

SOCIAL INTERCOURSE WITH A
NEWCASTLE CHIEFTAIN.

WHILST on his voyage from Raymond Terrace to Newcastle, Lieutenant Grant saw several natives intently watching the navigators. They began to follow the course of the boat, and one of the boatmen called to the foremost native in his own language to stop and they would pull in shore. As the boat was pushed in the native, who wore the decorations of a chieftain, got behind a large tree and brandished his fish-gig, but he no sooner saw that the party was unarmed than he threw down his muton (spear) and readily came to the navigators. The native chieftain addressed Grant and taking from his forehead a small net, which the black gins weave from the fur of the opossum, he bound it round Grant's forehead. In turn Grant took out his coloured pocket-handkerchief and tied it round the chieftain's head, which pleased him very much. Upon invitation the chieftain entered the boat, whereupon the oppositeshore became alive with natives who shouted out to their countryman harsh and dissonant sounds. The chieftain replied, and the crowd of natives appeared reconciled. It seemed the natives inquired of the chieftain if he apprehended any danger from the whites, and on his assuring them he had nothing to fear, his answers completely quieted them. Proceeding further some of the boatmen fired at a flock of swans and ducks, and killed two ducks. The chieftain's face depicted strong marks of great surprise at the report of the gun and the havoc created. When the party reached the Lady Nelson everything filled the chieftain with wonder and amazement. During the night he slept beside Grant's bed and did not show the slightest trace of fear. Next day Grant presented him with a hatchet, which pleased him very much, and he pronounced its name "mogo" with much earnestness. He ate everything that was set before him, especially sugar, but

refused salt and mustard, and could not be induced to touch or taste spirits. He was very communicative, tractable, and displayed remarkable intelligence for an aboriginal. He was an elderly man short in stature, but well made. His arms and legs were long in proportion to his body, which was slender and straight. Grant had him landed at the exact spot where he embarked; but the next day the noble warrior visited the vessel with a fine young lad of 17 years, who pleaded hard for a mogo, and a fine tomahawk was given to him. Mr. Lewin then sketched the two natives, who submitted to be placed in any attitude, and they appeared well pleased to have their likenesses taken.

COLONEL PATERSON RETURNS TO
NEWCASTLE.

From Ensign Barrallier's information of his progress up the Williams River (then called Hunter) being blocked by cascades and the weather being very inclement, together with the uncertainty of a supply of provisions which had been written for, Colonel Paterson thought it best to abandon the survey of the Williams, "and leave the source of this river indoubt until a future period." On the 16th they commenced rowing down the river for four hours, when they rested on the banks for the night amid the falling of very heavy rains. On the 17th the weather continued unpropitious, and at half-past 7 a.m. they put off with the whole of the boats and pulled the whole of the day until 5 p.m., when they reached the Lady Nelson, having come a distance of 30 miles. During the 18th and 19th the party slept on shore, where great misfortune befel the botanica collections of the colonel, who was a distinguished botanist and naturalist. The colonel's servant had made a pillow of some bundles of new plants collected inland, and these being placed too near the camp fire caught in blaze and were destroyed. The servant narrowly escaped being burnt to death, and by his own negligence sustained severe burns on his face and hands. A bundle of species of valuable flax was