from as a far as 188 km away (PIP, Vol.1, 1970: 71).

268 Fresh Water Bay is entered between Karova Creek and Port Chalmers.

269 Yule is a small island close to the New Guinea coast, 160 km west of Port Moresby. Sheltered Hall Sound (Bia Ata) is on the mainland opposite Yule Island.

270 Redscar Bay is between Cape Suckling and Redscar Head. It is the site of the third London Missionary Society station on the New Guinea coast, all established in October/November 1872. They all were abandoned by the end of 1873 (Gill, 1876: 231–263).

The teacher and the Europeans came off, and a great crowd of natives to welcome the return of Mea. For a month previous the teacher had had a very anxious time. The natives had called on him every day, asking why Mea was not brought back, and saying the that I was afraid to come back, Mea having been killed and eaten in Sydney. If anything had happened to Mea, I dared not have shown myself in Port Moresby. There was a commotion when we landed, men women and children crowding round Mea, and full of eager questions as to what he had seen. Of course he had many things to tell — of the high houses built of stone, not wood, so high that to look up to the top of them made his neck sore — of the "tan haini momo momo mahuta ~~lassi~~ lasi", "the great numbers of men and women always in the streets, night and day, and not needing sleep — of the "lakatoi patapata rani lasi", "ships moving on the land without water" — railway trains. This last was too much for them — they couldn't believe it, and plainly hinted that Mea had learned to lie in his travels! I found my Europeans not very well, being more or less down with fever. I spent a week in Port Moresby, discharging cargo and taking in fresh stores, and on 5 April left for a cruise to the South East. We had beautiful clear mornings, and obtained fine views of the coast and scenery inland, Mount Owen Stanley standing out alone towering above the clouds (see sketch).

We made a pleasant run the first day round navigating the intricacies of the passage at Round Head in the afternoon anchoring for the night off Parie Point. The following day ran into Hood Lagoon, and anchored off Kerepuna early in the afternoon, receiving a very noisy welcome from swarms of natives, who crowded on board. I had run off my course here to visit Kerepuna, and take stores to the teacher. On the 8th I had got as far as Cloudy Bay, and anchored in Sandy Bay, right off the village where Irons and Wells had been murdered shortly before.[271] No natives visited us here which showed their fear, as they had visited me when anchored there previously. The following day when rounding the Point at the village of Dedali, we got aground on a coral patch, and as the tide was ebbing in a few hours, we were high and dry on the top of the reef. Crowds of natives came about us no doubt discussing some proposal to kill and eat us — but we presented rather a formidable appearance, and kept up a lively practice with the Sniders all day. We were ten all told at this time, 5 Europeans and 5 Kanakas representing 9 nationalities. Scotch represented by myself "Mr Rolles"[272] English — "Dan Connor"[273] Irish, "Fels",[274] two brothers, Germans — "Neva Bob",[275] who had taken two voyages up the Fly

---

271 This should be Irons and Willis.

272 Edward Rolles arrived at Port Moresby from Cooktown on *Emily* in 1878 with the second party of miners to the Laloki goldrush. He stayed on for three years after the rush and prospected the Astrolabe Range and the Kemp-Welsch River with a few other miners, including Connor. Goldie regarded him as an experienced bushman. He worked regularly for Goldie between 1879 and 1882 (Dutton 1985: 183–184; TQ, 3 Jan. 1880; Cairn 1881–1882).

273 Dan Connor ('*Dan the Digger*') arrived at Port Moresby on *Colonist* in April 1878. He then joined the *Emily* party and prospected around the Astrolabe Range. He worked regularly for Goldie between 1879 and 1882. Connor was drowned while taking a midnight swim near Goldie's store on 5 June 1882 (Lawes, 1881–1884; Cairn 1881–1882).

274 In 1880 Goldie recorded that Fels was a young German 'who has been with me for eighteen months', and that he had completed a voyage down to the Gulf of Papua with Goldie. He made no mention of a brother (Goldie, 1880).

275 Bob arrived in New Guinea with d'Albertis, after being engaged at Cooktown in April 1876 to crew *Neva* on its first ascent of the Fly River. Although d'Albertis referred to him as 'Fiji Bob', he was a mission educated Samoan who went under the name Bob Samoa. After the first ascent of the Fly, Bob was left at Somerset in charge of *Neva* while d'Albertis went to Sydney. He accompanied him on his second disastrous ascent in 1877, but left the vessel in company with Jack (Tommy Layman) when it reached the mouth of the river on its return journey. Bob and Jack were assisted by Papuans and the Duaun LMS teacher to reach Mabuiag, and from there they made it back to Somerset. They accused d'Albertis of mistreating them and murdering

with Sig. Dalbertis — a native of Samoa, and the best man I ever had; "Johnie" a native of Rotumah, and "Davis", a native of Honolulu — "Moos" an Arab from Port Said and "Tom" a negro from south America [?] This crew was the best I ever had, being of mixed nationalities they would not combine to give me trouble.

When the tide rose the vessel floated and we hauled her off into deep water. On 11 April ran out to Toulon Island in Amazon Bay. This Island has been reported as the home of the Amazons, an absurd report having been circulated that only women lived there. It was said that men from the mainland visited them at certain periods, but that only female children were allowed to live. But when I visited the Island I found men, women and children of both sexes. The men however go to the mainland often, as all their cultivations are situated there, and this circumstance may have given rise to the above report. On this Island is situated the largest village I have seen east of Kerepuna, but the anchorage is not good. I was visited by hundreds of natives anxious for trade, but only stayed a short time there, and that same evening ran into Millport Harbor. We were again visited by crowds of natives here, bringing off lots of sweet potatoes, and plumes of the bird of paradise. The next day ran into Port Glasgow, and watered the vessel a lot of natives assisting us. The following day, we ran along Orangerie Bay, nearly getting on the top of a large coral patch off Dufour Island.[276] Anchored at Dufour Island for the night, and were visited by a crowd of natives, who took us for missionaries. The following day we skirted Dufour Island passing close to the bold headlands at Eagle and Cone Points, and numerous sandy Bays each with its large native village and extensive groves of cocoanut. Natives came off to meet us in their canoes shouting out Keelam Keelam (hoop iron). Keelam is in great request all along the coast here and with it you can buy anything. Cut into convenient lengths, they make axes of it. We beat into Ellangowan Cove,[277] and found it a very large and commodious harbor completely landlocked — all round the harbor is a numerous population. Their houses are built on the sandy beach, on piles as usual beneath the shade of Cocoa nut groves. The hills rise almost from the beach, are densely covered with luxuriant vegetation, form a large and almost complete circle, and the whole presents a very picturesque appearance. This harbor was the first discovered by Capt Runcie of the Ellangowan, in his first trip to the East. The next day we were beating off and on the coast, very often close to large and numerous native villages. Anchored for the night in a bay west of Tree Point. April 16. Light head wind, with strong current against us. Tried to make South Cape before dark but failed and stood out to sea all night. Owing to changes of wind and strong currents had made no headway.

April 17. Stood into Farm Bay.[278] No sooner anchored than a great many canoes from the neighbouring villages surrounded us. April 18 stood up Mayri passage, and anchored off the Mission Station on Stacey Island. Spent two days here. The teacher told me a most lamentable story of death and disaster — 18 deaths in five months. A party of teachers with their wives had arrived

Neva's Chinese cook, and he responded on his return by charging them with desertion, theft and perjury. Chester ignored the perjury charge, but on 6 November 1877 sentenced both men to 4 months hard labour and forfeiture of wages for desertion. They were sent to serve their sentences at Rockhampton gaol, but were not received because the proper warrants had not been forwarded with them. In March 1878, Bob engaged a Cooktown solicitor to pursue d'Albertis for £30 unpaid wages. Soon afterwards he worked for Goldie, who regarded him highly, and he was employed as a skipper and pilot for the LMS and others at Port Moresby until at least 1883 (Chester, 1878b; Kennedy, 1878; Lawes, 1881–1884).

276 This may be Bona Bona Island which has well-sheltered anchorages.

277 Ellangowan Cove is probably Mullens (Puro) Harbour. See Note 73.

278 Farm Bay may be Baxter Harbour. Farm Peak is a steep headland of Baxter Harbour that rises to 535 m.

at Stacey Island about six months before, and the greatest mortality had occurred with them. He made great complaints of want of proper food and medicine.[279] The language used by the natives here, is altogether different from Motu, there are a few words with a similar pronunciation, but a different meaning. They are much troubled with skin disease. They have in some cases customs similar to the Motu people for example blackening their bodies and shaving the head, on the death of a near relation. Their fighting weapons are heavy spears usually made of cocoa nut, and wooden clubs with an occasional stone club, but these latter are very rare. They cover themselves better than the Motu people, using pandanus leaves for that purpose. Both nose and ears are pierced the latter very much elongated and a large hole kept open by a rolled tube of leaves. Their houses are not like those of the Motu people. The inside arrangements are entirely different. No door — the gable descends to the floor. They stand about five feet off the ground on piles — have no walls. They enter from a trap door in the floor, which they reach by means of a platform answering the purpose of a stair. A fireplace is built of stone and sand on the floor, a few feet from the trap door, and the smoke finds its own way out. A low partition divides that part of the house where the fire place is from the rest. A narrow shelf of battens runs round at about a height of three feet from the floor where they place all their effects, such as fishing nets spears &c. On the gables inside they hang up in great numbers, jaw-bones of pigs, and some of them from their appearance must have been kept as relics for a great many years — outside the houses, or stuck on poles they place the skulls of their enemies slain in fight. The women are much more repulsive in appearance than the Motu women.

April 20. Ran over the reef to the west of Locado Island,[280] with a heavy break on it at intervals, and anchored off the Teacher's house on Locado Island. Found here another new language. The natives here smear their faces with black ointment, some would only have half of the face black, others only a patch on the cheek. They call the old cocoa nuts Neu, which is the Motu word for green cocoa nuts.

April 21 Ran to Dinner Island[281] in China Straits and anchored about 9 p.m., being piloted in by my old acquaintance "Jimmy Caledonie" who had been left on this Island by a fishing vessel. Having tripped our anchor during the night, we were close to Heath Island in the morning. Jimmy Caledonie told me that he had spoken to one of the Brooker Island murderers some time previously, an old shipmate of his, whom he had met the day before we got on Heath Island. The visit of the Cormorant to Brooker Island, a few weeks previous seemed to have

[279] Mortality rates among LMS teachers had been controversial since the first years of the mission. In 1872, Moresby of HMS *Basilisk* sent a critical report to the Queensland Governor that it forwarded to the LMS Directors, highlighting their lack of provisions, including necessary medicines. In 1876, Police Magistrate Chester wrote to the Queensland Government that since 1871, 17 of 34 LMS teachers had died, also referring to a 'want of proper nourishment'. Even McFarlane referred to the death rate at Port Moresby as, 'evangelical manslaughter', although this has to be seen in the light of his antipathy towards Lawes and the choice of Port Moresby as mission headquarters. The controversy continued into the 1880s and by 1888, of the 201 LMS Pacific Islanders of both sexes brought to Torres Strait and New Guinea, 103 had died. Goldie shared the common view that the LMS was deeply culpable for this loss of life (ARBNG, 1888: 18–20; Mullins, 1995: 121–124).

[280] Leocadie Island.

[281] Moresby visited Dinner Island (Samarai) in 1873. In 1878 McFarlane established a base there after the LMS purchased the island from Dilomi, headman of Bwasakauri village on nearby Logea Island, for 3/6s worth of trade and the prestige of having the LMS nearby. In 1886 it was transferred to the British New Guinea government and became its major eastern headquarters. A small island, 1½ km long, 0.5 km wide and about 60 m high, it lies between the islands of Logea, Rogeia (Kwato) and Sideia (Sariba), to the south of Basilaki Island in the China Straits just off the mainland of southeast New Guinea. The LMS moved to nearby Kwato Island (Quanchi, 2006: 3–4; Wetherell, 1977: 10–11; Wetherell, 1996: xxiv–xxv).

scared the murderers, who separated and went to different islands in the vicinity.

April 23 - Drifted through China straits with a 6 knot tide as far as Possession Bay in Hayter Island where we anchored. Rolles and I went ashore here and had a few hours shooting. Crowds of natives on the beach, who were extremely friendly, and traded with them stone axes (see photograph) for Keelam. These axes are made of beautifully polished hard slate, with carved handles all of one piece of wood.

Next morning at daylight ran out of China Straits, a smart S.E. breeze springing up, which was very welcome being our first breeze of any consequence since leaving Thursday Island, and early in the afternoon we had crossed Milne Bay[282] and stood close into the Mission Station, but could find no safe anchorage, so ran up the Bay and anchored under the lee of one of the Killerton Islands.[283] The natives here are adept in the use of the catamaran. They paddle standing on their feet, and send them flying through the water. Christiana the Lifu teacher stationed here seems to be a very zealous worker in the mission field. Capt Redlich and a German[284] were living here with him collecting specimens of natural history. The natives here are of a superior class to those usually met with in the East, and are very friendly. Their language is different from that of Hayter Island, though so near, with the exception of a few words. They are very fond of painting the face with various designs. I noticed some the half of whose faces were painted white with lime, with a black streak running from the brow to the chin, over the bridge of the nose, and with two black streaks down the other side of the face. Others have patches and streaks of black all over the face — others curves of black, some with a streak from the eyebrows right down the body to the belly, branching off on both sides at an angle — others with their bodies black all over — the usual sign of mourning. I saw here a few natives with red hair, which I have never seen among the Motu.

Their houses are built on piles as usual, and extremely large and airy, and superior to the houses at South Cape, but of the same style of architecture. They chew the betel nut and always carry it with them.[285] The men always carry a tomahawk, whether they want to use it or not. The handle is of the same style as the old stone axes, but now a piece of strong iron hoop takes the place of the stone. They have earthernware pottery of a different kind from the Motu pottery, with rough carvings on it, but I did not see any made here. I saw no skulls hanging outside the houses. They have no hair on the face, but that is no evidence it does not grow, as they pull it all out by the roots. They shave the eyebrows. Very rarely a native is to be seen with whiskers and moustache. They

[282] Milne Bay is a deep harbour at the head of which is Alatau, the modern administrative center for Milne Bay Province. There are many small bays within Milne Bay.

[283] Killerton Islands (three islands and four islets) in Killerton Bay are in the northeast of the wide entrance to Milne Bay.

[284] This was Carl Hunstein (1843–1888). He was born in Friedberg, Germany, and arrived in New Guinea with the 1878 gold rush. Hunstein collected with Edwin Redlich until Redlich's death in 1880. He met the eminent German naturalist Otto Finsch in Cooktown, probably in January 1882, before Goldie conveyed Finsch to Port Moresby in *Alice Meade*. He collected with Goldie in 1882 and 1883 then set out on his own. In 1885, after Germany annexed the northwest of New Guinea, he joined the Deutsche Neuguinea-Kompagnie (German New Guinea Company), perhaps under the patronage of Finsch. Hunstein worked for the Company until 1888. While exploring for coffee plantation land, he was killed in the 13 March 1888 tsunami that struck New Britain. In an 1885 paper, Finsch and A.B. Meyer, suggested that Hunstein was responsible for the 'discovery of most of the new birds transmitted by Goldie to Australia and England'. While Hunstein's collection of new bird of paradise species was impressive, it is difficult to see how this statement could be justified, given the short time that Hunstein and Goldie worked together (Finsch & Myer, 1886: 237; Lawes, 1881–1884).

[285] Betel nut is the seed of the Areca palm (*Areca catechu*). It is chewed with the leaf for its mild stimulant effect. Betel nut is commonly used recreationally throughout the Indo-Pacific region.

have abundance of food, very fine pigs, yams, taros and cocoa nuts so plentiful that they rot on the ground, and sugar cane.

On 30 April, I weighed anchor bound for the Lachlan Islands.[286] Had a very stiff beat for a couple of days till we made Basilisk Island. Run into a very snug looking harbor but could find no bottom close up to the mangroves, so were forced to run in between two reefs with barely room to swing, and anchor in 15 fathoms. Found the natives very friendly, and were visited by many canoes.

On 2 May beat along the Island, and made Moresby Island,[287] at the mouth of Fortescue passage, before dusk. Here we were likewise visited by many natives and traded in a friendly way. This side of the island seemed to be in a high state of cultivation with numerous large plantations running up the sides of the steep ridges.

Worked further to windward, and anchored under the lee of Pitt Island, a very small island near the eastern end of Moresby Island, and uninhabited. Were becalmed here for a couple of days, and visited by fleets of canoes eager for trade.

On 6 May a fresh breeze springing up, stood right across to the Engineer Group.[288] Spent a few days here and did some shooting. Here I first saw the Lorius Hypoenochrous,[289] a beautiful parrot with bright red breast and back, green wings and black head, with dark blue under the belly, with a strip of beautiful white skin at the base of the beak. To my astonishment while anchored here, I was pointed out by a native, who pronounced my name in good English. He must have seen me at Teste Island. The people here are very bold and daring and extremely numerous. We saw nothing to arouse our suspicions, but always kept strict guard. Yams are so plentiful that a vessel of 50 tons could be loaded in a few days. We obtained large piles of them for small pieces of hoop iron. The canoes here are very large. They brought for trade, canoe loads of skulls among other things, but I only bought a few of them — interesting for ethnologists. They have a good many very large stone axes, and very heavy. (see photo)

[Top half of page missing and page incomplete.]

—— all night ——

—— Island, which is ——

—— and sighted the La——

For two days we were, rowed about Carnae Island with a scorching sun, nearly roasting us alive, and not a breath of wind.

May 14 Ran into a snug anchorage in the centre of the Lachlan Group, a fleet of canoes coming off to meet us. The first salutation we got in broken English was "Women stop here", pointing to the Island, which plainly showed that this was an old whaling station![290] Six natives who had been employed at Brooker

286 Laughlan (Nada) Islands (9° 17` S., 153° 42` E)., to the east of Woodlark Island, form an atoll of eight low islets, all under 3 m high.

287 Moresby Island is now identified as Basilaki Island, off the eastern end of New Guinea. Some early maps show neighbouring Sideia as Basilisk Island and what is now known as Basilaki Island as Moresby Island.

288 The Engineer Group, the main islets of which are Watts, Skeleton, Slade and Bentley, is directly east of Basilaki Island.

289 *Lorius Hypoenochrous* or the Purple Bellied Lory is a spectacular crimson colour, with green and yellow under the wing and green above.

290 The first English whalers arrived in the Pacific in 1789 and along with Americans moved into waters around New Guinea and the Solomon Islands from the 1820s and 1830s. Sperm as well as a few Killer, Bowhead, Humpback and Southern Right whales migrate through the Louisiade Archipelago, and in the 1830s whalers were beginning to hunt around the Trobriands and Louisiades. The average whaling ship carried 25 to 30 men. Most processing was done at sea, but this required firewood that was obtained from close-by islands. The whaling industry waned in the 1860s as many American ships were recalled for the Civil War, and it became easier to access petroleum oil, along with technical advances with processing copra for oil (Moore, 2003: 117–122; Gray, 1999; Whittaker, Gash, Hookey & Lacey, 1975: 320–327).

Island by McCourt, and who had escaped at the time of the massacre came on board and gave their version of the affair. Two of their party had been killed, but the six escaped, made their way to the other side of Brooker Island, where they obtained a canoe, and started for the Woodlarks without food.

[…] villages in this part of the Island. But the natives here could speak broken English pretty well, being the first time I had come across any who did so. Went ashore to shoot, but found nothing of interest. This island was an old whaling station. I observed a great many alligators here. Mr Rolles and another man went out in the dingy to fish by moonlight, and resting on their oars, the boat passed over one of these monsters, which got such a fright, that it rose to a great height above the boat, and falling it nearly filled the boat with water. The men got such a fright, and gave utterance to such a tremendous yell, that I could not conceive what had happened.

Next day weighed anchor, in the afternoon and stood towards the Lachlan's [*sic*]

at day light sighted Carnae
merely a large rock
chlans before dar
drifting he

I obtained here a large quantity of very fine tortoise shell.[291] The Lachlans are a group of low coral Islands, no portion of them being more than eight feet above high water mark. There is no water on the Islands, but the milk of the Cocoa nut, which they have in abundance is an admirable substitute. They have the finest canoes here I have ever seen. Their large canoes are placed in houses, when not in use for long voyages. They took great pride in showing me one canoe. It was from 60 to 70 feet long, and the lowest portion amidships, was fully 5 feet from the ground. The base of the canoe was formed of a hollow tree, built on with planks fastened together by strong knees and timbers, and caulked. No nails are used, but the timbers are securely lashed. They have very ornamental prows, similar to the Teste Island canoes but finer. They are all ornamented with white Cowrie shell and the outriggers are of very massive construction. They are no contemptible sea vessels, and can easily carry several tons of yams. They are furnished with large oblong mat sails. 18 French and Germans have lately been left here by the "Chandanagore" to found a colony.[292]

They are par[ticularly] fond of keeping their hair in good order, and are very angry if you touch it. It stands strait [*sic*] up, forming a beautiful large round mop. The men don't tatoo — some of the women are tatooed, but it is not the rule as with the Motu women. They wear three kinds of armlets, shell, mat, and cane. Like the South cape people they are all well covered. They use the spear and wooden clubs for fighting and two kinds of shields different from the Kerepuna shields. One of the shields is represented below also one of their canoes. They only paddle from one side. Some of them are 60 feet long, and are propelled at

[291] Tortoiseshell is the trade name for the thirteen plates that form the carapace of the hawksbill turtle (*Eretmochelys imbricata*). Papuans and Torres Strait Islanders used this beautifully translucent and dappled material to fashion ritual masks and to make fishhooks. China, ultimately, was the principal market for commercial tortoiseshell, but it also was highly prized in Europe. It is malleable when heated and until the early 20th century was one of the few decorative materials that could be laminated and easily shaped. It was by far the most valuable commodity by weight that traders could acquire in Torres Strait and on the coast of New Guinea.

[292] The most substantial and infamous attempt to colonise New Guinea occurred in New Ireland between 1879 and 1882. Charles M. B. du Brile, the Marquis de Rays, first floated the scheme in 1872, a plan to create a permanent settlement at Port Praslin, southern New Ireland, renamed Port Breton. Four expeditions to Nouvelle-France with 800 French, Belgian, Italian and German settlers left Europe. A few of the settlers landed at the Laughlan Islands, but most disembarked at New Ireland in January 1880. Poorly equipped, they fell victim to fever, many dying. Most of the survivors soon left for Australia and New Caledonia, although a few joined German traders on New Britain (Moore 2003: 137; Whittaker, Gash, Hookey & Lacey, 1975: 339–344, 398–408; Biskup, 1974).

great speed. The base of the canoe is cut out of one solid tree, and a long plank is laid on the top, and fixed with knees inside. They have beautifully carved prows, ornamented with shells. They have all outriggers over which a platform is erected from which they fight, and also use it for carrying cargo

[Goldie's memoir finishes here, in May 1879. His next major expedition was to the Gulf of Papua. Goldie gives an account of that in 'The Papuan Gulf', *Brisbane Courier*, 3 January 1880.]