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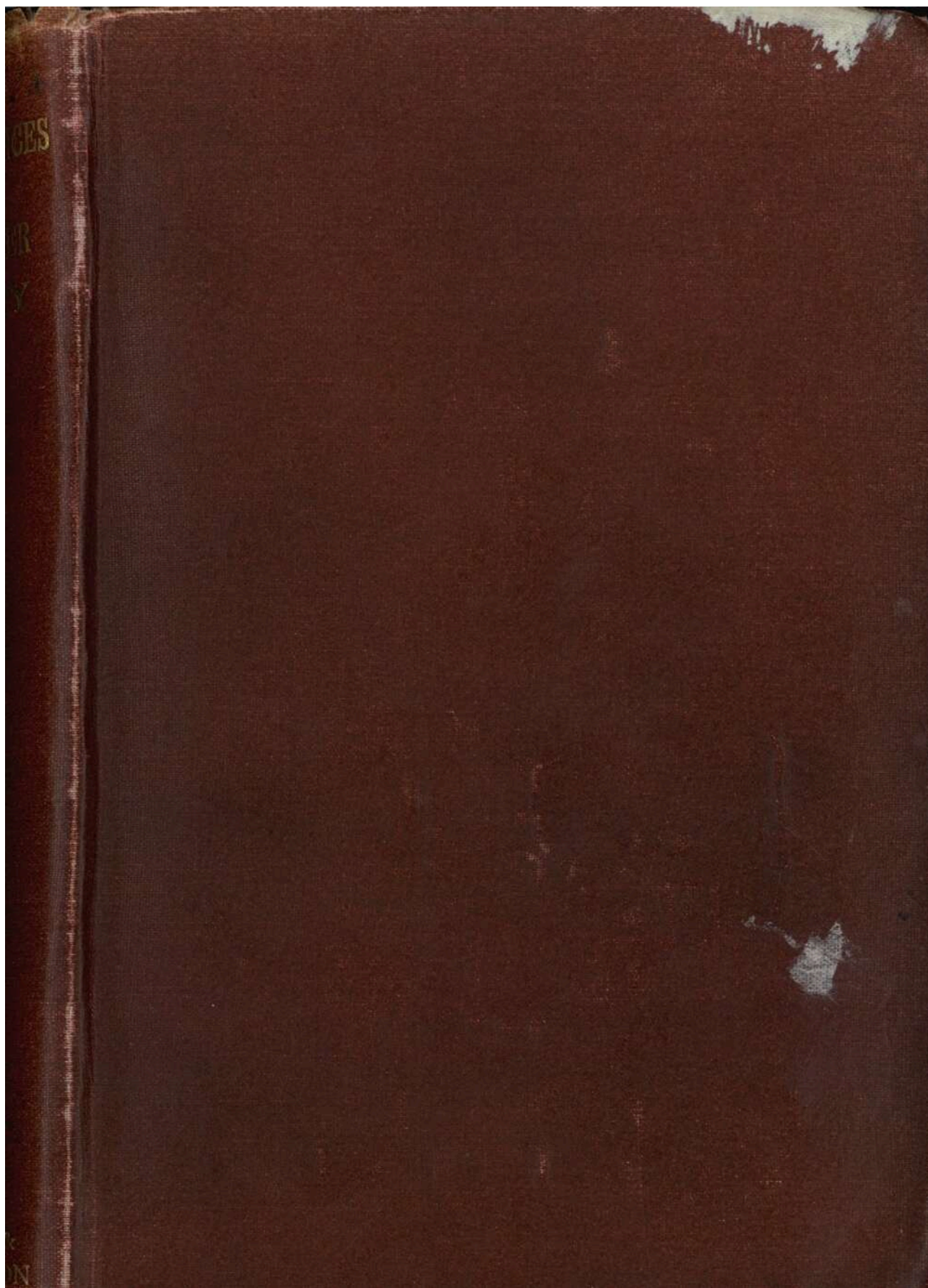
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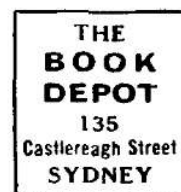
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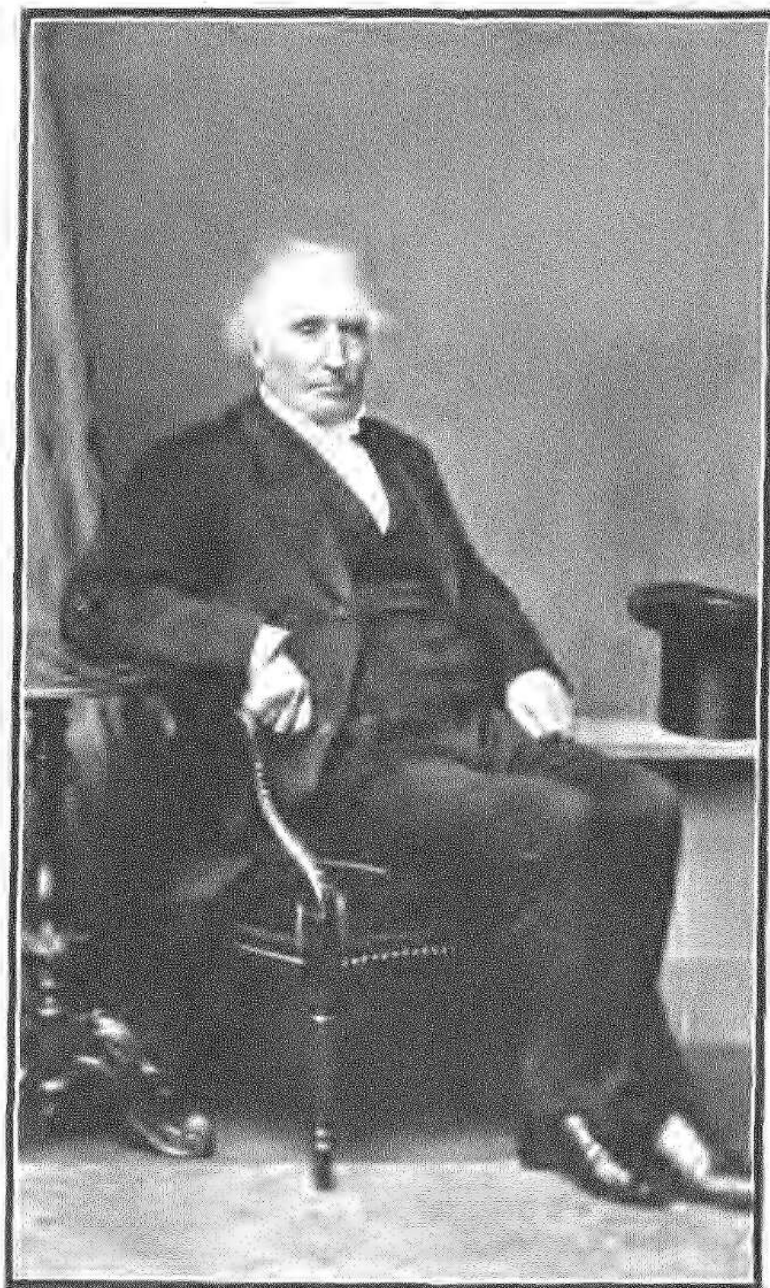
Reminiscences of Alexander Berry, with portrait and illustrations.



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REMINISCENCES OF ALEXANDER BERRY



ALEXANDER BERRY

REMINISCENCES
OF
ALEXANDER BERRY

With Portrait and Illustrations

SYDNEY
ANGUS & ROBERTSON, LTD.
89 CASTLEREAGH STREET
1912

PRINTED BY
W. C. PENFOLD & Co., 183 PITT STREET, SYDNEY
FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION

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INTRODUCTION

MR. ALEXANDER BERRY.

On Wednesday, 17th September, 1873, a colonist who had nearly completed the ninety-second year of his life, and who had been known in New South Wales for sixty-five years, closed his career in this world. The removal of one who was for a long time an active member of this community, and whose enterprise and large possessions have caused his name to be familiar to the people, naturally awakens a desire to learn something of his earlier days.

Alexander Berry, one of a numerous family, was born in Fifeshire, Scotland, on the 30th November, 1781. He was sent to school at Cupar, the country town, where among his schoolfellows were Sir David Wilkie and Lord Campbell. After leaving school he went to St. Andrews University, and thence to the University of Edinburgh, where he passed through a course of study in preparation for the medical profession. Having obtained an appointment in the service of the East India

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Company, he went out to India, and spent some years in that country. Then entering upon mercantile enterprise he visited Australia, New Zealand, and several islands in the Pacific. In the year 1808 he first came to Port Jackson, as owner of the ship "City of Edinburgh."

In the latter part of 1809 he visited the coast of New Zealand in order to procure a cargo of spars for the Cape of Good Hope. In December of that year, while he was at anchor in the Bay of Islands, some Maoris whose confidence he had gained on a former visit came to him, and told him that a British ship had been taken by the natives at Whangaroa, a spot about twenty miles to the north-west of the Bay. He resolved to proceed to Whangaroa, to ascertain the fate of the crew, and if there were any survivors to attempt their rescue, and as soon as he had completed his cargo and made arrangements for the protection of the ship, he set out with three armed boats for the scene of the disaster. Bad weather compelled him to return without reaching Whangaroa. But he was not a man to yield in the face of difficulties and dangers.

In his own narrative of the event he says:—
"Having recruited my strength and spirits, I was shocked at the ideal of leaving my country-

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men in the hands of the savages, and determined to make a second attempt. We had this time better weather and reached the harbour without any difficulty." The vessel whose captain and crew had been killed in Whangaroa harbour was the "Boyd," Captain Thompson. She sailed from the Thames on the 10th March, 1809, with convicts, and arrived at Port Jackson on the 14th August. From this port she sailed to New Zealand for a cargo of timber.

Captain Berry, in a letter to her owner, Mr. George Brown, thus relates the issue of that unfortunate voyage:—"We found the wreck of the "Boyd" in shoal water at the top of the harbour, a most melancholy picture of wanton mischief. The natives had cut her cables and towed her up the harbour, till she had grounded, and then set her on fire and burnt her to the water's edge. In her hold were seen the remains of the cargo, coals, salted seals, skins, and planks. Her guns, iron standards, &c., were lying on the top, having fallen in when the decks were consumed."

The history of the attack and massacre, as related to him by one of the survivors, was as follows:—"The ship was taken the third morning after her arrival. The captain, it

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appears, had been rather too hasty in resenting some slight theft. Early in the morning the ship was surrounded by a great number of canoes, and many of the natives gradually insinuated themselves on board. Tippahee, a chief of the Bay of Islands, who had been twice at Port Jackson, also arrived. Tippahee went into the cabin, and after paying his respects to the captain, begged a little bread for his men; but the captain received him rather slightly and desired him to go away and not trouble him at present, as he was busy. The proud old savage (who had been a constant guest at the Governor's table in Port Jackson) was highly offended at his treatment, immediately left the cabin, and after stamping a few minutes on the deck, went into his canoe. After breakfast the captain went ashore with four hands, and no other arms but his fowling piece. From the account of the savages, as soon as he landed, they rushed upon him; he had only time to fire his piece, and it killed a child. As soon as the captain left the ship, Tippahee, who remained alongside in his canoe, went again on board. A number of the sailors were repairing sails on the quarter deck, and the remainder were carelessly dispersed about the decks, and fifty

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of the natives were sitting on the deck. In a moment they all started up and each knocked his man on the head, a few ran wounded below, four or five escaped up the rigging; and in a few seconds the savages had possession of the ship. The boy Davidson escaped into the hold, where he lay concealed for several days, till they were fairly glutted with human blood, when they spared his life."

A woman and two infant children were also spared. The woman described to Captain Berry the manner in which, after being spared by Tippahee on board the ship and sent ashore, she was a second time saved from being murdered. "As soon as she landed a number of men started up, and marched towards her with their patoo-patoos; a number of women ran screaming betwixt them, covered her with their clothes; and by their tears and entreaties saved her life."

The natives spoke freely of the massacre of Captain Thompson and his men, evidently regarding it as a most heroic exploit, in the same way as a party of British tars look back with pleasure to some successful attempt against an enemy's ship of superior force. They readily mentioned the name of the ship and captain and the number of men and guns.

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When asked the reason of the attack, they replied, "Because the captain was a bad man." On enquiring what he had done, they answered that, one of their chiefs having secreted a carpenter's axe beneath his clothes, the theft was detected before he left the ship, in consequence of which the captain tied him to the capstan, where he left him for several hours, and threatened to flog him. On being told that the conduct of the chief merited the treatment he received, they replied that any indignity offered to a chief was never forgiven.

"I then," continues Captain Berry, "enquired if there were any survivors, to which they readily replied in the affirmative, mentioning their names with great familiarity and even with an appearance of kindness and sympathy. They were then informed that we had come to Whangaroa for the purpose of delivering the captives. I then pointed to my men and their muskets on the one hand, and to the heaps of axes on the other, bidding them take their choice, and either deliver the captives peaceably, when they should be paid for their ransom, or I would otherwise attack them. The chief, after a moment's hesitation, replied, with great quickness, that trading was

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better than fighting; then give us axes and you shall have your prisoners."

After considerable delay, and repeated trials to the patience and courage of Captain Berry and his party, the captives were given up to them. The woman and her infant child and the boy Davidson were first restored. With greater difficulty they afterwards prevailed on the natives to hand over to them the infant daughter of Mr. Commissary Broughton. Two chiefs, who were before acquainted with Captain Berry, Metenangha and Towaki, assisted him by their influence in recovering the captives.

The "City of Edinburgh" left New Zealand in January, 1810, for the Cape; but they had a perilous voyage, being driven among the ice of the southern ocean; and after finding shelter under Terra del Fuego, they sailed to Valparaiso, and reached that port in May following. Thence they passed on to Lima, where the boy Davidson shipped for England in the "Archduke Charles." The woman died at Callao; her child was kindly taken care of by a Spaniard and the little daughter of Commissary Broughton was nursed with great tenderness by a Spanish lady, Signora Rico. Captain Berry had some

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difficulty in inducing these kind persons to give up the children; but in course of time they were sent to Sydney, and reached this port in safety.

After this voyage Mr. Berry resolved to settle in New South Wales; and entered into business with Mr. Edward Wollstonecraft. He married the sister of this gentleman, Miss Elizabeth Wollstonecraft. In the year 1820, in company with Lieutenant Johnston, he explored a large and rich tract of country in the valley of the Shoalhaven River, of which the government of the day made him a free grant. It was a splendid estate; and as he was the first to perceive its value he had the opportunity of turning it to profitable purposes. Shortly after obtaining possession of this grant, he came to the conclusion that the Shoalhaven, which was shut off from the sea by a sand bar, might be made open to navigation by cutting a dyke from its channel into the Crookhaven which runs into the sea about seven miles further south. The project seemed to many a sheer impossibility. But Mr. Berry had the sagacity to discern its feasibility and the resolution to persevere in carrying it out. He obtained a large number of assigned servants and had the dyke cut,

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in the year 1825, thereby conferring a great advantage upon the country.

In 1832 his partner, Mr. Wollstonecraft died in Sydney. In 1845 he lost his wife, who died at the age of 63, leaving no children. Mrs. Berry and her brother were both buried in St. Leonards cemetery.

Mr. Berry was one of the nominee members of the Legislative Council, when there was only one House. And when the new Constitution came into effect on the 13th May, 1856, he was appointed by the Donaldson Government a member of the Upper House. He retained this position till May, 1861.

In politics he took a conservative view of affairs; and looked with strong disapproval on the innovations of parliamentary and municipal democracy. In private life he was a hearty and steadfast friend to those who came within the circle of his favour.—*Extract from obituary notice in the Town and Country Journal, September 27, 1873.*

The reminiscences and autobiography so spiritedly written by Mr. Berry in extreme old age conclude abruptly. At the last line are the words: "6th April, 1872, A.B.," probably the date when Mr. Berry, under the pressure of increasing infirmities, laid aside the pen;

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although the manuscript bears, here and there, marks of revision which were probably added subsequently during the last few months of his life.

CHAPTER I.

Early History—Studies Medicine and Surgery—Surgeon on board an East Indiaman—The “Lord Hawkesbury”—Military Floggings in 1803—Wreck of a Regiment—Quits the East India Service in Disgust—Enters upon Mercantile Life—Voyage to the Cape—Ignorance in the Mercantile Marine Seventy Years Ago—Berry teaches himself Navigation—What made Sir Thomas Brisbane an Astronomer—Berry arrives at the Cape of Good Hope—Blackstone’s Commentaries and Conservatism.

I was born (during a terrible snow storm) in Fifeshire, Scotland, on the 30th of November, 1781, and having received my early education at the Grammar School of Cupar, Fife, I afterwards proceeded in due course to the University of St. Andrews. Having determined to adopt the study of medicine, I became, during the vacations, a pupil of Dr. Gowan, the principal physician of Cupar; a gentleman who had an interest in an apothecary’s shop, where I first acquired some knowledge of pharmacy, chemistry, and anatomy; but I completed my medical education at the University of Edinburgh.

Delighted with the accounts of the naval

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victories of Nelson, Duncan, and others, I determined to enter the navy, and therefore only passed for a surgeon. But I requested the examiners to give me a certificate of the status I was qualified to hold in the navy, and they gave me a certificate that I was qualified to hold the office of first surgeon's mate in a first-rate ship of the line. On my return home I found my father rather opposed to my intentions, though he, nevertheless, readily provided the necessary outfit; but, when I was on the point of leaving, he used so many arguments against my views that I reluctantly yielded to his wishes, and for some months devoted myself to private study. By-and-bye the Peace of Amiens took place, and I then renounced for ever my intention of entering the navy.

After some time I was informed that I might be appointed as surgeon's mate of an Indiaman bound to China; and accepting it at once, I immediately proceeded to London, furnished with a few letters of introduction and a letter of credit. Relations of the chief officer of the ship were friends of my father, and that, perhaps, influenced him a good deal on this occasion. The surgeon had already made four voyages to India, and was much respected.

APPOINTED SHIP'S SURGEON 3

To me he always behaved like a brother. In those days the surgeons and officers of the Indiamen were all traders, and were allowed by the company a certain tonnage. Generally speaking, they all became mercantile men. Fortunately for me, I, on this occasion, only availed myself of my credit to a limited extent and merely purchased dollars to take to China. On our arrival in that country the market was found to be very bad, and all those who took out large investments suffered severe losses.

On my return from China I was appointed surgeon of the company's ship "Lord Hawkesbury"; and, on this occasion, I availed myself of my opportunities, and took a considerable investment to India, which I sold to good advantage. The "Lord Hawkesbury" carried out a large detachment of the 17th Regiment; —I think, including women and children, 300 individuals, besides the ship's crew.

At that time I was an enthusiast in my profession as a medical man, although I clearly saw that my success in life must depend on commerce. I had heard of some ships having made a voyage to India and back without any deaths, and I therefore determined, if possible, that the same should be the case with the "Lord Hawkesbury."

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I was so far successful that no deaths occurred during the outward voyage, and of the military I landed more than I took on board, three embryo soldiers having been born on the passage; and although the ship was detained ten months in India no deaths occurred amongst the crew.

I was on good terms with the military, both men and officers. The only disagreeable thing on board was the constant *floggings*; and I was responsible that the men who were so punished were not flogged to death. I made it a sort of rule for my own guidance that the poor fellows, at the worst, should never have more than *one-half* of the punishment to which they were sentenced.

Towards the end of the voyage, when all hands were more or less infected with scorbutic symptoms, I could not permit any severe flogging, lest the back might mortify; and on one occasion, an old offender having been brought up for punishment, I observed on his body, when he was stripped, certain scorbutic marks.

After the soldier had received a moderate punishment, I addressed the Colonel, and said that it would be unsafe to give that man any more punishment.

INVALIDS FROM ASSAYE

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The Colonel replied (rather harshly), "if we are to trifle with these fellows in that way, we shall have to punish them every day in our lives;" and then he turned away on his heel and walked toward the cuddy.

I stepped up alongside of him, and coolly said, "Colonel Stoven, I have nothing whatever to do with the expediency of punishment; my only duty in this case is to give a medical opinion, and if that man gets any more punishment I am not answerable for the consequences."

He very ungraciously ordered the man to be released, and said that he was very sorry that he could not give him any more punishment, but would bear it in mind when he committed another offence.

Before leaving Madras for England our ship received on board the *wreck* of a regiment, which had been in the Battle of Assaye (under Sir Arthur Wellesley), where they had buried *seventeen* officers in one grave, and where only two officers were not wounded. The men were generally invalids. One of them died the next day, another a day or two afterwards, and numbers of them died during the voyage. I was almost broken-hearted about it, and felt ashamed to have to report their deaths to the

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commanding officer of the ship. My old college chum, the Rev. George Walker, told me some time afterwards that he had met several of the poor fellows who did get home in a ferry boat, passing from Leith to Fife, and heard one of them entertaining the other passengers about their adventures in India. The man said that they had come home in the "Lord Hawkesbury." "Then," said Mr. Walker, "You must know Mr. Berry, the surgeon."

"That I do, indeed," replied the man, "and a very good man he was!"

I was pleased to hear that the way in which I had performed my duties had been thus appreciated. These frequent deaths, however, disgusted me with my profession; and yet I believe, after all, that only one of the seamen of the original crew died on the voyage home; he was, moreover, an old man, and died of the scurvy.

The immediate consequence of the disgust that I thus conceived for my profession was that I resolved to abandon medicine, and to devote myself to commerce; and, accordingly, instead of continuing in my hybrid position in the East India Company Service, I engaged in a commercial adventure to the Cape of

LEARNS NAVIGATION

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Good Hope, which had then recently been taken from the Dutch.

Although well versed in general geography, I had never given much attention to navigation while in the India Service. But I soon perceived it had now become desirable that I should make it a matter of some study. I found that the captain of the ship bound for the Cape only depended on his dead reckoning and meridian observation of the sun. It so happened in the course of the voyage we spoke a Portuguese ship, and on the mate going on board to ascertain what longitude we were then in, he was informed that we were more than five degrees wrong, and that they had taken a lunar observation the day before.

I thereupon naturally asked the captain why he did not take lunar observations, and he replied that, although he had been a pupil of Norie's—a teacher of navigation—he was unable to work them.

I asked him whether he had a sextant on board; saying that, if he had, I had no doubt but that I could contrive to work the desired problems.

The captain replied that he had a sextant, but that it was not a good one.

I requested to see it; and on examination

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I found the glasses out of adjustment. I told the captain that if he would allow me to try, I would endeavour to put the glasses right.

He replied simply—"Work your will upon it;" which I did.

I took it to pieces, cleaned it, and succeeded in putting all the glasses into adjustment. As the sun and moon were then in distance, I said: "We must now attempt to take a lunar observation, and I shall take the distance." I thereupon worked the observation, and found that it exactly coincided with what the Portuguese had told us, and I took observations for the next two days, and finding that they all coincided, I from that time forward always took lunar observations.

Sir Thomas Brisbane afterwards informed me it arose from a similar occurrence that he became an astronomer. He said he had been sent out to the West Indies in a ship where the captain was ignorant of navigation, and that the vessel, having met with foul winds, was driven near the coast of Africa. The captain did not know the position of the ship, and Sir Thomas (in dismay at the emergency) taught himself navigation there and then, and so navigated the ship safe to her destination.

By help of lunar observation in our case

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also, no harm happened through the incompetence of the captain. We made the Cape of Good Hope to a mile—perhaps I should rather say we came straight into Table Bay.

Having here mentioned how I taught myself navigation, I may perhaps add that, before leaving London, I provided myself with certain law books on commercial affairs, which I also studied during the voyage. These works were Chitty on Bills, Abbott on Shipping, Parks on Insurance, and Blackstone's Commentaries—the constant study of which, unfortunately, made me a "Conservative."

CHAPTER II.

Voyage from Cape to N. S. Wales with provisions—
Captain Berry arrives at Port Dalrymple,
Hobart Town, and Sydney—Arbitrary and
Ridiculous Conduct of an Historical Character
—Government House Courtesies of “Bounty”
Bligh—Freedom of Trade in the Good Old
Times of this “Great Colony”—Grand Inquisi-
tion—A Cask of Wine and a Dinner—Queer
Notions of Courts and Common Justice—A
Governor in a Quandary—In full uniform, and
under a feather bed—“Bounty” Bligh Deposed
—Captain Berry accepts a Charter-party to re-
move the Free Settlers from Norfolk Island to
Tasmania.

Some time after my arrival at the Cape it came to my knowledge that there was much distress in the colony of New South Wales from a want of provisions, occasioned by a great flood on the Hawkesbury, which had destroyed the crops of the settlers. I therefore agreed with a Mr. Shortt to take a cargo of provisions, &c., on joint account, to New South Wales. To enable us to do so, it was necessary for us to purchase a prize ship, which we did, and named her the “City of Edinburgh.” There were no ships then to charter at the Cape, as all the English shipping

PORT DALRYMPLE

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had gone to the River Plate, on account of the expedition of Sir Home Popham to capture that colony. I believe that we left False Bay on the 4th September, 1807. A day or two after sailing we spoke an English frigate, which was commanded by a son of Sir Thomas Trowbridge, then in search of his father, who perished in the "Blenheim," on his voyage from Bombay to the Cape of Good Hope. They told us that they had experienced very stormy weather. We also experienced a succession of storms, and lost our main and mizen masts, on (as I think) the night of the 16th of September. The rest of the voyage was performed under jury masts, and we reached Port Dalrymple in safety. This settlement was then in charge of Colonel W. Paterson, of the New South Wales Regiment. It was in a state of destitution, and they were subsisting chiefly on the flesh of kangaroos, which they caught in the bush. The arrival of a vessel with provisions was therefore a god-send to them. I made no attempt to avail myself of their necessities; but, on the contrary, readily sold them all the provisions they required, at fair and reasonable terms, and I think that Mr. Riley, the Commissary, purchased nearly one-half of the provisions I had on board. During

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my stay at Port Dalrymple several gentlemen arrived overland, and informed me that Hobart Town was in the same state of destitution as Port Dalrymple, and recommended me to proceed there with the remainder of my provisions. Shortly after a small Government vessel arrived at Port Dalrymple, called the "Estramina," the master of which informed me that provisions were not needed in Sydney; and I therefore determined to proceed to Hobart Town. Under these circumstances I made a list of all the letters in my possession for parties in Sydney, and delivered them to the master of the "Estramina" to take to Sydney; and I took the precaution to request him to sign the list, which he did.

One of the officers of the colony sent me an order to ship on board the "Estramina" a cask of spirits for Sydney on his account, but this I declined to do, because the "Estramina" was a Government vessel. Upon my refusal to do so, this gentleman sent on board the "Estramina," from his own house, a cask of spirits, which he had purchased of me. (I shall say more of this hereafter).

Before leaving Port Dalrymple I had a conversation with Colonel Paterson, wherein he recommended me to proceed direct to

FIRST VISIT TO SYDNEY 13

Sydney, before going to Hobart Town. But I told him that such a step would be equally injurious to myself and to the settlement at Hobart Town, which was then in distress for provisions.

I, accordingly, proceeded direct to Hobart Town, and found the report of the destitution there to be correct—the Commissary purchasing all that I had to spare. Indeed, he told me that he would have been glad to have purchased more.

Before leaving Hobart Town I procured two hardwood spars for the ship, which I carried on the deck to Sydney. Hobart Town, I may here observe, was founded by Colonel Collins, who then governed that part of the colony.

At both of these settlements I made some sales to individuals, but they were, comparatively speaking, of no large amount.

I have no recollection of the exact dates when I arrived at or left these two settlements, but I remember that I arrived at Port Jackson on the 13th day of January, 1808. It was, I remember, very hot, and I had exposed myself to the sun all day. On the arrival of the ship I felt very sick and feverish, and was obliged to go to bed.

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Some time after the captain of the ship came into my room, and informed me that he had received a peremptory order from Governor Bligh to go ashore immediately, and hoped that I would accompany him. I told him that he ought to have been quite able to see that I was unable to do so, and that I had a severe attack of vomiting. By-and-bye the captain returned, and informed me that Governor Bligh had received him in the most ferocious manner, and had accused him of destroying a letter which he affirmed that Captain Pattison had been instructed to deliver to him by a Captain Findlay at the Cape of Good Hope, and, further, that he (Bligh) would *hang* him for the same.

The facts of the case were these: One of the mates of our ship had proved a drunkard, and had behaved so badly at Port Dalrymple and the Derwent that it was necessary to suspend him. This person, immediately on the arrival of the ship in Sydney, dispatched a letter to Governor Bligh, informing him that Captain Pattison had destroyed a letter addressed to him.

A Captain Findlay at the Cape had been appointed Port Captain, and with this man Captain Pattison had had some misunder-

GOVERNOR BLIGH

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standing. When the "City of Edinburgh" was preparing to sail from the Cape Captain Findlay sent a letter to Pattison addressed to Governor Bligh. Pattison came to me and said that he did not think that he ought to take charge of a letter from Findlay to Governor Bligh. I replied, "Oh nonsense: bring the letter to me, and I will take charge of it." I believe that the mate must have heard part of this conversation, and had come to the conclusion that Pattison had destroyed the letter. Pattison told Bligh that I had taken charge of all the letters—had written out a list of them which had been signed by the master of the "Estramina," and that he would go on board and get the list. I gave him the list, which, on being compared with the list of letters delivered to the harbour-master, was found to be correct. But what was singular was this—it turned out that the very letter erroneously supposed to have been destroyed actually contained a commission as Commodore for Governor Bligh. Thus poor Pattison narrowly escaped being hanged by Governor Bligh. And I dare say, if it had not been for the precautions I had taken, Bligh *would* have hanged him. Governor Bligh now asked Pattison why the "supercargo" had not

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called on him. Pattison replied that I was unwell; whereupon Bligh said, "Tell him to come ashore to-morrow, that I may see what sort of a fellow he is."

The mate who wrote the letter to Bligh broke his neck while jumping over a fence, thirteen days afterwards; on the very day that Bligh was put under arrest.

I was informed that on the arrival of the "Estramina" in Sydney, there was a great row about the cask of spirits which she had brought, and they wished the captain to prove that I had put it on board; but he deposed that it was sent from the shore, and that I had had nothing to do with it.

I called next day on Governor Bligh. He took me into a darkened room. As I considered myself aggrieved from the row he had made about the letters, I immediately alluded to that subject. He replied: "I acquit you of that, but it is a very discreditable thing to see ships arriving with the captains in hot water with my officers!"

He also said, "You have used this great colony very ill in giving those paltry fellows of Dalrymple and Hobart Town the pick of your cargo."

I replied that I had only sold them chiefly

GOVERNOR BLIGH

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provisions, which they greatly needed, and which were not required in Sydney.

He said, "You ought to have come to Sydney first, and have afterwards gone there."

I replied, that would have been very injurious to my interests, and called his attention to the fact that this vessel was cleared out for "Port Dalrymple and Sydney."

He said, "Why did you go to Hobart Town when Colonel Paterson ordered you to go to Sydney?"

I replied that Colonel Paterson did not *order* me to go to Sydney—that he had no power to do so; but that he had recommended me to go on to Sydney before going to Hobart Town.

Of course, Colonel Paterson must have written to Bligh that he had advised me to go to Sydney.

Bligh replied: "Oh, I see how it is. I could sit down and tell you the whole conversation which took place between you. He knew your grandfather, or you know his grandmother."

I assured His Excellency that I knew nothing of Colonel Paterson's grandfather or any of his family.

He did not reply. But he took up a shell from one of the tables, walked away, and put it on another; and I heard him mutter to him-

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self, "This fellow does not treat me with common respect."

I bowed to him, and said: "I wish Your Excellency good morning"—and I walked out of the room. But I had not got half-way down to what is now Macquarie-place, before an orderly came after me and said that the Governor wished to see me again. So I returned.

He received me with more civility than he did the first time, but soon relapsed into his former style, and reiterated his remark "That I had used this great colony very ill," and "that I had sold spirits to those fellows."

I replied, that I had not sold any except upon a written permit from the Lieutenant-Governor, which I considered was a sufficient warrant for what I had done.

He said that he would "do nothing for me,"—although I had not asked him for anything—and said that provided I did not obey his port regulations he would treat me with great severity.

I replied: "If Your Excellency will have the goodness to give me a copy of your port regulations, I shall obey them; and I wish Your Excellency good morning."

I had not got half-way down to the site of

GOVERNOR BLIGH

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Macquarie-place when the same orderly again overtook me, and said, "The Governor wants to see you again."

This time, besides the Governor, I found three gentlemen in the room, to wit, Mr. Atkins (the Judge-Advocate), Mr. Robert Campbell, of the Wharf (who was the Harbour Master), and Mr. Commissary Palmer.

On this occasion Governor Bligh made what he, doubtless, considered a gracious speech. He said that in former times many bad things had been done in the colony, but that they were determined to prevent all such things in future, and would enact such just and equitable regulations as would tend to induce captains of ships and supercargoes to bring their ships and cargoes to Sydney.

After this preamble, he asked me whom I had been speaking to since my arrival, and the nature of the conversation.

I replied that I was a perfect stranger to all the people, and that I had only spoken to two individuals, namely, Mr. John Macarthur and Mr. Simeon Lord.

The mention of Mr. Macarthur's name seemed to make a startling impression upon these *magnates*.

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Bligh then asked what was the nature of the conversation that I had with Macarthur.

It was very unimportant, and I told him at once.

He then asked what was the conversation that I had with Lord.

I told him that Lord said that he would either purchase my cargo or act as my agent.

Bligh then turned to Mr. Atkins and said, "Have you any questions to ask Mr. Berry?"

Atkins replied, "No, if that was the only conversation which he has had."

I nodded assent, and so took my leave of this inquisitorial tribunal.

Dr. Harris had, I was informed, been Harbour-master, but Bligh had quarrelled with him, and had appointed Mr. Robert Campbell in his stead.

Indeed it was a common report that Bligh wished to give Mr. Campbell a monopoly of the trade of the colony.

I afterwards called on Campbell to arrange about the landing of my cargo. He then told me that His Excellency had given him orders that my wine should be put into his stores, and that he (the Governor) would not allow me to sell it at a higher price than three shillings

MAJOR JOHNSTON

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per gallon. I am pretty sure that was the price.

I told Campbell that I had no objection to put the wine into his stores, but that I could not afford to sell it at the price he mentioned.

I had originally intended to have acted as my own agent in the sale of the cargo, but the arbitrary conduct of Bligh induced me to change my mind, and I employed Lord as my agent. In those days there was hardly any choice.

Some days after Major Johnston sent me an order to supply him with a cask of wine for the anniversary dinner of the New South Wales Corps or Regiment. I replied that I regretted that I could not sell him any wine, because Governor Bligh had limited me to a price, at which I could not afford to sell. He replied: "Send the wine, and we will satisfy you."

I sent him a cask, and begged him to accept it as a present, since I could not compromise myself by selling any wine. Of course they invited me to dinner, but I slept away very early. I was then a temperance man, and a *quasi* teetotaler, upon medical principles.

Major Johnston had a fall from his horse on his way home from the dinner, and sustained some injury.

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I believe that there was no lawyer then in the colony except a notorious attorney who had been transported on account of something about a *fly*, and he was Bligh's adviser. I did not then know his history; and meeting him at the house of Lord, I complained of the flies (which were very troublesome) and said, "Do the flies ever annoy you much?" I noticed that he seemed rather disconcerted. Afterwards he began to discourse of "John Macarthur's case," of which (of course) I knew nothing. He said that they had been able to verify so many delinquencies or crimes against him as would have subjected him "at home" to a good flogging, and to several years' imprisonment, but that he did not know what the punishment might be in this colony!

The day of the trial came on, and I attended. Mr. Atkins, the Judge Advocate, first swore in the military officers, who constituted the Court, and the senior officer then tendered the book to Atkins to swear him in. Mr. Macarthur protested against Atkins sitting on his trial, as he was his old and inveterate enemy. He was very bitter against Atkins, but he produced some legal precedents to justify his protest.

When Macarthur had ended Atkins immedi-

JOHN MACARTHUR

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ately said: "I commit John Macarthur to the common gaol."

Captain Kemp said: "I will not allow you to do so, and unless you conduct yourself with more propriety, I shall commit you."

Atkins thereupon hastily left the Court, and I left it too.

Afterwards I learned that they then wrote to the Governor to nominate some one else instead of Atkins, and there was a report current that Bligh had abolished the existing Court, and had established a new one of three or four members, of which he was president; that all cases were to be tried summarily before this Court, from whose decisions there was to be no appeal; and this state of things was to remain until his Majesty's pleasure should be known. It was also rumoured that Bligh had sent a summons to the members of the old Court to appear before the new one, and stand their trial for sedition.

Next morning Macarthur was committed to gaol by the chief constable.

Governor Bligh had ordered Major Johnston to come to Sydney. In answer to this Johnston apologised, saying that he was unable to come on account of the injuries he had lately received, through the fall from his horse.

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Bligh thereupon sent him another message, the effect of which was, that if he did not come he would appoint some one else to do his duty. On the next day Johnston arrived in the barrack-square, and soon after sent an order to the gaoler to liberate John Macarthur—all the soldiers being, by the major's orders, drawn up in military array in the square.

After some time Johnston dispatched four officers to Government House to announce to Governor Bligh that he was coming to arrest him. In the meantime Governor Bligh had invited some of his partisans to dinner, chiefly (I believe) the members of his new Court. One of the party told me afterwards that Atkins was particularly uneasy, and that, as soon as he had dispatched his dinner, he left the table with a view to examining the state of affairs in Barrack-square. He returned thence in great trepidation and said, "There is a great movement in Barrack-square, and the military are all under arms."

Bligh said, "Surely they dare not attack my person?"

To which Atkins replied, "I have no doubt but that they will."

Bligh poured out a glass of wine, and rising (with great trepidation) said, "The Health

BLIGH DEPOSED

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of the King!" He then drank off the wine, and left the table.

He went and dressed himself in his naval uniform, and fastened his dirk by his side, that he might impress his assailants with awe. When, however, he looked out at the warlike array coming towards him his heart failed him, and he hid himself under a feather bed. On his discovery, in that place of concealment, it was found that the uniform which Nelson and Duncan had worn with so much honour, was befouled with white feathers!

I never saw Bligh after this event, except at a distance, when he was walking in his gardens, accompanied, I think, by a guard; but I heard many things of him in England, from an officer who had sailed under him, which were greatly to his disadvantage.

The Government of New South Wales had received orders from home to remove the settlers of Norfolk Island to the River Derwent, in Tasmania; but from want of shipping they had only been able to remove a few of them. Therefore, as there was no cargo at New South Wales to take back to the Cape of Good Hope, I offered to remove a shipload of the settlers to the Derwent, provided they would supply me with a cargo of

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sawn timber. They accepted my offer and John Macarthur wrote out the charter-party. It was to this effect—that they chartered the ship at a certain rate per month, to be paid for not in money but in timber according to a schedule at a certain rate. But Macarthur put in the charter-party a penalty of two thousand pounds, if either party did not fulfil the stipulated contract—that is, if I did not perform the voyage, or if they did not employ me to do so.

It took me a long time to refit the ship in a place like Sydney in those days; so that the voyage was from necessity performed in the winter season; when the ship was frequently driven away from the island for weeks at a time. Captain Piper was the commandant, and treated me with great hospitality, sending on board a pilot, from whom he procured a certificate that every exertion had been made by the master and officers; and that the delay in loading the ship arose entirely from bad, stormy weather, during which the ship sustained considerable damage. Notwithstanding all which, I completed the voyage successfully, and delivered all the settlers and their effects safely in Hobart Town.

CHAPTER III.

Continuation of events subsequent to Captain A. Berry's second arrival at Sydney after the voyage to Norfolk Island—Major Foveaux, Acting-Governor at Sydney—Arrangements made by the Colonial Government for payment of Berry's Services, and the inconvenience to which he is thereby subjected—Voyage to New Zealand for freight of ship—Arrival of the "City of Edinburgh" at the Bay of Islands—Interviews with Maori chiefs Tarra, Tupe, and others—Proceeds to repair the ship—Takes up his quarters ashore and forms a camp—Threatened with an attack from hostile natives in the absence of the friendly chief.

On my return to Sydney, after my voyage to Norfolk Island and thence to Van Diemen's Land, I found Commodore Bligh yet residing at Government House, and still under arrest, but that Major Foveaux was now the Acting-Governor. He had been Commandant at Norfolk Island at the time that the orders came out from England to evacuate that place. On the receipt of those orders he had immediately proceeded to Sydney, and (as I was informed) was then recommended by Governor King at once to proceed to England

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in order to prevent the evacuation from being carried into effect. The order for the evacuation of Norfolk Island was due to Captain Hunter, who had lost his ship (the "Sirius") off that island; where he was afterwards detained for many months, before he had an opportunity of returning to Sydney. This had naturally given Captain Hunter a dislike to the place, and had caused him to advise that its occupation should be abandoned. Major Foveaux, however, gave such a favourable report of the island that the authorities at home ordered him immediately to return to Sydney, with the understanding that—provided the evacuation had not been proceeded with, beyond a certain extent—all further proceedings in that direction should be desisted from, and that he should resume the government of the same. On the arrival of Major Foveaux at New South Wales, he found that my expedition had been fatal to his expectations, and he, therefore, assumed the government of New South Wales as the senior officer to Major Johnston. Having assumed the government, instead of continuing the preparation of the timber for the freight of my ship, this officer gave directions that all the timber which was then ready for me should

MAJOR FOVEAUX

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be employed in the erection of new barracks for the soldiers.

When I demanded payment for the services I had rendered the Government, Major Foveaux replied that I had been so long on the voyage that the ship was supposed to be lost, and that it had consequently appeared useless to provide any more timber. He said, however, that there was a quantity of timber in the dockyard, and that if I would accept that as payment in full, he would allow me to take it; if not, that he would forfeit the penalty, and give me a bill for two thousand pounds on the Treasury. I pointed out to him that the penalty had nothing to do with the freight, after it had been fairly earned; and that I had only undertaken the voyage upon the express condition that the freight was to be paid in timber, as a return cargo to the Cape. But I told him, as I found he had not provided the timber, that I would accept the amount of freight due to me in money.

Major Foveaux refused this, saying, "No; I will give you the two thousand pounds."

I wrote to him that I must decline to accept that, and that I should appeal to the Home Government. And thus after labouring hard to procure a cargo to the Cape, I was left in

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a sad dilemma, for I could not think of going round Cape Horn in an empty ship. Eventually, I was induced to make a voyage to the Fiji Islands, in hopes of procuring a cargo of sandal wood.

It was a singular thing that during all this time I had no opportunity of making any remittances to England, or to the Cape of Good Hope. There had not been a single ship by which I could send. Some time after my first arrival, a small vessel loaded with Cape produce had arrived, consigned to Mr. Robert Campbell, and this ship was, I heard, for sale. I thereupon sent for the captain, and offered to purchase her, for the purpose of sending her back to the Cape, but he told me that he had already agreed to sell her to Mr. Campbell. I was consequently compelled to leave all my letters and remittances for the Cape and for London, at Sydney, in duplicate—to be forwarded by the first opportunity that should offer.

When I came to settle with Mr. Lord, I found that he could only pay me by bills on his agent in London, to whom he had consigned large quantities of seal skins. I therefore enclosed Lord's bills to my agent in London, as well as the papers which related

VISITS NEW ZEALAND . 31

to the Norfolk Island freight, but with instructions, after paying my liabilities in London, to send the balance to Mr. Shortt at the Cape. To Shortt himself I sent all the Treasury bills which I had procured in Tasmania. I believe, indeed, that the nominal amounts of the Treasury bills and Lord's bills were nearly the same. There was—as I have intimated—no ship to take any letters or remittances either to the Cape or to England, and I therefore left everything in duplicate in the hands of Mr. Lord to send by the first opportunity. My enclosures contained the first and second of the bills, and the third I took with me.

I intended to call at New Zealand for spars for the ship, and this coming to the knowledge of Governor Bligh he sent to me to request that I would take to the Bay of Islands a son of Tippahee—a young man of the name of Motara, who had made a voyage to England, where he had been treated with hospitality, and (as he said) had been introduced to King George the Third. Lord also asked me to take down to New Zealand a native of the Bay of Islands, named Metatau, who had been brought to Sydney in one of his ships. I consented to take them both, and treated both

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with great kindness, Motara being allowed to dine at my table.

On the arrival of the ship at the Bay of Islands, she anchored at Tippuna, the residence of Tippahee—the chief whom I expected to be able to provide me with spars. As Motara was dressed like a gentleman, his relatives received him with great rejoicing. His father seemed friendly, but I found there were no spars in his district, and ascertained that such as I wanted could only be procured in an adjoining district from a chief named Tupé. I therefore determined to visit that chief, who lived at some considerable distance.

With this intention I started from Tippuna, but although I left that locality at an early hour, it was late in the afternoon before I reached Kowa Kowa—the residence of Tupé. The natives crowded round me in the most friendly manner; and when I asked for Tupé, a venerable old chief, blind in one eye, advanced towards the boat; the other natives making way for him. He seized me by the collar with both hands, and after the manner of his people greeted me by joining his nose to mine. This mode of salutation was, at first, rather startling. I asked if he was Tupé? He said: “No, I am Tarra. Tupé will be here

RELATIONS WITH MAORI CHIEFS 33

directly." Poor Tupé had, I found, a few European clothes, and wished to appear as respectable as possible to a stranger. At length he appeared in European garb. The natives as he came made way for him, and called out, "This is Tupé!"

I advanced towards him, but instead of joining noses, he took off his hat, made me a bow, and shook hands. I told Tupé that I wanted spars for my ship, and asked him if he could supply them? He said: "Oh yes," I then told him that the ship was at Tippuna, and asked him if he would accompany me on board as it was getting late? He stepped at once into my boat, where my fowling piece was lying on the stern-sheets. He seized the gun, and asking if it were loaded, he examined the pan and immediately discharged it. I almost suspected treachery, and ordered the men to keep their muskets in their hands. But Tupé was one of nature's gentlemen, and had only discharged the gun to show that he was well acquainted with the use of firearms. On the passage he constantly ordered the sailors to pull stronger. Other parts of his conversation were very amusing. He asked me how many wives King George had, to which I replied that he had only one. "Your

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king then," said he, "must be a poor fellow compared with Tippahee, the chief of Tippuna, who has four wives." I asked him how many *he* had. He replied, dryly, "Only one." "Well, Tupé," I said, "You must be as poor a fellow as King George." "Oh," replied Tupé, "when there are more wives than one, there is never any peace in the house." On our arrival at the ship some refreshment was put on the table, and Tupé sat down and partook of it, but was very moderate both in eating and drinking; and when I offered to help him to some more, he said, "No, more, I thank you, sir," politely enough.

Next day Tupé steered my ship into Kororika, and proved himself to be an excellent pilot. He knew the depth of the water everywhere, and also every sunken rock in the harbour. I suppose he must have acquired his knowledge from fishing with hook and line.

Next day he conducted me in a boat to the spar district, which was on the banks of a creek, several miles beyond Kowa Kowa. There I found a large quantity of old dry spars in the forest. These I launched into the river, and brought them down in a raft, and made arrangements for new spars.

The ship had always leaked more or less ever

REPAIRING THE SHIP

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since we left the Cape, but I had never thought it was dangerous. I found, however, that it had increased very much on the passage from Sydney to New Zealand, and I therefore thought it would be advisable to endeavour to stop the leak in Kororarika Bay. At first I was almost afraid to communicate this to the captain, officers, and men, as New Zealand was a land of savages; but when I mentioned my intentions they were all much pleased with it, and I then converted the dry spars into stages for the men to work upon. I sent the carpenters to caulk the top sides, and immediately took measures to land and protect the stores and provisions on the beach; and on informing Tupé and Tarra of what I proposed, they erected a very comfortable cottage for my residence on the shore.

I had not decided on any plan for getting at the bottom of the ship. Some of the officers proposed to beach her, but to this I objected, and relied upon being able to devise some plan for getting her hove down. Soon after, when I came on board, I found that they had given the ship a "list" to one side, by rolling two water casks to the lee side of the ship, and this gave me the idea which led to the plan which I adopted.

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I told the mate that I would heave out the keel of the ship by water casks attached to the mast heads, but he thought that the "bouncing," or jerking necessary to raise full water casks would endanger the masts. I told him that my plan was different; that I would hoist up *empty* water casks, and fill them afterwards with buckets and funnels, and that when it became necessary to right the ship, I would empty the casks with a spigot. The plan answered admirably. The ship was hove down and righted, like a piece of clockwork. The casks were attached to all three masts.

What a pity that this simple and easy way of getting at a ship's bottom did not occur to Captain Cook, when he repaired his ship at Endeavour River. It would have saved many lives at Batavia.

I soon found that the repairing of the ship's bottom was a more arduous matter than I had anticipated. The planking and timbers were sound, but the vessel had been iron-fastened, and then coppered. The builder had taken every care to prevent the copper and iron from coming in contact. The heads of the iron spikes were punched into the planks, then covered with putty, and the heads of the iron bolts were covered with sheet lead; the bottom

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of the ship being covered with tarred canvas under the copper.

When the lead was removed the heads of the bolts were found to be destroyed. The iron spikes (each protected by a piece of putty) were also found to be destroyed, and the holes were filled up with black mud.

It was therefore necessary to refasten all the planking of the bottom. It so happened that a vessel from India, called the "Hebe," had been wrecked by striking on a rock at the entrance of Port Dalrymple; and shortly before I left Sydney some person had brought up to Port Jackson from Port Dalrymple a large quantity of iron spikes, obtained from the wreck of that vessel. All of these I had purchased as articles of trade for the Fiji Islands. These spikes—when passed through the hands of the blacksmiths, were as good as new ones, and were used to refasten the planks of the ship. Three or four thousand hardwood treenails were also used to refasten the bottom.

Some of the crew were able to saw timber, and I employed them to saw inch sheathing boards to sheath the bottom. About this time a whaling ship arrived in the bay. From the captain of this vessel I purchased a sufficiency

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of oil to enable me to make up cheenam to put between the planks of the ship's bottom and the sheathing, and I converted a large quantity of shells into quicklime to make the cheenam. I had no nails to fasten the sheathing to the ship's bottom, but there was a large quantity of old iron hoops in the vessel, and these the blacksmith converted into sheathing nails.

I succeeded in repairing the ship beyond my most sanguine expectations, and when she was righted she was found to be as tight as a bottle. The repairs occupied about three months; but then I had to depend upon my own resources in a land of savages, and with a motley crew it could not be expected that at all times everything would go on smoothly.

Soon after commencing the repairs of the ship, Tupé informed me that he heard a report that a fleet of canoes intended to attack my camp at Kororarika, and afterwards to take the ship; but he assured me that he and his tribe would assist me in repelling the attack.

I thanked Tupé for the information he gave, but in reality I doubted its truth, as there was great jealousy between the different tribes. I consequently did not take all the precaution which I ought to have done, and I heard no more of it. I remained on board the ship until

HOSTILE NATIVES

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she was nearly on her broadside, when I went and took up my residence ashore.

The first night I spent ashore I felt very restless, perhaps from the novelty of my situation, and got out more than once to speak to the sentinals and see that all was right. The night was calm, and there was no sound to be heard but the roar of the reef. Tupé had sent two old muskets to be repaired by the blacksmith, and they had been put into my hut. At daybreak Tupé came into the hut while I was still in bed, shook hands with me, and took away his muskets. He said he was going away to his house at Kowa Kowa, but that he would be back in two or three days. Some time after, whilst I was still in bed, my Bengal servant came into the room and set down on the table a pot of hot water, for shaving purposes. Having done so, he said coolly and quietly, "There is a fleet of canoes coming round the point to attack us."

I jumped out of bed, pulled on my trousers, slipped on my coat, and, without stopping to dress myself further, ran out of the hut. I found every one on the alert, and armed; and a number of them were discharging their muskets. I ordered them to fire no more, as the canoes were too distant for the shots to

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take effect. One of the men told me that they were firing to show the people in the canoes that they were prepared to receive them, and thought that this might perhaps induce them to go away.

CHAPTER IV.

Battle of Kororarika—Defeat of the Natives—Resumption of Friendly Relations—Faithful Conduct of the Chief Tupé—Deserters and their Punishment—Perilous Excursion into the Land of the Enemy—Escape from Death and Danger—The Devil in the Watch—Visit to the Friendly Islands, Tongatabu and Namuka—Reminiscences of Captain Cook—Tricks of Trade—Explorations in Namuka, one of the Habais—The great Navigator again—Taomal wants to go with his White Friend—"City of Edinburgh" sails away from the Habais for Fiji.

At that time there were two cannons on the beach, but they were not placed in working order; and as I came out of my hut, I called on the officer who had charge of the camp (a 'cute Yankee), and asked if these guns were loaded. He said that they were not, and that they had no cartridges made. "Had he any gunpowder?" "Yes," he had plenty. "Why then," I asked him, "did you not *make* cartridges?" His excuse was, that he had not been supplied with any cartridge paper. I immediately ran back into my hut, seized my stockings, and converted them into cartridges,

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which were afterwards found to answer extremely well. During this interval, the hostile fleet had been collecting into one body, and they now began to move forward toward the camp. I had never fired off a big gun before, but I made shift to act as a gunner on this occasion. I took the best aim that I could, but the shot struck the water before it reached the canoes, and rebounding, rose again a little further away. At the very first discharge, there seemed to be some confusion in the fleet, and numbers of men were seen swimming in the water, and several of the canoes were capsized. I aimed with the second gun a little higher, and the ball went slap over their heads. The effect was electrical, for the whole fleet took to flight. There were two boats on the beach, and of these I at once availed myself. They were launched in an instant, filled with men, with muskets, and dispatched against the foe. The hostile armament had retired beyond Kororarika Point to hold a council of war. As soon as the men in the boats came in sight of the canoes they began to blaze away, and thereupon the Maori warriors threw themselves into the water and swam ashore. My men immediately took possession of the canoes, and towed them into the bay, where all

BATTLE OF KORORARIKA

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were hauled up high and dry, beyond the reach of the tide. I looked about me and saw that there were many more natives on the beach than usual, and I thought, and still believe, that if the canoes had been successful many of them would have joined those who came to attack us. I think so because, after all the enemy had disappeared, one of the Maoris—a grim old warrior—rose and addressed me thus:—

“You have conquered Waraki.” Waraki was the commander of the fleet of canoes. He was the chief of “Waitangi,” *Anglice*, the Waterfall. I had never seen this chief. But Metatau, the native I had brought from Sydney, was in command of some of the canoes belonging to Tippuna.

As I have already stated, Tupé had left me early in the morning; and on his way home he looked back and saw the canoes. He immediately returned to the ship, gave them warning of their danger, and went on board to assist in defending the ship. The vessel was then hove out and lying on her broadside.

Some weeks after, Motara paid me a visit. He pretended to be very innocent of the attack upon me, and said that two of his father’s canoes, having been stolen by the bad people,

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were then in my possession, and he therefore begged that I would return them. I did not believe one word that he said, but I felt really sorry to see him so much altered, and suffering from bronchitis. I gave him back the canoes, and he died shortly afterwards. "Soon afterwards others came with the same fictitious tale, but I always returned the canoes. This may appear very injudicious, but I considered that they were so cowed by their abortive attack that there was little danger of their making any similar attempt; besides which I was well aware that the construction of these canoes was an affair of great labour to these poor savages, and of great importance to them for the purpose of fishing; and further, that I was an intruder on their country for my own personal advantage.

Some time subsequent to this, about ten or a dozen of my crew—all Sydney men—came to me one day and demanded that I should increase their rations during the remainder of my stay in New Zealand. I told them that their demand was perfectly unreasonable, and that I would not comply with it. "In that case," said the ringleader, "we will do no more work." "If you act in this manner," I replied, "I will stop your rations altogether." The

DESERTERS

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ringleader rejoined that they would "support themselves by fishing, and get other food from the natives." And thus we parted.

Two or three days after—whilst I was standing on the beach, in conversation with Tupé and the captain—the ringleader passed in front of us in a state of bravado. Having gone past us, he launched a canoe which was lying on the beach, and began to fish. Tupé looked at him, and then launched another canoe, paddled to him, and ordered him to take the canoe ashore. The man refused, and Tupé said, "if you don't go ashore instantly, I shall capsize the canoe, and leave you to swim for your life." The fellow went ashore, meekly enough, and the captain and I went to the spot where they both landed. Tupé addressed the man to this effect:—"You and your comrades are bad men, and disobey your officers, but I shall not countenance any such doings in New Zealand. I will neither allow you to fish in any of my canoes, nor will I permit any of my people to give you any food."

At the commencement of this outbreak the captain overhauled all the firearms, and accidentally exploded some gunpowder, which scorched him severely. He was therefore

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irritable and cross. The man I had been alluding to said something to him, and the captain turned upon him very angrily, and stopped him at once. I interfered and said, "allow the man to speak; I wish to hear what he says. Perhaps he is not so bad as you think he is." The man said, "Sir, I am glad to hear you say so, and will convince you that what you say is true. I will return to my duty, and will prevail upon my comrades to do the same." Thus the mutinous strike was quashed—mainly through the fidelity of Tupé.

Some time after this last affair was settled, I was informed one morning that the two sentinals who guarded the encampment had deserted with their muskets, being, of course, decoyed away by the chiefs. I immediately dispatched two boats with an officer in each, their instructions being to bring Tippahee and Waraki (the quondam commander of the fleet which had attacked me) to my camp. They arrived about breakfast time, and I invited them both to breakfast. After breakfast I entered upon the business of the day. I complained to these two chiefs that some of their subordinates had decoyed my two sentinals away, and that if they were not brought back to me I would take both of them away to

NATIVE HONOUR

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England, and would deliver them both to King George. Tupé and Tarra attended the meeting, and both were taciturn—never saying a word. At last Tupé said, “Will you take Tupé and Tarra with you to England, as well as the other chiefs?” Now I was quite sure that Tupé must know perfectly well that I did not suspect him, and I thought he was fishing for a compliment. I therefore gave him an ambiguous response—that if I took all the chiefs of the Bay of Islands to England, I would take Tupé and Tarra also. Tupé replied, “That may be European custom, but it is not New Zealand custom. The New Zealanders never punish their friends because their enemies have injured them.” He then said, “Give me three days’ liberty, and I pledge myself to bring in the two men. And even if I do not succeed in recovering the men, I shall return at the end of three days, and you may do with me what you please.”

The venerable Tarra then arose and thus addressed me: “Tupé has spoken well; do what Tupé says; I know that Tupé will keep his word. Tarra will remain in the camp as security for Tupé; and if Tupé does not keep his promise, kill Tarra.” I was much vexed at my foolish joke being taken thus seriously.

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but I merely said—"I accept Tupé's proposal, and have no doubt but that he will keep his word." Neither of the other chiefs said a word, but looked very gloomy. They considered themselves my prisoners, but I kept them under no restraint, and they always had their meals at my table.

I thought that Commodore Waraki seemed unwell and inquired into his case. He said that a demon had entered into his body and was gnawing his entrails. I told him that I would give him something to expel the demon if he liked to take it. He said that he wished it very much. I gave him a few small doses of calomel, whereby the demon was effectually expelled. On my second visit to New Zealand, I saw a strange chief one day seated on the gangway. I asked him his name. He said he was Waraki, and that he had visited the ship in order to thank me for expelling the demon which was devouring him.

Tupé returned, before the expiry of three days, with the two deserters in custody, and both in hempen handcuffs. One of them was a native of Tahiti, and the other an Irishman, of the name of McEwers, who was rather a favourite.

I was puzzled what punishment to give to

MOCK MAORI FIGHT

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the deserters, but ultimately sentenced the Irishman to receive twelve lashes, to be laid on by the Tahiti man, who laid it on so lightly that a schoolboy might have received it without wincing. After it was over, the Irishman turned round and said, "I am much obliged to you for being so lenient with me; I have acted like a fool, and deserved a much greater punishment." I was much pleased with having got out of this dilemma, and there was a *fête* at night, in which all the Maoris joined. Amongst other things a mock English duel was fought with pistols, when Tupé expressed his abhorrence of such a barbarous practice. Then they showed a dramatic Maori fight. One man was slain, and all his party fled, the victors making torches of the old tarred canvas of the ship, and singing a song of victory. In the meantime the little boys prepared the body for roasting, and afterwards pretended to cut it up with shells, and said: "Who will have a piece?" When the hymn was ended, the chiefs looked round, and saw that the little boys had let the cat out of the bag. The chiefs were much ashamed, and immediately that the *fête* was at an end, they left and hid themselves in the dark. The case was this—the chiefs had tried to persuade me that they

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were no longer cannibals, and had now as much abhorrence of the practice as any European. I sent home the two chiefs next morning.

A few days before the ship was ready to leave New Zealand, an old Maori lady called upon me. She said that her husband had been a great chief, but was dead; and that she was now a poor widow, having a son whom she was unable to bring up properly, and of whom she wished me to take charge. He was a smart little fellow, and his name was Taranui. I looked at him, and asked if he was willing to go; and his reply was, "I wish it very much." There was a tailor on board, and I ordered the man to make a suit of clothes for this Taranui. He became a handy waiter at table, and a great favourite with every one.

Some days after, as I was now idle, I went to Waitangi, the nominal residence of Commodore Waraki, for the purpose of shooting ducks. I took my fowling-piece, and gave two muskets to the boy Taranui, who considering himself as my page, had asked to accompany me. I found neither houses nor cultivation nor any signs of inhabitants, and the country was wholly unencumbered with trees. I left the men at the boat, and walked

PERILOUS JOURNEY INLAND 51

along the banks of the river for some distance. At last Taranui said, "Come back, this place is dangerous"; and he would go no farther. I told him to stop where he was, and that I would go alone as I wanted to see the country. "Oh don't," says he, "the place is not good." But I went on, wandering along the banks of the river for upwards of three miles, when I found myself at the foot of a low conical hill. Suddenly a smoke arose at the other side of the hill. I looked behind me, and was very much surprised to find that I had wandered so far from my men. With some hesitation I mounted the hill, and then I saw before me about twenty or thirty men with fires, but no houses. They did not see me for two or three minutes. One of them at length saw me, and pointed me out to others. The men then all started up, seized their spears, and advanced towards me. I immediately descended the hill and trotted away homewards. On reaching the foot of the hill I looked back, and saw them all running down the hill. I now saw that my life depended on my legs, and I ran as fast as I could. After a little time I felt breathless and looked back, and I was happy to see that they had not gained ground upon me. I therefore determined not to run

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so fast for fear of breaking down. After some time I again got breathless, and looking back again I saw that they were following at a considerable distance from one another. The battle of Horatii and the Curiatii occurred to me, and I made up my mind that if any one reached me I would turn round and shoot him with my musket, and then charge the gun when running. I felt assured that they would be exhausted as I was, and I therefore trotted away more gently. I became again very breathless and looked backwards, and this time I saw none of my pursuers—from which I concluded that they had all broken down. Soon after I saw little Taranui standing in the same place where I had left him. I told him to find my men and tell them to come instantly; and the two men with their muskets soon appeared, accompanied by two or three natives. I told them how I had been hunted, and that I was determined to overhaul the hostile party. The fact is that I was ashamed of having been obliged to turn my back upon the natives.

On our way back I passed one of the pursuers, lying on the banks of a creek, chafing his legs; and I afterwards passed three or four more at different distances. I did not even

TRADE WITH THE NATIVES 53

speaking to them. On reaching the encampment, I found a number of men, most of whom retreated to some distance, but when they saw there were only three white men they again advanced towards us. I called to the men to follow me, and, presenting my musket, advanced towards them. They thereupon took to flight, and I followed them a little way, and returned. On again arriving at the encampment, I found only two or three of the original pursuers, but observed that my Maori followers had opened all the native ovens, where they had found a number of large fat dogs roasting, and had put them on their shoulders. I asked them what they intended to do with the dogs; and they answered, "to take them to the New Zealanders who are on board ship." I ordered them to return the dogs to the ovens, and to cover them up again. I then told the two or three natives that my only object in visiting them was to purchase some potatoes for the crew of the ship, and that provided they had any potatoes to sell I would purchase them. They produced several basketfuls, and I told them to bring them down to the boat and I would pay for them. They shouldered the baskets and brought them to the boat, where I paid for them. On

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the way down they talked very sociably with my Maoris.

And thus I escaped being barbecued in a native oven.

When the ship was ready the anchors were weighed, and we proceeded on our voyage. Tupé and Tarra accompanied us to the heads. After some time I was alarmed by a sudden cry of terror from Tarra. I asked Tupé what was the matter, he replied, "Tarra is an old fool; Captain Ceronie has dropped his watch overboard. Tarra thinks that the watch is a demon, or 'Etua.'" This Captain Ceronie commanded a ship belonging to Simeon Lord, and in the course of the voyage entered the harbour of Whangaroa, where the natives received him in a very friendly manner. He was seen by the natives accidentally to drop his watch into the harbour, and the night after that he left the harbour without taking leave of any one. This they thought—as they also concluded the watch to be a demon—was a very suspicious circumstance. Soon after the epidemic afflicted these natives, which occasioned a great mortality amongst them, their principal chief being one of the victims. "Tarra," said Tupé, "thinks that Ceronie has maliciously dropped a demon into the water

TONGATABU

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for the purpose of killing all the natives in the Bay of Islands in the same way as he did at Whangaroa. I vainly tried to convince Tarra that a watch is no demon, but he is such a superstitious old fool that he will not believe me."

If my philosophical friend Tupé had visited England at the present day, he would not have made such harsh satirical remarks upon his worthy colleague, for he would have seen lots of grave Englishmen sitting round a table, and compelling poor ghosts to obey their incantation, and to perform all manner of monkey tricks.

On the voyage to the Fijis we sighted the island of Tongatabu. We did not anchor, but lay-to near the shore. The ship was soon surrounded with canoes, bringing refreshments consisting of pigs, fowls, bread-fruit, yams, cocoanuts, &c. They also brought off considerable quantities of sinnet, made of cocoanut fibre, and a brisk trade commenced. Some time after, two Tongese gentlemen came on board, very clean, fat, and comely; their flowing robes reminded me of Chinese mandarins. They were invited into the cabin. They informed me that they had been sent by the great chief to invite me to come on shore,

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and that if I had any fears they would remain on board till my return. I expressed my thanks but said that as the ship was not at anchor, I could not leave her. They further informed me that there had been a civil war in Tonga, but that everything was now settled, and that a new chief governed Tonga.

I could have gained nothing by landing, as the canoes brought ample supplies of everything the island produced. I made them some presents which they accepted, and they courteously left the ship. After having purchased everything which the canoes had brought, we proceeded on our voyage.

Next day we sighted the small island of Anamuka (Namuka), here I determined to anchor. On nearing the shore I got into a boat to search for the best anchorage. A long canoe came to the boat, and in this canoe there was an elderly chief seated in the stern, and a young man beside him. They told me that this elderly person was Kino Kino Loa, the chief of Anamuka, and that the young man was his son Taomaal. Taomaal asked what I was looking for in the boat, and I replied that I was looking for a place to anchor the ship. "Follow me," said the young chief, "and I will show you the place where the great chief

REMINISCENCES OF CAPTAIN COOK 57

Toote (Captain Cook) anchored." I made a signal to the ship. It was about dinner time, and I wanted them to come into my boat and dine with me. They both did so, but the elder chief first ordered his people to put a large pig into the boat. After they were seated alongside of me, Taomaal said, "I wish you to adopt me, and to become my friend." "With great pleasure," I replied, "but hope that you will adopt me too, and become my friend also"; and so we shook hands, by way of confirming the contract. This conversation was not exactly in these words; but that was the purport of it.

There were plenty of fowls for dinner, and although neither of these two gentlemen had ever used a knife and fork before, they looked to what we did, and managed to imitate us wonderfully well.

As soon as dinner was finished, they all left the table except Kino Kino Loa and myself, who remained in conversation together. When I came upon deck, some time after, I found Taomaal under the hands of the barber, who had already cut off his beautiful beard with scissors, and was besmearing his face with soap-suds. I was sorry for it, for it spoiled his appearance. I told Kino Kino

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Loa that I would accompany him ashore to take a look at the island, and would come to-morrow for the purpose of trading with his people for provisions. On my way ashore, Taomaal offered to give me the same house to keep my boats in which his grandfather had given to "Toote." I thanked him, and said that I did not need it, but should like to see it. On landing, he took me to see it.

It was a long, lofty structure, open at both ends; and on entering it I was surprised to see upwards of a hundred people sleeping in hammocks suspended from the roof. It was still in good repair, but had many marks of antiquity about it. When I returned to the landing-place, Mrs. Taomaal, the wife of my friend—a handsome young woman, but decidedly fat, came up and accosted me. "Give me an alacoché," said she. I said that I did not know what an "alacoché" was. At length I ascertained that an alacoché was a pair of scissors to cut her hair. I told her that I could bring her a pair to-morrow. I was then surrounded by lots of females, all clamouring for alacochés. Taomaal conducted me to the boat, and I requested him to tell the ladies that I would bring "alacochés" to-morrow.

Next day I came ashore with two boats that

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I might trade with the natives, and of course did not forget to bring alacochés for Mrs. Taomaal and her friends. The two chiefs received us on the beach. The captain had accompanied me ashore, and I told him to attend to the trading while I examined the island. Taomaal attended me everywhere. On my return I found a crowd of natives on the beach, with plenty of produce. Kino Kino Loa was seated at some distance in the middle of his chiefs for the purpose of preserving order.

I asked the captain how he succeeded with the trading? "Very well," he said, "and I am buying cheaper than at Tonga." I saw, however, that he had not purchased much, and had been haggling with the natives about prices. I told him to go away and amuse himself, and that I would become the trader. I advanced towards the traders. One of them offered me something for barter; I gave him what he asked. Another man started up and said, "Buy mine," which I did. Numbers of others started up, and there was a regular chorus of "Buy mine." The purchases were laid in several heaps, and as soon as I had made a purchase I pointed out where the seller was to lay it. An old woman offered me something

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for sale, which I paid for, and pointed out to her where to lay it, and then I turned round to another trader. The beldame did not lay down the article, but came round the other side, and again held it out to me, so I paid for it a second time.

Kino Kino Loa observed the transaction, started to his feet, gave the old woman a hearty slap on the face, and drove her out of the market. The captain had sat down at the side of a screen to avoid the heat. He had two small steel pistols in his pocket. One of the natives put his hand under the screen and picked his pocket of one of them. This was detected by a young native of the Fiji Islands, whom we had brought down from Sydney, and who was with the captain acting as interpreter between him and the chiefs. Through this man the captain stated his complaint to the chief. The chief gravely heard the complaint, took hold of the second pistol which the captain held in his hand, and started to his feet. The mob of people present were silent. There was not a murmur to be heard. Kino Kino Loa held out the pistol, and made a very short address to them. A man arose from the middle of the crowd and gave the name of the thief who had stolen the pistol.

NATIVE HOSPITALITY

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A poor trembling wretch arose and held out the stolen pistol. The chief seized a cutlass from the hand of the Fiji native, and rushed toward the culprit. I then interposed, seized the arm of the chief, and gently led him back to his seat. And so the matter ended.

After having loaded the two boats with produce I sent them away to the ship, and told them to return with some more articles of trade. I told Taomaal that I would like to take a walk across the island, provided he would accompany me. He agreed to do so, but he first took me to see his house. It was very clean and the floor was nicely matted. I observed one of his servants chasing a large pig in the yard of the house. The pig took refuge in the house, and the servant threw his club at it, hit it on the head, and killed it. I asked Taomaal if his servant was angry with the pig for defiling his parlour? Taomaal smiled, and said that the man had killed it for the purpose of cooking it for dinner.

I walked across the island. The road was a passable footpath, but although the soil was rich I did not see much cultivation. On reaching the shore he showed me the island of Little Anamuka (Anamuka Ette), but I had found that I had walked too fast for Taomaal.

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The calves of his legs were cramped, and his attendants vied with each other in chafing them.

On my way back I passed a fortified village. The fortification consisted of a double bamboo stockade. The entrance gate was long and crooked, and well supplied with bars. The city was compactly built together, but the streets were narrow and crooked; the inhabitants were all absent at the market-place. There was only one man that remained as a warder. He asked me to take some refreshments, and surprised me by the facility and expedition with which he cooked a bread-fruit, that I might eat it piping hot. I observed that we were close to the lagoon in the centre of the island. It resembled the crater of an old volcano, but I had no time to examine it.

On arrival at the market-place, dinner was ready. I ought to have called it *picnic*, as we partook of it in the open air. The only animal food produced was a large pig, cooked in a native oven. The cooking was exquisite. I do believe that Soyer himself could not have cooked it so well. After dinner, a bowl of *kava* was introduced. They first gave the chief a cupful of it. The cup was made of a green leaf. After he had emptied the cup he

DEPARTURE FROM ANAMUKA 63

tossed it away, and the attendant handed me another. I had seen them preparing the *kava*, and declined to drink it, but told the chief that I would prefer some cocoanut milk, which they immediately brought to me. They drew my attention to a pineapple. It was too green for use. The chief told me that they had not brought it for the purpose of eating, but to show it to me. He stated that it was a present which "Toote" (Captain Cook) had made them. I was delighted with the gratitude of these poor natives to our great navigator. During dinner, Kino Kino Loa addressed me: "My son, Taomaal wishes to accompany you on your voyage; will you take him?" I heedlessly replied: "With great pleasure; I like him very much."

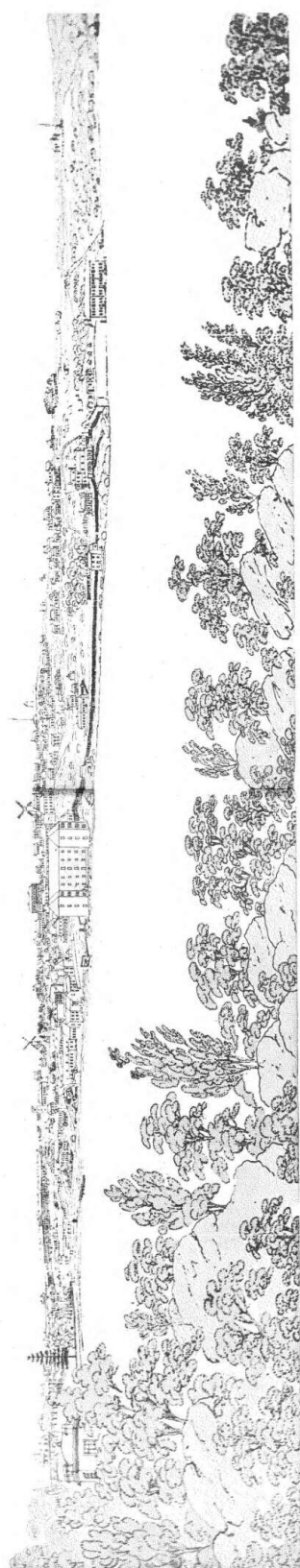
After dinner I proceeded to the market, and very soon cleared it, and loaded my two boats. There was some trade left. I begged that the chief would accept of it. He smiled, took it, and calling his chiefs round him divided it amongst them. I then parted with him, and returned to the ship.

Next morning, the wind being fair, we loosened the topsails, and began to heave up the anchor. Taomaal came on board to remain (as he stated) another day. He said:

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"You had a great deal of trouble yesterday, but my father has made new market regulations, and the market will be better supplied." I replied that I was much obliged to his father, but that I had got sufficient supplies to last the crew for a long time, and that if I took any more they would be spoiled by keeping. He said that yams would keep a long time if we took care not to bruise them. At last he said: "You promised yesterday to take me with you in the ship, and I hope you will do so." I replied: "I have been thinking about it all night, and I now think (although I would very much like to take you), the voyage will be long and dangerous, and you would be exposed to many hardships. Besides, I might not be able to send you to Anamuka." He said: "Do take me; I will risk it." Much more to the same purport passed between us. I pointed out that the ship had drifted a long way from the island, and that he ought to leave it. He replied: "As you will not take me, accept my club as a keepsake." I gave him something in return, and did not forget to give him one of my best razors. This club was lost when the ship sank in the middle of the Atlantic. Thanks to God I did not take him.

Some of the natives came on board for the



A SKETCH OF SYDNEY COVE IN ABOUT 1820. FROM A SKETCH NEAR FORT MACQUARIE. BY ALEXANDER BERRY

EN ROUTE TO FIJI

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purpose of visiting the Fiji Islands, but they suffered much from sea sickness, and sorely repented what they had done.

CHAPTER V.

Arrival at Fijian Group, Island of Vuna or Opuna, &c.—Seizure by the Fijians—State of Captivity—Friendly Hawaiian Wynew (Wainio)—Visit to Wynew's Acquaintance—Return to Prison in which the Chief Prisoner takes the position of Master—Bargain with the Barbarians—Fidelity and Courage of Fijian Jimmy and McEwers the Irishman—Guard of Honour to the Landing-place—Triumphant Escape to the Ship—Reflections on the object of the Chief of Opuna in taking them Prisoners—Navigation and Ship-building of Modern Fijians compared with the Correspondent Attainments of the Ancient Greeks—Visit to Bau and Transactions there—Suppression of a Dangerous Conspiracy.

On reaching the Fijian Group I first visited the island of Opuna, now called Taviuni. The chief of the island received us in a friendly manner, and conducted us to his village, which was situated on an eminence about half a mile from the landing-place. He was a tall elderly man, inclined to corpulency, and had an immense scar on one of his flanks, which must have been received by a wound from a jagged spear. It was nearly dark when we reached the village. He conducted us to one of the best of the houses of the village, where

VISIT TO OPUNA

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we passed the night. I asked him if his island produced sandalwood? He replied "Yes," and showed us some pieces of the wood. I told him to provide some of it, and that I would return again and purchase it. At peep of day we left the house, and one of the men knocked with his stick at the walls of the house where the chief lived. He came to the door and begged us not to leave so early. We, however, took leave of him, and proceeded to the boat, and so immediately left the island.

A native of Fiji, named "Jimmy," whom we had brought from Sydney, accompanied us to Opuna. He said that he did not think that Opuna produced any sandalwood, and thought that the chief was deceiving me. However, as the winds was baffling, and prevented us from proceeding to Mbau, I determined some days after, to pay another visit to Opuna, for the purpose of satisfying myself as to whether the island produced sandalwood or not. We had built a large decked-boat on board the vessel, and had rigged it as a tender to cruise amongst the islands. It was calm when I left the ship, and I told the captain that, if it continued calm, he might hoist her out, and put her under the

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charge of Mr. Barton, the third mate. He did so. It was quite dark when I reached the old landing-place, but the natives had seen the boat in the distance, and we found the chief and a few natives waiting for us. They received us in the same friendly manner as before and conducted us, with torches, to their village, and led us to the same house.

Next day, as there was no appearance of sandalwood, I became convinced that they had deceived me. I also observed some other suspicious circumstances. I collected all my men, and proceeded to the landing-place. On arriving there I saw Barton, of the tender, and asked him why he had come ashore. He said that a canoe with some natives had come alongside of him, and that they had told him that I wanted him to come ashore. He did not believe them as they had brought no written order, and refused to go. They watched an opportunity, and pushed him overboard, and then picked him up and carried him ashore in their canoe. My boat was hauled ashore on the beach, and I found that the natives had cunningly placd a pile of yams in the front of her, as if for the purpose of trade, but actually to prevent the boat from being launched into the water.

FIJIAN TREACHERY

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I had, some time before, opened a young cocoanut for the purpose of taking a drink, and with the knife in my hand I stepped on board a large war canoe which had been placed on a low flat rock, at the landing-place. By this time my people were all collected, and one of them had commenced to remove the yams. At this instant a powerful squat Tonga man came upon the canoe, and thus addressed me: "Sa no no Turang,"—I was displeased, and asked him what he meant. He then said, "Give me that knife." At this moment Barton called out, "Look out." I turned round and saw that Barton was seized by several natives. As soon as I turned my back towards him the Tonga man seized me and pinioned my arms behind my back. Somehow or other I had hold of the knife by the blade. The Tonga man seized the handle, and I allowed him to take it, but having made a sudden effort I also seized the handle, and twisted it out of his hand. I now made an effort to dig the knife into him, but he easily avoided it. I saw a huge fellow, with an up-lifted club, running to his assistance. I made another ineffectual effort with the knife, but observed that my Herculean assailant had already reached the canoe. I made a sudden

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effort and dashed myself and the Tonga man from the canoe into the water. The beach was sandy. I was a little stunned, but only for an instant. I now found that the Tonga man was on the top of me, but that both my arms were free, and that I had still the knife in my hand. In an instant we were both on our legs struggling together. I seized the Tonga man with one arm, and was on the point of dispatching him with the knife, when my Herculean assailant interposed, and, by seizing my arm, succeeded in diverting the blow. I had now two antagonists to deal with instead of one, but somehow or other I pushed them both aside. I was, at the instant, like a stag at bay and equally insensate. When I got out of the water, the other natives retreated.

Barton called out to me, "They have killed no one yet; give them everything and perhaps they will not kill any one." I looked and saw that all my people were pinioned by the natives, and that one poor fellow was still struggling to prevent them from carrying away the bag with the articles of trade. I handed the bag to the natives, and then went towards the chief and upbraided him for his treachery and violence, and asked him what

STATE OF CAPTIVITY

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was the cause of it. He said nothing. I saw that all my men were completely cowed, and that further resistance was out of the question; I therefore agreed to go with them to the village. Some of the chiefs began to cheer me, and said, "Sa vinaka turang"—which I interpreted to mean, "It is all right now."

They took us to the old house where there was an assemblage of the chiefs. One chief after another came and asked me to allow them to feel my arm. They pawed it all over in the way I have seen a butcher feel a calf, and I thought that they were feeling me in order to ascertain whether I would be good eating. But I observed that, although all my men were fatter than I was, that they did not feel any of them. I believe that the case was this. They thought that I must be very strong from the resistance which I had made. After some time slices of yams were brought in. One of my crew seized a piece, and I scolded him for so doing. The chief said, "Do not scold the men, it is intended for us all." An old priest (I suppose he was the domestic chaplin of the chief) arose, and said grace before eating. He spoke slowly, gravely, and reverentially, but I did not like the purport of the grace. He thanked the

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Deity for this victory which they had achieved and prayed that as the Deity had delivered the little ship into their hands so he would be graciously pleased to deliver the large ship over to them.

After eating, a bowl of angona (kava) was introduced, but the chief did not ask the white men to drink of it. He handed me, however, a large piece of the root of which it was made, saying: "Take this, and make a bowl of angona in your own way, and drink it with your men." I forgot to mention that soon after I had arrived in the house the Tonga man came towards me, and, in a jolly and triumphant manner, said, "I was the man who took you." This roused my choler. I replied, "Yes, you were the man who seized me, but you did not dare to do so while my face was turned to you, but seized me when I had turned my back towards you." His countenance fell, and he sneaked away, and never came near me again. After a time all the chiefs (except one) left the house. This one sat down beside me. At length I became drowsy, and lay down. The chief said, "That is right, Turang"; he then covered me with a mat, and brought a wooden pillow for my head. He

NEGOTIATIONS WITH THE NATIVES 73

then went away, but first carefully covered up the door.

Next morning the great chief allowed me to revisit the beach, and sent a young man to accompany me. When I reached the beach I found that they had brought ashore my decked tender, and that a lot of men were busy demolishing her. I sat down very much depressed. My companion came and sat down beside me. He appeared very sympathetic; guarded me from the sun, and prevented the flies from annoying me. My mouth was parched. I said I was very thirsty. He immediately ascended a tree, threw down some cocoanuts, and gave me a drink. Soon after the chief sent me a message to return to the house. On reaching it I found it crowded with natives, all squatted on the floor, and the chiefs holding a durbar, or consultation. I threaded my way through the crowd, and seated myself near the chiefs. I observed my men seated in the crowd, and saw one of them crying bitterly. He was a native of Tahiti—the individual who, when sentinal at Kororarika Bay, had deserted with his musket. I asked him what made him cry. He replied that he had heard one of the natives say to another, “That these men had all come alive

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into this house, but not one of them will go alive out of it." I said, "Do not cry for that; none of the others are crying."

A stranger now entered the house. There was a buzz amongst the mob. He looked round, and then came to the place where I was seated and squatted down near my feet. He then turned towards me, and said something in English which I did not hear distinctly. He then asked the Tahitian man why he was crying, and the Tahitian gave him the same reply which he had given me. The stranger said: "Do not cry for that; if they kill you they shall kill me also." I saw at once from his short hair and his dress that, although the stranger was a native of the Pacific, he was not a Fijian.

Soon after a number of large baskets of cooked yams and bread-fruit were brought to the door. The chief told me to take one of the baskets and eat it with my men. My men ate a little, and the contents of the basket were devoured by the natives.

After this repast the chief allowed me to take a walk with my new friend the stranger. During the walk he told me that he was a native of the Sandwich Islands (the Hawaiian Islands); that he had first visited Sydney, and

A FRIENDLY HAWAIIAN

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had afterwards come to the Fiji Islands. He told me that he had been living on a neighbouring island when he received information that the Chief of Opuna had captured a number of white men, and that he had hurried to Opuna in order to try and prevent the chief from killing them. "I will do whatever I can to save you," he said; "but you must promise to take me with you in the ship, for I am quite tired of living amongst these savages." I replied that I would be very glad to take him and asked his name. He said it was Wynew (Wainio). During the walk he pointed out a place at the side of the path where the grass was stained, and where a cloth had been laid over the stained grass. "Look there," he said; "a man was killed there very lately." Soon after, he pointed out a similar place where another man had been killed. He then said, "How could you be such a *fool* as to risk your life among such a set of savages?" Soon after we reached a hill, with a steep ascent, but with a well-trodden path. On reaching the middle of the ascent two or three wild looking savages, with uplifted clubs, came running down the hill. Their curly hair was powdered with quick-lime, and their bodies were begrimed with cocoanut oil, and

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soot or powdered charcoal. As soon as they recognised Wynew they returned with him. There was a village at the top of the eminence, and I was glad to see the ship at some miles from the shore. Wynew then took me to the best house in the village. The mistress of the house was a Tongese lady. She received Wynew in the most courteous manner. I looked at her, and observed that she was a woman of middle age, decently dressed in the Tongese fashion. Her features were regular and pleasing, and she had such a kind, motherly look that she might have passed for a European lady. I was surprised to meet such a civilized lady amongst these savages. She requested me to be seated, and ordered some of her attendants to bring refreshments.

The lady told Wynew that a member of her family was very sick. The house was divided into two compartments by a curtain. Wynew went behind this curtain, and addressing the sick person inquired as to the health of the invalid. I heard a female voice reply: "I am very sick; I am dying." "No, no," said Wynew, "you will not die, you will recover." But the voice replied: "I know I must die, for I have lost all hope." After some time I told Wynew it was getting late, and that I wished

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to go back. "Well," replied Wynew, "go back by yourself; I shall follow you presently. I wish to have some more conversation with my friends.

On my return to the village of the chief, I found that all was quiet, and that the mob of natives had dispersed. I then went to the house where I had slept, and found the old chief trimming the eaves of the house. I entered into conversation with him, and pointed out that the ship was approaching the island; that the captain had certainly received information that the chief had taken me prisoner, and that he was a terrible fellow, and would land with a large body of men to deliver me, and that it would be better for him to let me go. He looked ashamed, but gave me no answer. At this moment Wynew returned. He said to me: "Talk no more to that fellow; he will not let you go." I now felt that I had degraded myself by becoming a suppliant to a savage. I braced myself up, and said: "If you will not let me go, give me a house to live in." He replied: "I have already given you this house." A thousand wild ideas presented themselves to my imagination. Amongst other things I determined to become savage. I would go to

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battle with the other savages, until some opportunity offered itself of leaving the island; and I consoled myself with the thought that, even if they should kill me, they never did torture their prisoners, but dispatched them at once by a blow on the cranium.

I entered the house, Wynnew followed, and I began to act as master at once. There were several natives seated on the floor, and, as I supposed that the chief had sent them to be my attendants, I ordered them to go to the part of the house which is allotted to servants. But Wynnew slept alongside of me.

I slept soundly, and woke much refreshed. I walked out and saw the ship near the island. After some time the chief and his councillors entered the house and held another consultation. I saw, however, at a glance that his councillors were more hostile to me than the chief himself.

After a while I asked the chief if he would now let me go, as the ship was near to the island. After some consultation he turned to me and said, "I will let you go if you will give me a tombooa." A tombooa is the native (Fijian) name for the tooth of a sperm whale, which I believe they consider to be a talisman. I replied, "Send a canoe with any young man

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to the ship, and he will bring you a tombooa." This he immediately did. The man on reaching the ship told the captain his errand. The captain brought the tombooa, but the man said he was afraid to go ashore again, and refused to go. The captain then called "Jimmy," the native of Fiji, and asked him if he would take the tombooa ashore. The man immediately agreed, and went ashore in the canoe. As soon as this affair became known in the ship, McEwers, the Irish sailor, whom I had slightly punished in New Zealand for desertion, came to the captain and said: "It is not safe to trust to a native; give me another tombooa and send me ashore in a boat, and I will take it to Mr. Berry." He was immediately sent ashore in a boat. On landing there was a crowd of natives to whom he told his errand, that he had brought a tombooa for the great chief. The natives immediately agreed to accompany him to the village. When about half way up the hill the two who were with him stopped short, and asked him to show them the tombooa. He refused to do so. They threatened to kill him. He said: "Kill me if you like; but I will not show you the tombooa, for it is for the great chief." They said to one another: "He is a brave

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fellow"; and both of them cheered him, and conducted him in safety to the village.

Jimmy the native arrived at the house first. He came quietly to me, and handed me the tombooa, wrapped in a piece of paper, which I put in my pocket. Soon after I was surprised to see McEwers boldly entering the house. He called out with a stentorian voice: "Is Mr. Berry here?" Some of them showed him where I was sitting. All the chiefs stared at him, but no one spoke. He then delivered me the tombooa in a very consequential manner.

I took the other tombooa out of my pocket, removed the piece of paper, and then addressed the chief. I told him that he had promised to liberate me and my men if I gave him a tombooa, and now that I had two splendid tombooas to give him I expected him to let me go. His reply was: "Let me see the tombooas." I handed them to him, and he gloated over them with such eagerness that I believed he had never possessed such a treasure before. After some time I said, "I suppose that I may go now?" He gave me no answer, but continued gloating over the tombooas. I then arose, and said, "I shall go." He replied, "You had better not; there are many armed men in the bush." I then said, "You are a

THE BARGAIN COMPLETED

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great chief, but have not acted in the way great chiefs ought to act; you have not kept your word. You promised to liberate me if I gave you a 'tombooa,' I have given you two, and you refuse to let me go. Therefore, give me back the 'tomboos'"; and I gently laid my hands upon them, and put them into my pocket. The chief looked abashed, but his subordinates glared fiercely at me. In an instant the durbar or council was at an end. They all left the house, and only Barton and myself were left. Barton was grievously alarmed at my audacity.

A number of the lower classes now entered the house, and asked me to show them the "tombooa." I told them that they were "tabooed," as they were intended for the great chief; and they left me.

By-and-bye, the chief sent me a message that he wished to see me. I left the house, and found the crowd outside in a disorderly state. The chief threw his mace of state with all his force at the head of one of them. If it had hit him, it certainly would have killed him, but it missed him. He took another fellow by the shoulders, lifted him up bodily, and gave him a kick with his foot which threw him to a considerable distance. He then came to me,

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and said, "Go back to the house again instantly." On entering it I sate down, and he did the same. He then said, "Give me the 'tombooas,' and then depart instantly with your men." After collecting my men, I requested the chief to send some of his subordinates to accompany me to the boat, as he had told me that the bush was full of armed men. He selected two or three men, and Jimmy and Wynew chatted socially with them on their way to the boat. The mention of Jimmy's name here brings another matter to my recollection. When I left the house at the request, or rather at the command of the chief, I saw that he was conversing with Jimmy. I afterwards asked Jimmy as to the nature of the conversation. He replied that the chief made many inquiries about the number of men and muskets in the ship, and why there was so much light in the ship all night. Jimmy told him that the men were employing themselves in preparing their muskets, and that the blacksmiths had been sharpening their cutlasses for the purpose of attacking the island, and pointed out that a large boat full of men was approaching the island. It was upon this that he had sent for me to speak to him. I have already mentioned

ESCAPE TO THE SHIP

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what took place, and how he had prevented two of his people from assailing me.

On arriving at the beach, I found the path crowded with natives—all armed with spears, clubs, and bows and arrows. They all made way for me, and some of them cheered me, and said, "It is all right now." The boat was alongside of a flat rock, and commanded by Ceronie. After the men had all entered the boat, I stepped in also. All the crew of the boat had their muskets in their hands. Ceronie said: "Shall I blaze away upon them?" "Oh, no!" I said, "they have killed nobody; and besides the chief has sent a body-guard to conduct me in safety to the boat." I had reason to congratulate myself that I had better luck than Ulysses when he fell into the hands of the cannibal Polyphemus; who, after devouring some of his men, would have devoured him also, if Ulysses had not put out his eye when he was asleep.

I now turned towards the island, and found that every one of the crowd of natives had disappeared. Although (as already mentioned) the natives had destroyed the decked boat, the boat in which I had landed was lying on the beach uninjured. Ceronie leaped ashore for the purpose of launching it into the water,

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but was unable to do so, as none of the men ventured to follow him. I was afraid lest some of the natives lurking in the bush might shoot him with their arrows, and called him to come back to the boat, which then returned to the ship.

Many years after I became acquainted with Captain Dillon, the gentleman who discovered in Samoa the wreck of the ship "La Pérouse." He told me that he had visited the island of Opuna after these occurrences. He asked the natives what I had done to them to induce them to make me and my men prisoners for the purpose of killing us. They replied that it was quite a mistake to suppose that they intended to kill us. On the contrary, they assured him that the chief had taken a fancy to me, and had captured me for the purpose of conferring upon me the honour of commanding his forces when he went to war. After a calm consideration of all the circumstances I feel convinced that this was a true version of the case. It was certainly a rough way of recruiting his army, but was not more barbarous than the practice of the British Government at that time, who recruited their navy by the "press gang." I believe also that he destroyed the deck boat, not from a principle of wanton

FIJIANS AS SHIPBUILDERS 85

mischief, but to prevent us from leaving the island. And when the occurrences are recalled to my recollection I always remember the chief of Opuna with kindly feelings. I now recollect that I asked Wynew what was the character of the chief of Opuna, and whether he was liked by his own people? To that Wynew had replied: "He is very well liked by his own people, but he is feared and hated by his neighbours."

As I have alluded to Ulysses I may add that the Greeks in those days seemed to have been hardly more civilized than the natives of the Fiji Islands. Witness the barbarous conduct of Achilles in dragging the dead body of his brave enemy by the heels round the walls of Troy.

They certainly were neither such good shipbuilders nor such skilful navigators as the Fijians. The Fijian carpenters made better ships than the Greeks, although they had only stone tools, and had neither iron nor brass. The ships of the Greeks could only sail with a fair wind, and never willingly ventured out of the sight of land. The Fijians could navigate their ships by the stars or by the trade winds, and their ships could lie within three points of the wind, and could sail at the rate

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of fifteen miles per hour with a good breeze—a rate of sailing which hardly any of our modern steamers are able to effect. It took Ulysses ten years to reach Ithaca from Troy; any Fijian would have accomplished the voyage in ten days.

Neither do the Carthaginians seem to have made any great improvement in shipbuilding or in navigation; and although a very enterprising people, they also, it seems, never went willingly out of sight of land. They discovered the islands of the Cassiterides (Scilly Islands), where they long enjoyed a monopoly of the trade in tin, because they kept their discovery a secret. They must have reached the Cassiterides by a long and circuitous route. After passing the Straits of Gibraltar they must have coasted along the shores of Spain and Portugal, then have followed up the coast of Gaul until they reached the Straits of Dover—where they would see the white cliffs of Albion—and then they must have crept along the Southern coast of England until they reached the Land's End.

On reaching the ship I gave Wynew (the Hawaiian) a suit of clothes, and he took his place among the sailors. On our way to Mbau, we barely escaped some dangers, but we arrived in safety. We found there several

SEARCH FOR SANDALWOOD 87

ships in the harbour, all trading for sandalwood. The native Jimmy went on shore, and I saw very little of him afterwards. After some weeks all the ships took their departure for India, and Ceronie took his passage in one of them. It was easy to see that the sandalwood was nearly exhausted, as that brought to us by the natives consisted chiefly of the limbs of old trees which had been cut down years ago. The sap of these limbs was decayed, and roughly cut away by the natives; but we trimmed and cleaned it with drawing knives, and then weighed it and stowed it away.

We found here (at Mbau), a number of runaway sailors and convicts, who lived with the natives, and I was told that they used to go to war with the chiefs. I had little or no intercourse with them. The principal part of the sandalwood we obtained was from a place named "Ilea" (Vatulele?), some miles to the leeward, and I generally went there every second or third day, always finding the natives very civil. On the way to Ilea, I had to pass a low flat island where the natives had established a manufactory of pottery. I often intended to land to ascertain if they used the old potters' wheel mentioned in Scripture, but

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I never did so. The manufacture of this pottery seemed to be a particular trade, and the manufacturers seemed to subsist by selling it to the other natives. The clay was evidently artistically prepared, and the jars were well-shaped and stood the fire very well. The natives of the other Oceanic islands cooked their food in ovens, but these people cooked it in jars, steaming it with very little fire.

I had long seen a pile of fine sandalwood at a house in Mbau, and one day I looked in at the door of the house for the purpose of buying it. A female voice addressed me—“Come in, Turang.” I entered, and saw the mistress of the house seated between two large jars, with a little fire under them, and some green leaves stuffed into the neck of the jars to prevent the steam from escaping. She was employed in pounding something in a wooden mortar. She said, “Sit down, Turang, and rest yourself. What can I do for you? Will you take any refreshment?” I thanked her, and said that I wished to buy the sandalwood at the door. She replied, “That is an affair of my husband—my lord and master she called him—I never interfere with such matters. I only attend to my domestic duties.” I must say that she seemed to conduct her cookery as artistically

as if she had been a pupil of Liebeg or Soyer.

The people at Mbau gradually began to bring sandalwood for sale more sparingly, and I often saw in the evening great numbers of them returning with their working tools from their plantations. But the men of Ilea still continued to bring it in.

Upon one occasion the captain went with the boats to Ilea, and returned earlier than usual, and I saw that one boat was empty. He said that they had narrowly escaped being killed. Upon inquiry I found that they had had some disputes with the natives, and that they became very furious, and made hostile demonstrations and used many threatening gestures. On this, as it appeared, all the crew became panic-stricken and ran away to the boats. Abdallah, one of the men (a brave little Malay), told me that he arrived at the place at the time when our people had become panic-stricken, but that, as he saw the natives were not following the runaways, he called upon them to stop. They, however, would not listen to him, and he thereupon slowly followed them to the boat. I never could understand the cause of this affair. These natives had been particularly civil to me when I last visited them.

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Some days after, Wynew told me that he was informed that all the natives of Ilea had left their village, and that Ilea was completely deserted. We had obtained about fifty tons of sandalwood, and it seemed vain to expect any more. But I resolved to visit the large island of Viti Levu before taking my departure from these islands. I fitted out two boats and two crews of armed men. The captain was to go in one of them, and I was to go in the other, and I told Wynew that I would take him with me. My intention was to leave the ship in the evening that I might reach the island of Viti Levu in the morning.

While about to step into the boat Wynew came to me and said that he wished me to give him a pair of warmer trousers. I told him that it was a pity that he had not applied to me sooner; that the captain was already in the boat and had the key of the slop chest. "But," I said, "I will give you a pair of my old trousers," which I did and he went into the boat with me. As soon as we were a short distance from the ship he said: "Stop the boat, I want to speak to you." He said it was very wrong for me and the captain both to leave the ship together; that the white men who lived ashore had entered into a conspiracy to take

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the ship during my absence, and that they had been tampering with some of the crew, and had attempted to seduce him also—that he should tell the chief of Viti Levu to take me into the bush and then to kill me. He said that he could not act in that way, as I had been kind to him, and had given him the clothes he wore. They had said that his clothes were worthless, and that they would give him better; and he added that this was the reason why he had asked me to give him another pair of trousers.

We immediately returned on board. I made some inquiries, and ascertained that three of those fellows were then on board, and that there had been heard some whispering between them and some of the sailors, together with some other circumstances.

I called the three men before me, and stated to them the information which I had received, without mentioning names. They were much alarmed, but strongly denied ever having had such intentions. I told them, as they had committed no overt act, that I would not take further proceedings, but that they must immediately leave the ship and never come on board again. They were only too glad to be allowed to leave the ship so easily. I was afterwards told that they subsequently

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rendered themselves so obnoxious to the natives that the latter killed them all.

CHAPTER VI.

Visit to the Southern Coast of Viti Levu—Friendly Savages—Proposals for a Grand Cannibal Feast—Negotiations for a supply of Sandalwood—Short trip into the interior of Viti Levu—Cotton Plants—Sail again for New Zealand—Arrival at the Bay of Islands—Second attack on the Ship repulsed—Completion of Cargo—Account of the capture of the "Boyd," and massacre of the crew at Whangaroa—Episode of the semi-civilized Taranui and his indignant Mamma—Particulars of visit to the wreck of the "Boyd"—Rescue of the four Survivors—Final departure from New Zealand—Terrible storms during voyage across the Southern Pacific—Terra-del-Fuego—Awful Position of the ship near the Straits of Magellan—Dreadful storms again—Visit from the friendly natives—Preservation Harbour—Mutiny, bad weather, and short provisions—National courtesies—Arrival at Concepcion—Valparaiso—The "Astrea" and its captain—Callao—Lima and its people—Guayaquil—Voyage to Cadiz—Succession of bad weather—Ship founders in the Atlantic, near the Azores.

On the next day I went with two boats to visit Viti Levu; and on reaching the lee side of the island I found that a coral reef prevented my access to the land. We ran along the reef until we saw some natives employed in gather-

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ing something on the dry reef. It being low water we made signs to them to come to speak to us; which they did. We asked them whether there was any passage in the reef by which we could approach the land. They replied that there was a passage further on. I held up something which I would give them if they would come into the boat and show us the passage. One of them immediately dived into the surf and appeared in the smooth water near the boat, and came on board. He was a fine mild-looking young man. He sat down beside me, and became as sociable and chatty as if we had been old friends. By-and-by I saw a gap in the high land. I asked him whether there was not a river at that place? He said "Yes"; that there was a large river and that a large canoe from Tonga had arrived there two or three days before, and that the canoe was manned by about fifty men. They said these men were "fine fat fellows, and would be good eating"; and further that, as we had "plenty of muskets, if we would assist them to kill them we could eat them together." He said also that we could attack them at night when they were asleep. I replied that the Kai Papalagi (white men) only carried muskets to defend themselves, and not to kill

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people, and that the white men did not eat man's flesh. He looked at me with surprise, and said, "Is it true what you say? If it is true, the Kai Papalagi must be great fools, for man's flesh is much better than pork."

At length my man-eating friend conducted the boat through a fine passage in a fine reef-locked harbour, and we landed at a small village. The chief of the village received us in a quiet civil manner. I told him our errand, and asked him if his country produced sandalwood. He replied there was plenty of sandalwood in the mountains. I asked him if he would procure it for us, if we brought the ship into his harbour, and told him we would pay for it in tombooa and iron tools. He replied that he would be glad to do so. And, by way of propitiating him, I made him a present of a tombooa, which he immediately hung at his neck.

Before taking leave of him I requested him to order his people to commence procuring the sandalwood, and that I would return in a few days with the ship. He promised to do so. And in two or three days after the ship arrived in safety at the newly discovered harbour.† On

† Probably the Whippy Harbour of the present day.

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landing I found that they had only procured about a ton of good sandalwood, for which I paid a higher price than I used to give at Mbau as an encouragement to the natives—for which I was blamed by the captain. It came in very slowly afterwards, which I attributed to the distance the natives had to bring it. I therefore resolved to visit the mountains, in order to ascertain whether it abounded there; and I requested the chief to give me a guide. This he did, and with the guide there was a band of armed men. I found the path led over a long flat of barren worthless land, with a few bushes on it here and there. Amongst these bushes I found some cotton plants, and, along with others, some plants of yellow nankeen cotton, the ripe pods of which I pocketed. After a time my people began to complain of fatigue. One of them said to the others, whilst he looked at me, "Although Mr. Berry always fatigues himself as much as any of us, I have never heard him complain of being *tired*." I said nothing, but went on. Soon after we met an old native armed with a club. When he reached us he said something to the guide, but I observed he trembled very much, never having perhaps seen any white men before. Soon afterwards the guide came up

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to me and said, "Turang, come back; I am afraid to go any further." I observed that although we had walked perhaps seven or eight miles, we were not half way to the mountains. I returned to the ship. I now saw that the country was so desolate, and so thinly peopled, that it would be impossible for them to bring me sandalwood in quantity, even if it abounded in the mountains; and I resolved to leave these islands, to return to New Zealand, and to fill up the ship with spars for the Cape of Good Hope.

On reaching the North Cape of New Zealand, I at first intended to enter the harbour of Whangaroa, from the favourable account which Ceronie had given me of that port. As soon as the New Zealanders on board saw my intention, they requested me not to go there, as they had heard that the natives intended to attack the first ship which came into the harbour, on account of the injury which Ceronie had done them by dropping his atua (the watch) into the harbour, which had occasioned the death of so many of the natives.

Although I had heard the same story at the Bay of Islands, I doubted it, and thought that it might have originated from native jealousy.

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I, therefore, still proceeded towards Whangaroa, on which they all began to cry bitterly. Fortunately, the winds became adverse for entering that harbour. After struggling with these winds for a day or two—which were fair for the Bay of Islands—I changed my course and entered that bay.

On again anchoring at Kororarika my old friends were delighted to see me; and Tupé and Tarra promised to give me every assistance in their power for loading the ship with spars. Tupé piloted the ship some miles further to a more convenient place for loading her.

In procuring the spars everything succeeded in a way equal to my most sanguine wishes. The chiefs, assisted by their people, cut down the spars, and barked and squared the larger ones for the sake of stowage, all hands assisting to launch them into the water. They were always regularly paid for their work every Saturday night.

One day when I was on board the ship, the captain of a whaler (accompanied by Tippahee, whom I had not seen since the time when he was my prisoner) came on board. He told me that his object was to get some spars for his ship from Tupé. I asked them into the cabin, and gave them some refreshment. On

ATTACKED BY NATIVES

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leaving, Tippahee asked me to give him a bottle of porter to drink in the bush, and I did so. I mention this on account of what happened afterwards. I may add that Tippahee could see the defenceless state of the ship at this time, for nearly all of the men were employed in the boats or in the bush.

Some time—perhaps a fortnight—after the above event, I came upon deck early in the morning, for the purpose of making arrangements for visiting the working party in the bush. The sky looked very dark and threatening, and the black clouds seemed to denote a thunderstorm. I therefore deferred my visit until the next day. The squall, or thunderstorm, took place, and the sky cleared up. The people on board consisted of myself, the chief mate (an elderly man), my body-servant (an Indian Portuguese), my little page Taranui, the ship's cook, two blacksmiths (one of whom was a Chinaman), a carpenter (also a Chinaman), and I think two other men.

In the afternoon I observed a large war canoe full of men approaching the ship. I examined and observed that the men were all armed. Directions were at once given that every man on board should be armed with loaded muskets, and I took charge of the big

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guns. One of them was already loaded with ball, and I put into her a bag of shingles.‡ The ship was anchored in a narrow place. On the one side the bank consisted of a steep precipice, and on the other side were some low sandy beaches. The canoe came along the steep bank, and when it came opposite the ship it stopped there for some time. Then the canoe began to approach the ship, and one of the natives on board rose up and was seen giving directions to his men how to board. I succeeded in covering the canoe with the cannon, and the Chinese blacksmith brought me a piece of red hot iron from the forge to fire it with. At this moment the tide must have turned, for the ship swung round and I lost my aim. I could now see that the man who was standing up, directing the men where to board, was my old acquaintance Metatau, whom I had brought from Sydney, and who afterwards had been one of the leaders of the attack upon me at Kororarika. A random musket-shot was now fired. Metatau immediately called out that he was Mata Mata (hit or wounded), and sat down. The canoe took flight, and all the men

‡Pebbles.

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landed on the beach, on the opposite side, and ran into the bush. I have no recollection what I did with the canoe, but I am sure I did not allow it to be destroyed.

Some weeks after this affair, when I came on deck one morning I found Tarra in earnest conversation with some strangers, whom I had never seen before. He came to me and said, "If you want anything which these people have brought, buy it immediately and send them away. I have something to tell you." I took this hint, and sent them away.

Tarra then told me that the natives of Whangaroa had taken a large ship—that they had killed and eaten all the crew, and possessed themselves of all the muskets and gunpowder in the ship—and that they were preparing to come and attack me also. "You," said Tarra, "must cease getting any more timber, and withdraw your people from the bush. Get them all on board, and then leave New Zealand immediately. Until you are able to go, I and Tupé and our men will stay on board to protect the ship."

I expressed my surprise at what Tarra told me, but hoped it might be a false report.

A day or two after I went to the bush, and asked Tupé if he had heard of such a report.

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Tupé said that he had heard the report, but that he did not believe it, and that it went in at one ear and out at the other. I, therefore, continued getting spars until the ship was loaded. In the meantime fresh reports were brought in by the other natives every day, and many were so circumstantial that it appeared impossible for these natives to have invented them. I therefore determined to go to Whangaroa as soon as the ship should be loaded.

Some time before I heard the above report my little page Taranui came to me and said that he wished that I would give him my permission to leave the ship for a week that he might pay a visit to his mother, and that I need not be afraid that he would run away for he liked the ship very much. I told him by all means to go and see his mother. He went, and returned at the end of the week. Some time after his return, while walking the poop, I saw him in earnest conversation with his mother. The purport of their conversation was as follows: His mother entreated him to leave the ship, and go on shore and reside with his own relations. He replied: "I like the ship very much, and prefer it to living ashore." His mother

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replied that it would be more natural for him to live amongst his own relations than amongst strangers. He replied: "I prefer living among the pakeha (white men) to living among the Maoris. The Maoris have so many *loutrou* about them (*pediculi*)."

His mother replied: "Shame, shame upon you, Taranui, to talk in that way about your own relations." The old woman now opened her clothing, showed him her breasts, and told him that he seemed to have forgotten that she had suckled him. I left the poop and heard no more; making up my mind to leave the lad to take his own course. For some time he continued to wait at table as usual, but I readily perceived that he was now very unsettled, and some time after he left the ship without saying good-bye to any one.

I made inquiry about him long afterwards, and was informed that he went to sea in another ship, and died in the course of the voyage.

As already stated, I resolved to visit Whangaroa after the ship was ready for sea. On the first attempt a gale of wind compelled me to turn back after nearly reaching the harbour; but as the weather moderated. I made a second attempt, and reached the port

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in safety. On this occasion I was accompanied by my friend Metanangha. On arrival I found a large ship lying in shallow water, burnt to the water's edge—and the bones of the crew lying over the beach. By the assistance of Metanangha, I succeeded in recovering the few survivors, consisting of a Mrs. Moseley, her female infant, the youngest daughter of Mr. Commissary Broughton (who is still alive and who married Mr. Throsby, of Throsby Park), and a young man named Davidson. Besides saving these persons, I also, strange to say, recovered the duplicates of the bills and other documents which I had left with Mr. Lord for transmission to England; and these proved to be the only documents which reached their destination, all my other papers and documents being lost in my subsequent shipwreck. Thus my enterprise was not a mere quixotic adventure to save distressed damsels from the hands of giants and ogres, but was attended with very beneficial consequences to myself. They also brought me one of the ship's boats, which I handed to Tarra, with a certificate to show how it came into his possession. I also gave Tarra a letter to show to any ship which might arrive, giving an account of the capture of the

DEPARTURE FROM NEW ZEALAND 105

"Boyd"—for that was the name of the vessel—and warning them not to admit too many natives on board.

I recollect one night, when Metanangha was stopping on board, he addressed me to this effect, "You are too venturesome. You walk about New Zealand alone and unarmed, in the way you might do in Europe, and I have often heard the natives say how easy it would be on such occasions to kill you." I certainly was too reckless from over confidence, and felt the truth of his remark.

After the ship was ready we took a final departure from New Zealand, and sailed therefrom (as I think) on the 26th of January, 1810. From what I had heard from some ships I was in great hopes that my cargo of spars would find a good market at the Cape of Good Hope, for they were then much wanted there for the British Navy. But fate had not ordained that they should ever reach the Cape.

The early part of the voyage was favourable, but when we were near Cape Horn, we encountered a fearful storm, which blew our sails to pieces. Some time after a heavy sea struck the stern of the ship, and knocked away the rudder, after which we lay like a hulk

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upon the water at the mercy of the winds and waves. For a fortnight we never saw the sun, and did not know where we had drifted to. We, however, contrived to construct a makeshift rudder, and fastened it with ropes. One afternoon the weather moderated, and we saw that the colour of the water changed—an indication that we were nearing land. About sunset the sky cleared up for a few minutes, and we saw the tops of the mountains of Terra del Fuego, but could not see the shore. About this time we found that the pumps were choked, and that we could not pump the ship. With much difficulty we got the pumps on deck, where we cleaned them and so reshipped them; but it was nearly midnight before we could free the ship from water. At this time we could not see the land. I was so exhausted that I went into my cabin, and threw myself upon my bed to rest myself, when I immediately fell into a deep sleep.

I awoke at the first dawn of the morning, with a kind of deadly pressure on my chest, and could not, at the moment, realize my position. I found, however, that the ship was steady and the water calm. I then looked out of my cabin window and saw some

TERRA DEL FUEGO

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birds on a small rock at some distance from the ship. I started to my feet and went on deck, when I found that the ship had drifted during the night, into a bay on the coast of Terra del Fuego, and that we were in the midst of some islands.

The sky was cloudy, but the wind was light; and at midday I was able to take an observation of the sun, when I found that we were about forty miles to the south of the western entrance of the Straits of Magellan. The land between us and these straits is called Desolation Island by Cook. On sounding we found no bottom, but continued advancing all day in hopes of finding some place to anchor the ship. Evening was approaching and we could neither find shelter nor anchorage; at length we found bottom at thirty fathoms; but it was merely a ridge of rock, and after a few casts of the lead we could find no bottom. Almost in a state of despair I went into my cabin to compose myself. There was a book lying on the table, I do not recollect what book it was—perhaps “Johnson’s Lives of the Poets.” I opened it mechanically, and began to read it. It was to this effect; that both Charles I. and his favourite Strafford were addicted to the *Sortes*

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Virgilianae, and upon one occasion that both of them tried them together, and both of them obtained a true augury—that both of them would be beheaded. But the book said that some other people, instead of consulting Virgil, used to consult the Bible. I said to myself, “I shall consult Virgil, although I have no faith in such auguries”—for drowning men clutch at straws. On opening my book-chest, I could not find Virgil, but I readily found a Bible, and therefore consulted it. The first part of the paragraph I considered too good for me, but it ended by saying: “Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might, for there is neither work nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave whither thou goest.” This I interpreted to denote that my safety must depend upon my own exertions, and that I ought to exert myself and not to despair. I would not have mentioned this, if it had not been for the circumstance that it afterwards procured me the honour of a visit from the Catholic Bishop of Guayaquil.

I returned to the deck quite composed, and soon after, at nightfall, we dropped our anchor in thirty fathoms, close to a barren rocky island. The bottom was rocky, but we

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hoped to be able to weigh it in the morning.

Next day it blew so strong that it was impossible to weigh anchor. A boat was, however, dispatched with an officer to endeavour to discover some sheltered nook where we might anchor the vessel.

The stormy weather continued for several days, rendering it impossible, or dangerous, to attempt to weigh the anchor. After some days the mate returned and informed us that he could find no safe anchorage, and had been unable to return because the weather was so stormy. He had only time to take some refreshment when a sailor came and said, "The ship is adrift." In those days ships had only hempen cables, and the rocks had cut the cables. The mate asked me what he should do with the ship. I replied, "Keep her afloat."

Here was the dismantled ship without rudder or anchors, in the midst of an unknown archipelago of islands in Terra del Fuego, one of the most stormy and dreary countries in the world.

For some days we drifted about at the mercy of the tides and currents; but fortunately the weather proved moderate, and at length we were able to fasten the ship to the

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rocks, although in a rather exposed situation. Hitherto we had seen no signs of natives, but one morning we observed some in several canoes, made of bark. The head man rose in one of the canoes, held up something white, and approached the ship, calling out, "Pick-eray! Pickeray!" The canoes were ballasted with some earth on which they had a fire. The poor little shivering natives were clothed with sealskins, fastened to their bodies in the most artless and simple maner. They had no food in their canoes, but some large mussels which were plentiful on the rocks. They struck fire with large lumps of copper pyrites, and when asked where they got it, they pointed to the mountains. I had no chemical tests, but I roasted some of it and afterwards put it in vinegar, which on being applied to the blade of a knife covered it with copper.

The mussels alluded to were very large, but the outsides of the shells were generally corroded, and were full of ill-coloured and ill-shaped pearls.

These natives, after exchanging some pieces of sealskin and other trifles with the sailors, took their leave. The old native women were the dealers, and they had plenty of tongue.

PRESERVATION HARBOUR III

By-and-bye, I discovered a small, snug, sheltered nook, where there was deep water, close to a perpendicular rock; there being also plenty of trees and a thick bush for about two hundred yards above the high-water mark. The vessel was immediately removed to this shelter; and fortunate it was that we did so remove her, for the same night a fearful gale of wind took place, but we were so perfectly secure that we did not feel a breath of it.

One day I went alone to the top of the mountain. Above the narrow border of trees there was nothing but rock; not a particle of soil, and the rocks everywhere smoothed and polished with the rains. There was neither bird nor insect, nor any sign of animal life. And as far as the eye could reach, the same picture of desolation presented itself.

In our sheltered nook we improved our make-shift rudder, and repaired our sails, and other damages, as far as our means permitted.

I had heard, from some ship in New Zealand, that there had been a revolution in Spain, and that England and Spain were now friends; but this was doubtful, as I had seen no newspaper. I had, however, read Lord Byron's narrative, who describes the kind reception which the Chilians had given to him

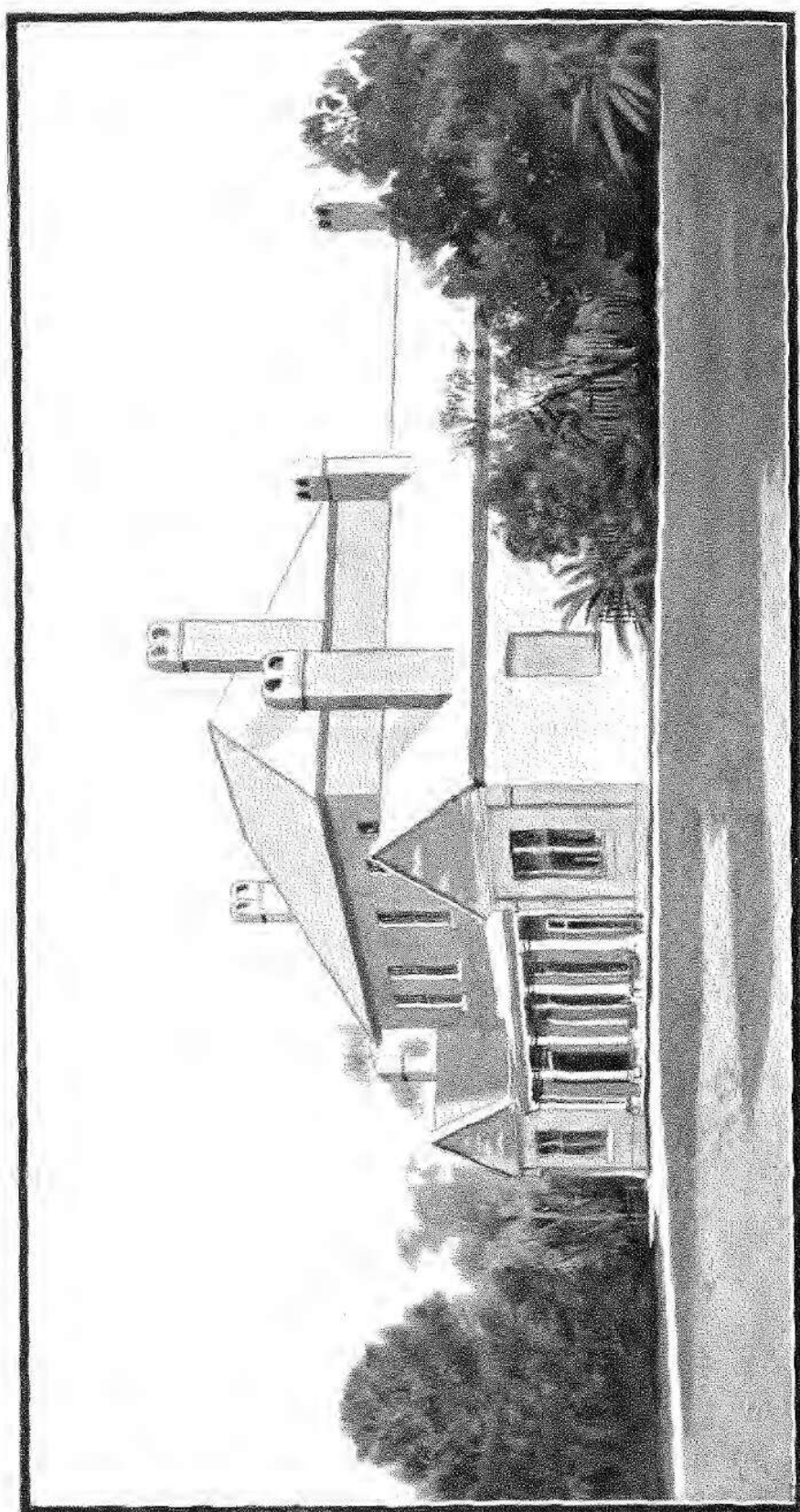
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and Captain Cheap after the wreck of the "Wager"—one of Lord Anson's fleet—and I therefore determined, if possible, to take refuge on the coast of Chile.

Fortunately, I had in my possession Frezian's "Voyage to the West Coast of South America" translated by Dr. Halley. He was a French officer of engineers, who had been sent clandestinely by the French Government to survey the Coast of Chile and Peru during the war of succession, and his book contains plans of the principal ports.

When leaving "Preservation Harbour," or rather Nook, we had another visit from the same tribe of Fuegians who had formerly visited us. On getting out of our nook the ship got entangled in a float of the *ficus giganteus*, and some of the stems got between the rudder and the stern post, and prevented the motion of the ship. We sent a boat to cut them away, and the poor natives came in their canoes to assist us. They had no knives to cut the stems, but they began to bite them across with their teeth.

With some difficulty we got safely out of the bay, and proceeded on our voyage to the northward. It must have been about the time of the autumnal equinox, and we experi-



CROW'S NEST HOUSE

A SHORT-LIVED MUTINY

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enced a succession of storms; the winds being generally from the north-east, with hazy weather. This rendered our voyage very tedious, and the storms repeatedly displaced our make-shift rudder. From such a protracted voyage our provisions began to run short, and I wished to reduce the rations; but all hands opposed it so much that I was obliged to succumb.

Some time after, most of the crew came and insisted that the ship should be run ashore on the coast of Patagonia, and on my refusal they refused to work any longer, and went below. The officers and a few of the men continued to work as usual, and the mutineers, seeing this, returned to their duty next day.

Some days after this we experienced a heavy gale from the north which displaced our make-shift rudder. At this time the weather was very hazy. Suddenly the wind shifted to the south and cleared away the haze, when we saw a ship (perhaps not more than a quarter of a mile ahead of us) still struggling with the northerly wind. We hoisted the British flag, union down, and fired a gun. She hoisted the Yankee flag, but immediately the southerly wind reached her, she braced round her yards and bore away with-

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out speaking to us. On reaching the port of Valparaiso, some days after, she told the people that they would soon hear of the wreck of an English vessel on the coast, as they had seen one in great distress.

On arriving near Concepcion, I sent a boat ashore to Talcahuano, which brought little provisions; and I went myself to Zome, where I purchased such provisions as the village could supply, and some days after we reached the harbour of Valparaiso.

Here we found the Spanish frigate "Astrea," commanded by Don Joaquin Toledo, a lieutenant in the Spanish navy, which had arrived there from Lima a day or two before. Toledo and his first lieutenant, Eugenio Cortez, immediately came on board, and as we had neither anchor nor cables they lent us what we wanted until we could be provided for from the shore. There was no cable in the place, but they made one for us. If it had not been for the "Astrea," I do not know what we could have done, for Valparaiso is an open roadstead, and, as there was no quay, it was necessary to land on the beach.

Don Joaquin gave us every assistance in his power, and used all his influence with the Government in our behalf. Our rudder was

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provided with new brass pintles. We were, however, directed by the Government to proceed to Lima, under convoy of the "Astrea," as our necessary repairs were effected. And Eugenio Cortez promised to introduce me to Mr. Ferrer, a merchant in Lima, who became my agent.

A day or two after my arrival the Yankee captain addressed me. I asked him why he would not stop and speak to us when we hoisted a signal of distress? "I guess," he said, "that I had been a long time from home, and did not know whether there might not have been war between England and America, in which case, if you had been a man-of-war, you might have taken me." I replied, "You told the Spaniards that we were in such distress that you expected we would be wrecked on the coast. No matter, we have arrived safe without your assistance. But what has just been my case may be your case hereafter, and you may be treated in the way, as a just punishment for your inhumanity." He looked abashed, pulled out his snuff-box, and offered me a pinch, but I declared that I never snuffed.

The Governor of Valparaiso examined me on oath, and the captain and some of the men

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respecting the voyage and destination of our ship. The common people could hardly understand how we could reach the west coast of South America without coming round Cape Horn, and entertained suspicions that we might be a smuggler in disguise. Therefore they examined all our trunks and boxes. They were very much surprised to find that I had such a large collection of books.

When I first arrived at New South Wales the colony was on the eve of a revolution from the tyranny of Bligh, and the same was the case in Chile; it did not, however, take place until some time after we left for Lima. But the President of Chile sent to Lima, in the "Astrea," some of the heads of the impending revolution—the President of Chile being subordinate to the Viceroy of Peru. Don Joaquin Toledo received orders from the President of Chile to convey us safely to Lima; but as he knew there was no chance of our attempting to escape, although we weighed anchor and made sail at the same time, the next morning he was not in sight, and he reached Lima several days before us.

On our way to Lima we spoke an English whaling vessel on the coast; and I purchased a bale of slops for my people. A Mr. Moore,

DIFFICULTIES AT LIMA

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the chief mate, came on board of the "City of Edinburgh," and delivered them. He, long after, commanded a vessel called the "Woodlark," in the employment of Jones and Walker. He was the father of Mr. Henry Moore, the agent for the P. and O. Steam Company.

Mr. Cortez on his arrival at Lima immediately called on his friend Don Joaquin Maria de Ferrer, who, on our arrival at Callao, came on board next day and agreed to act as my agent and protector.

A petition was sent to the Viceroy, giving a detail of the voyage, and requesting him to allow the cargo to be discharged and sold to enable me to repair the ship. This the Viceroy very generously granted; but, unfortunately, there was very little demand for spars in Lima, and they proved unsaleable. But Mr. Ferrer liberally supplied me with money to enable me to have the ship repaired.

A second petition was then sent to the Viceroy requesting him to allow the ship to take a cargo from Lima to Cadiz, which Mr. Ferrer agreed to furnish. To this also the Viceroy agreed. But, unfortunately, a person of the name of Verduga (who had built a large ship) opposed it, as it would be contrary

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not only to Spanish law, but contrary to his interest. This gentleman was a member of the municipality of Lima, and all the members joined him in opposing me. Besides this, there was a revolution in Chile, and a rebellion in Upper Peru, and the Viceroy did not like to oppose the municipality. But after many months he acceded to my wishes, during which time the expenses of the vessel were absolutely "eating her up." On arriving at Callao, Mrs. Moseley and her child left the ship. As she was a Roman Catholic, some charitable person received her into his house; but she died there some months after.

A few days subsequent to my arrival at Callao, as I saw that Betsy Broughton was ill cared for, I asked Mr. Ferrer whether he would get some decent person to take care of her. He said that he would look out. Two or three days after he came down in his *calesa* and requested me to go to Lima with him, and the little girl, as he had got a proper person to take care of her. He took me to a highly respectable house and introduced me to a charming Spanish lady, who said that she would be most happy to take charge of her. On leaving the house I told Mr. Ferrer that my object in speaking to him was that he

might get some decent person to take charge of the child for hire. He replied, "Never mind." He said the ladies in Lima were generally rather bad, but that the lady to whom he had introduced me was an exception; that she was the wife of Don Gaspar Rico, the manager of a large Madrid company, and having no children of her own was delighted with the idea of taking care of the little girl. "But," said he, "you must visit her every day when you go to Lima, as otherwise the little girl will forget you altogether." After a little time, Mr. and Mrs. Rico became so fond of the little girl that Mr. Rico made me many overtures to leave the child with them. But I considered it my duty, if possible, to restore her to her father. The girl herself would have been much pleased to have been left with her handsome mamma; and I was told by a lady in Sydney that she wished I had left her in Lima, and that for that reason she never once paid me a visit when she came to Sydney. It would have been a sad thing if I had left her in Lima, for Don Gaspar Rico died of hunger in the castle of Callao. Rico belonged to the Loyalist party, which at length took refuge in the castle, where they were regularly starved out. A rat was there

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sold for an ounce of gold! I do not know, however, whether Mrs. Rico was along with him.

Some time after my arrival at Callao, a vessel called the "Archduke Charles" arrived with a licensed cargo for Lima. On her departure I sent to the owner of the ship "Boyd" the log book of that illfated vessel, and also a short account of her capture by the natives of New Zealand, and how I rescued the survivors. Constable (the Edinburgh publisher and bookseller), and Brown, the owner of the "Boyd," were married to two sisters; and Brown gave my letter to Constable, who published it in his magazine. I also sent my agent in London the "seconds" of the bills which I received from Simeon Lord, and which I had recovered from the Maoris; and I likewise sent the duplicates of the paper respecting my claim on the Government on account of my Norfolk Island voyage, which reached their destination in safety, but years after they ought to have reached London.

Having at last received permission to take a cargo to Cadiz, consisting of copper and tin for ballast, Peruvian bark, and some cacao,

THE SHIP ABANDONED

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the ship was dispatched to Guayaquil to complete her cargo by filling up with cacao.

Mr. Toledo and Mr. Cortez went with me as passengers to Cadiz. Having completed our cargo at Guayaquil we made sail for Cadiz.

In working out of the bay of Guayaquil the vessel got ashore on the banks of Payana, and I was obliged to return to Guayaquil to discharge this cargo and repair the damage, when it was necessary to heave the vessel down.

We made sail a second time, and reached Rio Janeiro in safety. After leaving Rio we experienced a succession of storms, in consequence of which the ship again began to leak; and when we were near the Azores Islands she became waterlogged, and began to leak by the head, and we were obliged to hoist out the long boat and abandon her.

As the weather was so stormy, and the ship rolled so much, the long boat was so much damaged by striking against the ship's side that it became necessary to lighten her by throwing out everything she contained, except a little biscuit and water. In this confusion my box of papers was thrown overboard also, so that I did not save a slip of

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paper or any document of my long and disastrous voyage—among other things the “ thirds ” of Lord’s bills, and duplicates of the papers respecting the claim on the Government for the Norfolk Island freight.

CHAPTER VII.

The "City of Edinburgh" founders at sea—Narrow escape of the survivors—Arrival at Graciosa—Hospitable reception by the Captain Mor—Manners of the people—Rambles over the Island—Fast days protested against—Arrival at Terceira—Kindly received by the Consul—Practice as a medico—A lady who has lost her voice receives professional advice—Trajet from Terceira to St. Michael's—Toledo and Berry sail for Lisbon in the "John"—Brutal reception from the British Consul—Sails in the "Confianza" for Cadiz—Arrival at Cadiz—Soult bombards Cadiz, but does not disturb the ancient mariner—Business and business complications—Soult's fireworks—Yellow fever and epidemia—Long and dangerous illness—Berry studies Spanish—Leaves Cadiz for England in a small fruit ship—Taken by a Yankee privateer—Robbed by the officers—An engagement expected—Conducted to the cabin below.

It was late in the afternoon before we left the ship; which we did not do until the water was nearly up to the lower deck. The stern was up and the stem down at a considerable angle. About that time there was a kind of lull, but the wind increased to a gale as the sun went down. This gale was from the south-west, with a tremendous sea, and we

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ran before it all night. The boat leaked very much, and we sometimes shipped a sea, so that the people were employed in throwing out the water with buckets, old shoes, and hats. Next morning this wind moderated, and we availed ourselves of this to stop the leak with pieces of lead or leather. About noon we saw the tops of the mountains of Fayal, or St. George, and we stood towards them. But the wind soon shifted to the north, and increased to a heavy gale, and we were obliged to run before it, and kept running to the north all the afternoon and all night. At daylight the wind shifted to the east, and we again ran before it. About noon it cleared up, and we got a meridional observation, by which we found that we were to the north of the Azore Islands. At this nick of time the wind shifted to the south, and we again ran before it; and some hours after, sighted the island of Graciosa. We saw a village on the north coast of Graciosa, but did not dare to approach it, because it was on the lee shore, and the wind was very strong. We therefore ran down on the east side of the Island, and at length saw an islet with a passage between it and Graciosa. This we determined to try for, in order to keep near

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the land, and we fortunately found the water very smooth. After passing the islet we saw some people working at a quarry. We asked them if there was any landing place? And they pointed to a place a little further on where there was a village. There we found a little sandy cove, and ran the boat ashore. Opposite this cove there was a respectable looking house of two stories. A young gentleman came from the house, and we explained to him that we were shipwrecked people. He told us that that house was the residence of Mr. Bethancourt, the "Capitan Mor" of the island, and requested us to go and speak to him. With Toledo Moralez (a Spanish gentleman who was a passenger from Lima) and the captain of the ship I thus entered the house. Mr. Bethancourt, after hearing our case, gave us refreshment. The young gentleman who had introduced us was a native of the island of St. Michael, had married the eldest daughter of our host, and was stopping there for some months previous to his return to his own home. They agreed amongst themselves that the son-in-law should entertain the two Spanish gentlemen and that the Capitan Mor would keep me and the captain. We were all wet to the skin,

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and I had jumped ashore barefooted, having taken off my stockings in the boat to allow them to dry. The only thing I saved from the wreck was my watch, which I still wear. It had been made for me in London.

They showed me and the captain into a room, and gave us some old clothes to put on, until our own were dried at the kitchen fire. On shifting ourselves the servant saw my watch. After changing I went to speak to the Capitan Mor, and he asked to see my watch, which I showed him. He said that he would like to buy it. I replied that it had been made for me in London, and that I would not like to part with it, as it had been the only thing I had saved from the shipwreck. He said no more.

Next morning the boat which had saved us was found to have been knocked to pieces by the waves in the little cove.

There was no British Consul at Graciosa, and the next day there was a boat provided to carry the crew to the Island of Terceira, the capital of the islands. While preparing to embark, Muchado (a Portuguese gentleman) came to Toledo, and requested him not to go with so many people. He said that he would leave Graciosa in a few days in a boat

HOSPITABLE RECEPTION

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of his own, and would take him and Morales, the other Spanish gentleman, and myself; and that it would be more comfortable for us. Toledo and Morales came to me and said that they would leave it to me to decide what they should do.

After some consideration, I replied that I thought that we should avail ourselves of Mr. Muchado's offer, which they were very glad to do. It would have been very disagreeable again to go to sea in an open boat with so many people and such a motley crew. But it appeared afterwards that Muchado was not prepared to leave the island so soon as he had led us to expect, for it proved to be three or nearly four weeks before he was ready to go. Mr. Bethancourt sometimes grumbled to me about the delays of Muchado, but was always kind. Mr. Bethancourt was a Knight of the Order of St. Jago, and there were certain religious services belonging to that Order which he always at the appointed time performed punctually in our presence, but he always listened to our conversation while he was walking about the room saying his prayers. And he generally made some remark at the end of every prayer.

It was not the custom of Graciosa for the

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ladies to appear to strangers, and I never once saw Mrs. Bethancourt. I sometimes saw Miss Bethancourt looking over the balcony, but she always immediately disappeared. She was a fair, good looking young lady. Mrs. Bethancourt used to send me a rose on a silver tray every second or third day by her servant, with compliments.

We used to make little tours about the island mounted on jackasses; and upon one occasion we visited an old crater in the centre of the island. The lips of the crater were entire. The bottom was covered with grass and pools of water, and used by the natives as a bleaching green. There was a cavern underneath, with a lagoon of hot water, but we could not enter it from not being provided with ropes.

A considerable part of the island was planted with vines, between old stones of lava, and the vineyards were always protected with high walls to shelter the vines from being injured by the frequent storms.

The Spaniards and the son-in-law of Mr. Bethancourt, with myself, always spent our days with that gentleman; but we passed the evenings at the house of his son-in-law, where we played a game of cards, and his wife

PLEASANT DELAY

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always appeared at supper and made herself very pleasant. Her husband said that he wished to accustom her to appear in company, as this was now the custom in the island of St. Michael.

As the family of Mr. Bethancourt went early to bed, I was furnished with a lantern and a key to enter my own apartment. I recollect first passing along the solitary beach with my lantern, when the winds were howling and the surf was dashing against the rocks; it absolutely gave me the horrors when I reflected on my desolate position. But upon the whole I passed my time rather pleasantly than otherwise, and have always gratefully recalled to my memory the kindness and hospitality I experienced at Graciosa.

Mr. Bethancourt kept a very fair table, but he was a rigid Romanist, and on Fridays and Saturdays had nothing on his table but fritters and pancakes. This did not please my friend Toledo, who complained to me of the meagre diet. I excused our worthy host, and said that he was only acting up to the dictates of his religion. "Nonsense," Toledo replied, "these meagre days have nothing to do with religion; they are only a canonical regulation, and even a medico can give a

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certificate to get rid of it. And it ought to have been dispensed with in our instance, as we are shipwrecked people. Besides which, the Pope has given a bull, in virtue of which all the soldiers and sailors of the King of Spain can eat beef every day of the week." I replied, "Mr. Bethancourt may know nothing about such a Bull." "Well," rejoined Toledo, "if he does not he must be a very ignorant man."

Graciosa must have many wrecks near the coast for an immense number of fine logs of mahogany had lately been thrown on the shore; and many of the inhabitants had been using them to make chairs, tables, and chests of drawers for their houses.

At length Muchado completed his arrangements, and we took our departure from Graciosa, and arrived with safety at the harbour of Angra, in Terceira. The English Consul was a Mr. Dalton, an Irish gentleman, who received me with great kindness. A few days after a small vessel arrived from London, consigned to Mr. Dalton, who loaded her with oranges, and gave the captain a passage to London. The captain on his arrival at Terceira, had made the usual protest con-

cerning the loss of the vessel, and took a copy of it with him.

Mr. Dalton during my stay showed me the greatest kindness, took me to all the national *fêtes*, and showed me all the lions of the place, and offered to supply me with money, but I only availed myself of his courtesy in this respect to a very limited extent, and gave him a bill for the same upon Messrs. Robert White and Son, of Cadiz, to whom I had written from Lima, to insure the ship and freight from Lima to Cadiz—a bill which was, in the end, duly honoured.

My friends told the people at Terceira that I was a medico, and as medicos were scarce at Terceira I immediately had lots of patients, particularly amongst the ladies, who began to send me letters containing all manner of complaints about their state of health, and asking me to give them advice how it was to be restored. But none of them would venture to show their faces, far less allow me to feel their pulse. I had no medicines to give them, and therefore contented myself by giving them general remarks about the best sort of regimen necessary to be observed for the restoration of their health. One poor lady wrote to me that she originally had a charm-

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ing voice, and could sing beautifully. She however, had had a bad cold, which had produced a hoarseness, and the consequence had been that she had never been able to sing since. I answered her by saying that I could only recommend her not to attempt to sing until the hoarseness naturally disappeared; and even then, at first, to sing but very little. But I said that she could not apply to a worse person than myself to enable her to sing again, for that I had never sung a song in my life.

One day a war schooner called the "Thetis" entered the Bay of Angra, with a message to the British Consul—going afterwards to St. Michael's. Mr. Dalton sent for me, and the Commandant of the "Thetis" agreed to give me a passage to St. Michael's, where I could more readily obtain a passage to Lisbon, or Cadiz, than from Terceira. I sent for Toledo and Moralez. But Moralez had some political dispute with Toledo, and declined to accompany him. Therefore Toledo and myself went on board the "Thetis." On arrival at St. Michael's, Mr. Reid, the British Consul, came on board, and the Commandant of the "Thetis" introduced me to that gentleman, who invited me ashore to his house. Mr.

VOYAGE TO LISBON

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Reid had, at that time, only one stranger in his house—a Mr. Barrett, a London solicitor—who had come to St. Michael's on account of his health, accompanied with his wife.

It must have been only a few days before the birthday of George III. (the 4th of June), for Mr. Reid was very busy making preparations for the celebration of that day, in the year 1812. Both Mr. Reid and Mr. Barrett were able and intelligent men, and I passed about two or three very agreeable days in his house. Mr. Reid promised to show me some of the wonders of the island; when, suddenly, a transport, bound for Lisbon, appeared off the island, in which Mr. Reid gave a passage to Toledo and myself. Mr. Reid also gave me a passport, and the charge of his despatches to the Minister at Lisbon—named, as I think, the Conde de Souza.

I had neither bedding nor baggage, neither had my friend Toledo. On our arrival we found the wife of the captain on board. She received us in a very friendly manner, and said she was very happy to say that she could accommodate us very well. And both this lady and her husband did everything in their power to make both of us comfortable. We had a pleasant voyage to Lisbon.

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The name of this transport—in which I went from St. Michael's in the Azores to Lisbon—was, I believe, the "John," but I forget, at this distance of time, the name of the captain. Some years after Mr. Wollstonecraft and myself had finally settled in Sydney a certain ship came consigned to our house. I immediately recognised the captain, and told him that we were old acquaintances, and that he had brought me and a Spanish gentleman from St. Michael's to Lisbon. He stared at me and said, "Now I recollect from this incident:—On the second day after leaving St. Michael's I was on the forecastle taking the meridional altitude of the sun. You came on the forecastle and asked me the altitude. I told you, and you asked me for my quadrant; but before looking at the sun you examined the quadrant to see if it was in adjustment. You then looked at the sun, returned me the gradient, and said 'you are right.'" I need hardly say that I was most happy to have an opportunity of repaying this captain for his kindness.

On arriving at Lisbon my first care was to deliver Mr. Reid's dispatches to the Portuguese Minister; but on returning to the hotel where I had slept, I found that the police had

TROUBLE WITH THE CONSUL 135

been making some inquiry about my passport. To my surprise I could not find it. I therefore called upon Mr. Jeffreys, the British Consul, and showed him the protest made at Terceira, before Mr. Dalton. He received me roughly, and made certain opprobrious remarks respecting Dalton, and said that he could not give credit to any document to which Dalton had put his name, and pointed out that two of the sailors' names attached to the protest were Portuguese names. These men, I should here state, were men who had shipped at Rio Janeiro in place of some sailors who entered with the *Man-of-war*.

I took up my protest and left his office. I only mention this circumstance as it was the second time I had been treated with rudeness during my long and disastrous voyage; the first time, as already mentioned, was by the notorious "*Bounty*" Bligh.

I found afterwards that this was the usual way in which Jeffreys was accustomed to treat strangers.

A friend of mine who had accompanied his sister to Madeira, on account of her health, went home by way of Lisbon, but brought no passport with him from Madeira, and Mr. Jeffreys, instead of aiding him, gave him so

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much annoyance that he was obliged to apply to the British Ambassador. I suppose he was a descendent of the notorious Judge of James the Second. Be this as it may, his rough and brutal conduct was all for the best as respects myself.

On leaving Jeffreys's office I met Toledo, and gave him an account of the interview which I had had with Jeffreys. He expressed his astonishment, but said, "Do not give yourself the trouble to apply to De Souza about your passport; I have just seen the Spanish Ambassador, and he has ordered me a passage in the Spanish vessel 'Confianza' which sails to-morrow morning for Cadiz. I shall return to him and request that he will order you a passage also." And this he did.

I went on board the "Confianza" early in the morning. She was then at anchor near the mouth of the Tagus. I was introduced to two Spanish gentlemen who had come as passengers in the ship from London. I entered into conversation with one of them named Gomez. He was a very social and intelligent gentleman. I asked him what the ship was waiting for. He replied that they were waiting for an English gentleman who had gone ashore to transact some business.

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Soon after, a tall, formal-looking young man, dressed in black, came on board, and had some conversation with his friends, and I saw that he gave me a look askance, but did not take any further notice of me. He took a book out of his pocket, and sat down on a seat on the deck and began to read it.

I again had a long conversation with Gomez, who spoke English very well, but our conversation was carried on in Spanish. At length he said, "Why do you show no civility or kindness (*carino*) to your countryman?"

I replied, "He has shown none to me; he is at home here, and I am a stranger." I asked who he was, and what was his name. Gomez replied, "His name is Wollstonecraft; he is a connection of Mr. De Zastel, a large Spanish merchant in London, and we have been in De Zastel's office together."

I then went and seated myself beside Wollstonecraft, and mentioned what Gomez had informed me. I asked him if, while in De Zastel's office, he had ever heard of a ship named the "City of Edinburgh"? "Often," he said, "She has been long expected." I then gave him a history of the shipwreck, and told him that I was on my way to Cadiz, for the purpose of seeing Robert White and

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Son, to whom the cargo was consigned, and to whom I had written to insure the ship and freight.

I had read some of the works of Mary Wollstonecraft, and her life by Godwin. I asked if he was a relation of hers. He replied, in a slighting manner, "She was an aunt of mine." This is the way our acquaintance commenced. Wollstonecraft afterwards became my partner and his only sister became my wife. We always lived in the same house and as members of the same family until death parted us. He died in 1832, and my wife in 1845. My wife spoke French like a Parisian, and our tastes as regards literature were nearly alike.

We had a favourable voyage from Lisbon to Cadiz which we reached late in the afternoon, on that very day when Soult, having repaired his batteries, again recommenced to bombard the city. His bombs were at once replied to by the bomb vessels in the harbour, and the fiery missiles were even then crossing each other. Many of Soult's missiles fell into the water amongst the shipping, but did not hit any of them. The din, however, that all this firing caused gave me a violent headache.

Next morning Wollstonecraft and myself

BOMBARDMENT OF CADIZ 139

went ashore together, and called on Robert White and Son. They informed me that the ship and freight had been insured in London according to my instructions; partly in the Royal Exchange, and partly in the London Insurance Office. The premium was high, and unfortunately I had not instructed them to insure the premium. We dined with the Messrs. White, and in the evening Wollstonecraft went on board the "Confianza." I slept in the Posada, and was the only one in the house that slept, all the others keeping on the watch all night. But I had now become so reckless that I did not care a button for Soult and his missiles. When a missile went over me I always awoke and turned over, but fell asleep again; and this I did all night. Soult's missiles were moonshine to the dangers I had undergone.

After all, the bombardment was a farce, and did little or no damage. But it amused the people by an exhibition of artificial fireworks, the distance being at least four miles across the bay. The missiles were not large, and when filled with powder were so light as to be affected by the prevailing winds. They therefore poured into them a quantity of lead, and filled them up with powder.

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But the powder so used was not sufficient to explode the bomb, so that they only acted as solid round shot. The roofs of the houses in Cadiz are all flat, and I used to amuse myself by watching Soult's display of fireworks. First a long column of smoke was seen to issue from the obus, and some time after there would be a loud report. Some time after the fiery missile was seen floating like a meteor through the atmosphere; when it attained its greatest altitude it began to descend with so much rapidity that it would be no longer visible, but when it approached the earth it caused such a terrible *whiz*, that I always made an involuntary bow to it. I was much annoyed at being thus compelled to "do obeisance" to Soult's missiles, and I often determined not to do so, but never succeeded.

I recollect one day, after Soult had commenced his second bombardment, Wollstonecraft and myself were standing on the ramparts near the Water Gate, and all at once Soult began his pyrotechnical display. The first shot fell down into the fish market, a spot close by and very crowded—we saw that it had killed some one. Wollstonecraft said: "We had better get out of this." I replied, "There is very little danger. Only calculate

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the size of our heads and the size of the missiles. It is fifty thousand to one that they don't hit us." He looked at me and smiled. I asked if he did not agree with my calculation of chances. He replied, "I have no objection to your calculation of chances, but I like my own better."

I believe that these two were the only men whom I saw killed at Cadiz during the siege. Indeed, I have no reason to quarrel with Soult's missiles, for not one fell near me except once, when I was taking a cup of chocolate in a coffee-house for breakfast. On that occasion one of the missiles fell into the narrow street in front of the door. It merely broke the arch of a gutter, and stuck in the hole.

Wollstonecraft and myself took lodgings in the same house. He first became my agent, and went to London to manage my affairs, and afterwards he became my partner.

On the arrival of Wollstonecraft in London, he ascertained that Mr. Shortt, at the Cape, had intercepted the bills and documents which I had addressed to my agent in London—a Mr. Batley. I suppose that Lord had sent them to Shortt, instead of sending them to their address, particularly as the ship

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"Boyd" intended to call at the Cape for spars. But I, fortunately, recovered the "seconds" of the bills and documents from the Maoris, and sent them to London by the ship "Archduke Charles." When these reached the hands of Mr. Batley, he found that the bills had been presented to the party on whom they were drawn and had been dishonoured, but that Shortt had recovered from the Treasury the two thousand pounds which had been offered to me by Foveaux. After the evacuation of Norfolk Island, Captain Piper went to London and recommended to the Treasury that they should pay the full freight, which they agreed to do. Fortunately my documents arrived into the hands of Mr. Batley before the remainder of the freight got into the hands of Shortt's father, and he prevented him from getting it. I think it was £1,900, or thereabouts.

Mr. Batley appointed Mr. Edward Smith Hall and the Rev. Mr. Marsden to recover the amount due by Mr. Simeon Lord in Sydney. On the arrival of these documents in Sydney they found that Shortt had sent a person from the Cape to recover the amounts due by Lord; they (Messrs. Hall and Marsden) prevented him from doing so, and he left Sydney.

RESIDENCE IN CADIZ

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Hall and Marsden succeeded in recovering a considerable sum from Mr. S. Lord and from John Blaxland—who had entered into a sort of partnership with Lord.

Captain Piper had been appointed Collector of Customs in Sydney, and I therefore appointed him as my agent in Sydney to supersede Messrs. Hall and Marsden. Mr. Wollstonecraft also called upon all my creditors and found them all, to a man, kind and friendly. They were all, however, already acquainted with my history up to a certain time, from Mr. Batley.

The Messrs. White, of Cadiz, sent the protest concerning the loss of the "City of Edinburgh," to London, and the agents recovered the amount of the insurance ordered from the two London offices.

I made out a *pro forma* account of the amount expended on account of the average incurred at Guayaquil. I had no document to prove items, but I knew to a certainty the amount which it had cost me.

In the meantime Mr. Toledo had been appointed to a Spanish ship-of-war bound to Stockholm, and touched at Portsmouth on her passage. This came to the knowledge of Wollstonecraft, and he wrote to Toledo,

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requesting that he would make a statement of the expenses incurred at Guayaquil. This Toledo readily agreed to do, and his statement coincided so much with my own that the two statements were submitted to Mr. Ludlam, an average-agent. Mr. Ludlam drew out a formal report which, on being sent to the two offices that had insured the ship, was considered so conclusive that they paid their quota.

Mr. De Zastel, the owner of the cargo, at first refused to pay his quota; but on the case being submitted to his own solicitor, and to his insurance agent, they both of them advised him to pay his quota, which eventually he did.

The recovery of the insurance enabled me to pay Mr. Ferrer for his advances at Lima, but left only a small edging to me.

I remained long at Cadiz, after Mr. Wollstonecraft, in hopes that I might obtain an account of the cargo of spars, which I had left unsold in Lima; but I was ultimately disappointed, and only received, long after, a trifling sum.

While residing at Cadiz the yellow fever began to prevail or rage in the city. I, however, had no fear of what they called the

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“epidemia.” One day after this I went to give a friendly call on a Peruvian gentleman whom I had known in Lima. On leaving this house his servant told me that there was a person in the house afflicted with the epidemia. This gave me no fear or apprehension of any kind. On reaching my own house I walked to examine some flowers in flower pots. Whilst so engaged I felt an uneasy sensation, something like hunger at my stomach. I went into my apartment and took a crust of bread, and began to munch it. Suddenly I felt three slight shocks, proceeding from my head to my feet downwards, and immediately afterwards felt myself so weak that I could hardly stand on my legs. I managed to walk into my apartment, and threw myself on the bed, when I was immediately seized with a violent convulsive shivering. I instantly conceived that I was afflicted with the epidemia, and I arose and went to my table to write a prescription. I have no idea what it was I proposed to write, but after several attempts, I found myself unable to write a single letter.

I became very excited at being thus rendered perfectly helpless, in a minute or two, by this complaint, and dashed my inkstand against the wall. In old picture books, death is

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always represented as a grisly skeleton, with a dart in his hand. I was so excited at the moment, that if I had seen the grisly skeleton on the wall, I believe I would have dashed the inkstand at his head. The effect of this excitement was to stop the convulsive shivering instantly, and the sensation of debility also left me. But when I looked at the looking glass, I saw that my face was like that of a corpse—and for a whole week I had no return of the complaint, nor any symptom of disease, but my face never regained its natural appearance. I neither consulted a medico nor any one else, but every night took a small dose of calomel as an aperient.

During the week, however, the poison must have been fermenting in the blood. At the end of the week I arose and took my usual breakfast. Soon after I felt chilly, and fell into a short sleep. On awaking I felt generally indisposed, with a throbbing at my temples; and I told the servant to bring me some vinegar and water to foment my temples. Instead of doing so he went and informed the ladies of the house that I was “ailing.” The fact is, that when the epidemia prevails, all minor ailments are suspended.

One of the ladies immediately appeared at

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the door and asked me what was the matter with me. I replied, "Nothing but a cold." She replied, "No, it is not a cold, you have got the epidemia; I know by your face. Shall I send for a medico?" I replied, "No; if I have got the epidemia, I can die as well without a medico as with one." And here I may state that the family with whom I was staying, had suffered from the epidemia some years ago, and that it rarely attacks people twice.

She then said, "What have you sent for?" I said, "Only a little vinegar to foment my temples." The lady replied, "You must not do so. It will drive the inflammation inwards. You must apply sinapisms to your feet, and that will remove the determination to the head. You must also apply an earthen poultice, mixed with Venice turpentine, vinegar, and a sliced onion, to your stomach." I said, "I had no other objection to the poultice than that earth was so dirty."

The lady said, "Not at all; it will be put on between two cloths. It is a Moorish prescription, sent by the Spanish Consul of Tangiers to Zurilla, some years ago, when the epidemia was raging in that city, and it was found to be very beneficial." I agreed to follow their

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advice. While they were preparing the poultice and sinapisms, the symptoms increased rapidly, and a convulsive vomiting commenced. When, however, the sinapisms were applied to the feet, I was surprised to find how they relieved the head; and I found the poultice to my stomach very comfortable, and had no return of vomiting. One of the symptoms was as if melted lead were circulating in the temporal arteries, and met at the top of the head. For many years after I always suffered from the same whenever I had a slight cold.

During the first night I felt great pain all over, and was unable to move myself; but after that I never had a bad symptom.

At the end of three or four days one of the ladies called in the morning to ask how I was. I replied that I was very well, and that I was thinking of getting up. She said, "If you do so, you will have a relapse, and these relapses are generally fatal. You must subject yourself to a regulation quarantine (of forty days)"; and they gave me many instances, even of persons I had known, to prove their assertions.

I then asked if she could give me any books to read. She said she would give me all that

CONVALESCENCE & DON QUIXOTE 149

they had. The book they first gave me was "Don Quixote." I believe I had read a translation of it, but it was so much more humorous in the Spanish dialect that, in the excitable state in which I then was, it often occasioned such uncontrollable fits of laughter as almost choked me; but that, from exciting the circulation, conduced perhaps to my recovery.

The next book was written by a Franciscan monk named Teyos—a book of upwards of twenty volumes. The author had, it appeared, published a volume every year for upwards of twenty years, and the last volume had been written upwards of sixty years previously. The name of the book was a "Refutation of Vulgar Errors." I was surprised to find that the vulgar errors of Spain were nearly the same as those at home, and I was pleased at the liberal and enlightened way in which he dealt with them. I read every word of this work through, and it afforded me much amusement. I did not stay in bed many days, but was unable to leave the house before the forty days expired, and even then found myself very weak.

I now found it useless to stop any longer in Cadiz, and determined to return

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to England, but it was difficult to find a ship. At length a small vessel came to Cadiz from Exeter, which the Messrs White loaded with wine and fruit (raisins). I took my passage on board this ship. The first night I slept on board the ship in the harbour, and the captain entertained me all the evening with superstitious stories. Amongst other things he told me that a little bird for several nights had been fluttering about the deck as soon as it became dark; and that he feared that it denoted that some misfortune would happen during the voyage. On the second day his augury proved correct, for we were captured by a Yankee privateer near Cape St. Vincent. I put half a dozen shirts, my shaving apparatus, and all the papers I had collected at Cadiz, into a leather portmanteau, which I kept in my hand. But the people of the privateer took my trunk of old Spanish books which I had collected at Cadiz. The captain took a boat load of raisins on board and then set fire to the vessel. I crammed a few dollars into my pocket, and gave the rest to a young Scottish sailor to keep for me, which he faithfully did. When I arrived alongside of the privateer with my leather portmanteau in my hand, I clambered up the sides as best I could.

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When near the gangway one of the officers, apparently to assist me, seized the portmantau, and I *never saw* it again, although I made many reclamations.

I sat down on the quarter deck near the captain, who received me as curtly as the Chief of Opuna. He hardly spoke at all, but remained on deck all day with his telescope in his hand, and his eyes were bloodshot. The crew consisted of a rough and motley lot, containing English, Irish, and Scotch renegades.

Sometime after the surgeon of the ship came to me and said: "You have a fine Spanish library; I would like to purchase it, if you will sell it to me." As I was in the hands of the people who were hardly better than pirates, I thought it best to make a virtue of necessity, and said "very well;" but soon after he returned and said "I must have the books for nothing." I could of course expect nothing better.

The privateer was now standing away to the eastward, and by-and-bye the captain saw a sail a long way ahead and gave chase. As night came on the chief mate came to me, and said, "We are likely to have an engagement, when we do not wish to have people of your

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kind on deck; therefore you must go below.” Accordingly he conducted me into a rather large cabin where there were several bed places.

CHAPTER VIII.

Handed over by the privateer to Swedish friends—
Offer of questionable rank declined—Romance of
the Life of a Swedish captain—Pass Gibraltar—
Arrival at Malaga—Quarantine—Sights at
Malaga—Return to Cadiz—French friend and his
boasting—The Scottishman stands up for Great
Britain—Quizzical Spanish ladies—Story about
the Freemasons—Mr. Berry passes in an English
ship from Cadiz to Bristol—Travels from Bristol
to London in the stage coach—Distinguished
fellow-traveller—Arrival at London—Visit to
Greenwich, where Mr. Wollstonecraft was then
residing—Reflections—All for the best—About
friends and places visited.

They did not starve us on board the privateer, and I had eaten a handful of raisins from a box they had brought to the captain before the dinner was served. At dinner they gave us some salt pork.

The privateer came up with the ship of which they were in chase at about eleven or twelve o'clock at night, and they fired a gun to bring her to. The captain of the strange vessel was ordered to come on board with the ship's papers. She was a Swedish ship from Gothenburg, which had brought a cargo from thence to Oporto, and she had left that port

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two or three days before, and was in ballast and bound to Malaga in search of a cargo. The Yankees were at peace with Sweden, and therefore ordered the captain to return to his ship; but they also ordered him to take the English prisoners they had on board along with him. A call was now made to the prisoners to come on deck and go over the side for the purpose of being put on board the Swedish ship. On my arrival on deck I could hardly thread my way through the motley crew. Some of them seized my hand and spoke to me in Celtic Irish, which I did not understand. Another fellow seized my hand and said, "Don't go; we will take the ship, and make you our first lieutenant!" I succeeded in getting over the side unencumbered with baggage. On reaching the deck of the Swede, the captain braced round his yards and proceeded on his voyage. Then he called out, "Englishmen, come below!"—when he regaled us with the best he had, consisting of cold boiled goat's flesh and Oporto wine. I felt more happy in escaping from the Yankees than I did to escape from the Chief of Opuna.

The Swedish captain had a large private cabin with two beds—one on each side. He

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slept on one of them, and gave me the other. Next morning at daybreak I was awoke by the sailors singing their morning hymn, in which the captain also joined. His name was almost English; it was Anderssen. He spoke good English, and had traded much to the British islands—particularly to the Orcades. He told me his whole history; how he was betrothed to an Orcadian lady and was to have been married on his return from his voyage, but was captured by the French, thrown into prison, and reported to be dead. On his being liberated he went to reclaim his bride, but found that she had become the wife of a lieutenant of the British Navy. She pleaded that it was not her fault, but that she had been deceived by forged letters, which she showed him. “Well,” he replied, “under these circumstances I do not blame you, and wish you every happiness, and hope that your actual husband will prove a better husband to you than I would have been.”

On the arrival of the ship at Malaga, she was put under quarantine, because we (the prisoners) had come from Cadiz, where the epidemia had been raging; but we were released at the end of five days. On the passage to Malaga I had a good view of Gibraltar, but of course I never landed there.

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At Malaga, I called with Captain Anderssen on the British Consul, and I asked him to recommend to me a suitable hotel. He recommended one kept by a French widow lady, which I found very comfortable, and with moderate charges. After having been there for a few days, the hostess called upon me and said that a French gentleman who had just arrived wished me to admit him as a member of our mess. We, according to the custom of the house, took our breakfast in the kitchen—which we found was the custom with a number of Spanish officers—but we dined and supped in our own apartments. I asked the lady if the gentleman was respectable, and she replied that he had been properly recommended. I asked her to bring him that I might see him, and judge for myself. She introduced him, and I was rather pleased with his appearance, and he became my constant companion for some months after.

It was the time of Easter, and I attended a splendid midnight mass. In the church I became very tired, and observed a person seated on a bench apart. I went and seated myself on the same bench. Soon after a priest arrived and addressed a few words to my companion, who then went on his knees

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before the priest and began to confess his sins. I immediately arose and left the place.

There was an immense unfinished custom-house at Malaga with the names of Philip and Mary Tudor on it.

There had been a great mortality in Malaga from the epidemia some years earlier, and I visited the part where the victims had been burned. They had dug great pits for the remains on the tops of the neighbouring hills, and had first put a layer of corpses, then a layer of quick lime, and over that another layer of bodies, and so on until the pit was full. There was a cross on the top describing the number of the dead the pit contained, and the number of days it took to fill it. This pit, from the decay of the bodies, had sunk into a hollow and was now covered with grass. They had not, however, allowed the Protestants to be buried in these pits, but had buried them among the shingles close to the water's edge.

During my rambles one day I found a large open cavern full of corpses, which had been embalmed in their usual clothes, and were standing on their feet—most ghastly spectres they were!

On my arrival at Malaga I wrote to the

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Messrs. White in Cadiz to give me a credit on Malaga, and they curiously referred me to a person of the name of Kirkpatrick—the person who became the grandfather of the French Empress Eugenie. I called once on Kirkpatrick, and only asked him for a very little money, and gave him an order for the same on the Messrs. White.

There were several English ships at Malaga, but none of them were bound either to Cadiz or England except one, and she had just brought a cargo of codfish for Malaga. This vessel, after loading her cargo, went to Cadiz, and I got a passage to that city on board of her for myself and my French companion, Mr. Legal. At Cadiz, Legal and I took lodgings in the same house where I had lodged so long. There were many Frenchmen in Cadiz, but although my friend saluted many of them in the street he never associated with any of them. He had been a junior officer in the French navy, but the vessel had been captured by the English. He had been several years a prisoner, and had been liberated after the fall of Napoleon, who was then at Elba.

He was much given to boast of the military prowess of the French. It was a common

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saying of his that the French were the best soldiers in the world; that the English beat everybody at sea, but were good for nothing on land. This was after the French had been hunted out of Spain by Wellington. At last, tired of these vainglorious gasconades, I said, "Mr. Legal, on what do you ground your assertion that the French are the best soldiers in the world?" He replied that they had beaten the Prussians at Jena, and the Austrians at Austerlitz, besides in innumerable other battles.

I rejoined that the French were undoubtedly gallant soldiers, but that gaining certain battles was no ground for calling them the best soldiers in the world. Then he said, "I have done, and will argue no more, for if that will not convince you nothing will." I said, "If I were to argue in that way the result would be different. The English have beaten the French at Busaco, Talavera, Salamanca, and last of all at Vittoria, and Wellington has hunted Soult across the Pyrenees, and so (according to your own system of reasoning), the English are better soldiers than the French. But you hold that the French are better soldiers than the Prussians and the Austrians, wherefore the English must be

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better soldiers than them all." He was dumb-founded, and did not say a word.

We always used to take a light supper and a glass of wine. Our supper consisted chiefly of a salad, which Legal was always very officious in preparing. That evening, however, he did nothing, and I said, "Mr. Legal, do you not mean to take any supper to-night?" He replied, that I had given him as much at his dinner that day as would last him for his supper for the next fortnight.

This little sally produced, however, no further difference between us. As he had so many countrymen in Cadiz, and never associated with any of them, I asked him one day what was the reason that he preferred the company of an Englishman to one of his own countrymen. He replied, that the French had committed so many atrocities in Spain that the Spaniards were very vindictive, and that he was afraid of being assassinated. He said that this was the reason he wished to be a member of my mess at Malaga, that he might pass for an Englishman; and he further said, that he had read in some book that a Spaniard would embrace you and call you his dear friend and yet stab you in the back. But the Englishman was very different to

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that. However savage the Englishman might be against you, you might safely sleep alongside of him all night, and he would not even attack you in the morning, until you were provided with the same arms as himself.

My friend Legal got a greater rub from one of the ladies of the house than I had given him. One evening, when passing up a narrow street, we met a long procession of friars carrying crucifixes and large wax candles, and we were, of course, obliged to stand close to the wall and take off our hats until they passed. It so happened just then that it came on to rain. Legal was a Catholic, but a different kind of Catholic to a Spanish one. "What fools these Spaniards are!" he said. As soon as we reached our lodgings we walked straight into the family sitting-room, where three of the ladies were busy working black lace veils. He immediately began with great earnestness in French—with lots of gesticulation, giving them an account of his mishap. They did not understand a word of French, and thought some terrible misfortune had befallen him. They all looked at me, and called out in chorus, "Qué! Qué! Qué!" I explained to them in Spanish what he had said—that he

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had been obliged to stand in the rain, with his hat in his hand, until the long procession of friars had passed, and that he was very much afraid that he had caught a bad cold. They were all impressed with the idea that he was ridiculing the observances of the Catholic religion. One of them, who was rather of a satirical disposition, requested me to tell him that they greatly compassionated him on account of his terrible mishap and besought him, for God's sake, to go to bed immediately, and that they would order the servant to heat some water, and give him a *lavativa*, which would, most likely, avert any evil consequences. I repeated verbatim what she said. His countenance fell. He said that surely I must have invented the speech, for no French woman would have ventured to make such a speech to any man. The lady saw the advantage she had attained, and asked me what he said. I told her. She said, "Pray, tell him we are quite in earnest, and that if he will go to bed we will soon have the hot water ready." He declined, however, to accept of the prescription.

Some time after, a French ship with a cargo of wine, from Cette, bound to Havre, touched at Cadiz. Legal was a Freemason, as was

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the captain of the ship. In virtue of Freemasonry they made acquaintance, and as Havre was the native town of Legal, the French captain took him as a passenger. But he declined to take me on the pretence that he had no accommodation, although I offered to pay him my passage money immediately. I would have been glad to have got to Havre, because if there was no ship to England I could have passed the Channel in a boat. It was all for the best; for by the time when we could have arrived Napoleon must have been in Paris, after his escape from Elba.

The French captain told me a curious story about the Freemasons. He said that he had been captured by the English, and confined in the Castle of Edinburgh. After some time with several others, he made his escape. He did not say how, but I suppose that it was by the assistance of the Freemasons. He told me that he got a place on a stage coach for London. There was only one passenger on the coach beside himself. After some time, the stranger addressed him and asked where he was going. He replied that he was bound to London. The stranger replied that he was attempting to deceive, for he knew he was one of the French prisoners who had escaped from

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the castle, and that he was bound to Deal or Dover, to endeavour to get a passage to France. But he added:—"Be not afraid; for I am especially employed by the Freemasons to take care of you,"—and he got him a passage to France in one of the boats of the Deal smugglers.

The captain of the ship who brought me from Malaga to Cadiz obtained a freight for Bristol and Liverpool, and gave me a passage to Bristol. He used often to visit me in Cadiz, and throughout acted towards me as a brother; but when I had landed at Bristol and had taken my passage to London I never saw him afterwards.

The stage coach from Bristol to London was a cumbrous uncomfortable conveyance, and consisted of two low confined coaches joined together by a beam across the inside of the carriages, against which I more than once knocked my head. Each carriage was intended for four. There was only one inside passenger with me, a tall clergyman, who took a pamphlet out of his pocket and began to read it. After a time he held the pamphlet out to me, and asked if I had read those sermons. I replied "No," and by way of apology for not having read them, I said that

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I had just come from abroad—perhaps I said from Spain. I certainly should not in those times have said that I had come from *Botany Bay*!

I asked him if the sermons were particularly good. He hesitated to answer, and at length said, in an indefinite manner, "Nothing particular." I concluded they were his own composition, and that his answer arose from affected modesty. From the tenor of his conversation I have more than once had the opinion that he was the person who wrote the "History of the Jews," and who became the editor of "Gibbon's History of Rome."

On my arrival at London I went straight to Greenwich, where Mr. Wollstonecraft was residing. I arrived there more an invalid than anything else, for I had never entirely recovered from the effects of the epidemia, although it had attacked me in a comparatively mild form. The least cold always brought on a return of the sensation in the temporal arteries. To remedy this without consulting any medico I had my head shaved, and wore a wig. At first I went to a barber twice a week to shave my head, but I afterwards contrived to do it myself, and I certainly found it very beneficial. And I continued the practice until I went

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again to New South Wales in the "Admiral Cockburn." I ceased shaving at Madeira, and the hair was long enough on my arrival at Bahia to enable me to dispense with a wig.

I forgot to mention that, when we abandoned the ship near the Azores, the long boat was so crowded that five of the men betook themselves to the smaller boat. That boat we lost sight of soon after dark, and never saw or heard of it afterwards.

I may also add that during this long and disastrous voyage the crew always enjoyed good health, and that we never had any symptom of scurvy—then the bane of the English Navy. None of the crew died at sea, and when we reached Valparaiso there was not a sick man on board; and no casualty of any kind took place until we abandoned the ship. I afterwards learned that the master of the "Fly" (?) in a second voyage to the Cape of Good Hope was captured by the French, and remained in prison until the fall of Napoleon. I also heard with regret that my early and best friend Mr. Hodge was totally ruined in his next voyage to India, and never recovered himself, from the state of the Indian market. I never saw him afterwards. If I

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had made another voyage to India I would have been equally unfortunate.

There was such a chain of events in my voyage from the Cape that everything which happened to me was all for the best, and I now conclude it was predestined before I was born.

For the sake of brevity I omitted to give a correct account of the passengers who accompanied me from Lima for the purpose of going to Cadiz, and therefore shall now add their names. The first was Don Manuel Moralez, a native of Lima, who (according to Spanish regulations) was the nominal supercargo of the ship; but he neither had responsibility nor emolument, and paid for his passage like any other passenger. There was also a Spanish curate of the name of Bermudez, who had been elected by the district of Tarma as the representative, or deputy, in the Cortes at Cadiz, and also his nephew, and the three officers of the frigate "Astrea," whom I first met, as already stated, at Valparaiso. Bermudez, although an ordained priest, had never accepted a cure of souls, but had devoted himself to mining, and therefore might be considered as occupying the same position as a French Abbe. Don Joaquin Toledo was an

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old Spaniard, born at Tarifa. Don Eugenio Cortez was a native of Chili, where his father was a *Haciendero*, or landed proprietor; and he used to boast that he was the *sixth* grandson of the Hernando Cortez, who was the conqueror of Mexico. The second officer, whose name was Esquivel, was a native of Old Spain.

On leaving Guayaquil the second time, Bermudez and his nephew declined again to trust themselves to the ship, and Don Esquivel received an order from the Viceroy to return to Lima. This was done at the instance of the father of a young lady whom he had lately married at Lima. So that my passengers now consisted of Moralez, Toledo, and Cortez. Cortez left the ship at Rio Janeiro, and afterwards became a general of the insurgents in Chile. He corresponded with me, at a subsequent period, after I had finally settled in Sydney. Moralez had some political dispute with Toledo at the Island of St. Michael, and refused to go in the same ship with him to Lisbon.

The recent unfortunate wreck of the "Maria" on her voyage to New Guinea recalls to my recollection the melancholy shipwreck of the French ship-of-war, "Medusa,"

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on the coast of Africa, in the year 1816; when one hundred and fifty people were left on a raft by the inhuman captain—and when a vessel, about fourteen days after the wreck, rescued the survivors, there were only fifteen out of the one hundred and fifty alive, and five of these fifteen soon afterwards died.

But if this raft had been constructed by the Indians of Guayaquil, and left under their management, the whole one hundred and fifty from the “Medusa” would have been safely landed at Senegal on the coast of Africa.

The city of Guayaquil is situated about fifty miles from the mouth of the river, and large ships are loaded at the Island of Puna, at the entrance. These cargoes consist chiefly of cacao, which is conveyed from Guayaquil to ships on rafts, called *Balsa*. These rafts are so constructed that they can be made to wear and stay, and are steered by planks called *garras*, as easily as a boat.

Don Antonio Ulloa, in describing his voyage to South America in 1735, gives a minute account of these Balsas, and explains the principle on which they are managed; and there is an abstract of this account in the second volume of Captain Burney’s History of the Discoveries in the Pacific.

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I have gone down to the Island of Puna in one of these Balsas, and found it more comfortable than in a boat, and equally safe; and I have known them to take down in a trip as much as thirty tons of cacao in bulk.

The Marine Board of Sydney ought to have a model of these Balsas, and teach the captains of colonial craft how to make them.

CHAPTER IX.

Berry and Wollstonecraft determine to settle in Australia—Governor Brisbane and Staff passengers—Land Grant at North Sydney—Building of "Crow's Nest"—Description of Shoalhaven—Ten thousand acre grant secured—Disaster to first Settlement Party—Canal cut between Crookhaven and Shoalhaven Rivers—Coolangatta chosen as Headquarters—Adventurous Trip to Sydney—Treatment of Servants—Land Troubles—Successful Law Suit—Entertained by Tenantry.

In 1819, Wollstonecraft and I determined to settle in Australia, and for that purpose chartered a vessel and took out a cargo to Sydney. The adventure proved successful, and we arranged that I should return to London to enlarge our connection. Whilst in London I was informed at the Colonial Office that Sir Thomas Brisbane had been appointed Governor of New South Wales. I chartered a new ship, "The Royal George," of five hundred tons burden, and Sir Thomas with his family and staff went out with me as passengers. On my arrival in Sydney I found that my partner had obtained a grant of five hundred acres on the north shore of Sydney Harbour, opposite and overlooking

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the town, where he had erected a small cottage called the "Crow's Nest," on account of its elevated and commanding situation. Governor Macquarie had given each of us a grant of two thousand acres, but had not located them. New South Wales had begun to attract the notice of the people of England, and lots of respectable free emigrants were now flocking here. Sir Thomas Brisbane had instructions to lessen the expense of the colony, which was occasioned entirely from the maintenance of police and convicts. For this purpose he altered the terms of granting land, and he gave two thousand acres of land to every respectable emigrant who would engage to maintain twenty convicts free of expense to the Government. Everybody was flocking to the Hunter River, Bathurst, and other places where there was already a settlement, and all were elbowing one another. But we neither wished to elbow any one nor to be elbowed, particularly as the principal purpose to which land was then applied was the breeding of sheep, cattle, and horses.

In the year 1797, Mr. Bass, an enterprising surgeon of the navy, made a voyage of discovery in a whale boat along the coast to the

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southward, and discovered that Van Diemen's Land, now called Tasmania, was separated from New Holland by a strait, now called Bass's Strait. In the course of his voyage he entered into a little harbour north of Jervis Bay, and a degree of latitude south of Sydney. He called the harbour Shoalhaven, because it was full of shoals. He landed at this harbour and found that there was a large river to the north of it, which disembogued itself into the ocean through a sandy beach three miles to the north of the entrance of Shoalhaven harbour. This river he named Shoalhaven River. The river remained neglected until the latter years of the administration of Governor Macquarie, when he sent the Surveyor-General to examine it with a view to its colonisation. The report of the Surveyor-General was unfavourable on account of the swampy nature of the ground, which rendered it unfit for sheep. In consequence of this Governor Macquarie made no attempt to colonise it.

Under these circumstances we made a tender to the Governor (Sir Thomas Brisbane) to maintain one hundred convicts free of expense to the Government, provided he gave us a grant of ten thousand acres on the banks of the Shoalhaven River. Our tender was

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promptly accepted, subject to the approval of the Home Government, as the Governor was not authorised to make such extensive grants. But we thought he risked very little as our undertaking was beneficial to the Government; as at that time every convict cost the Government £16 per annum. Earl Bathurst, the then Secretary of State for the Colonies, eventually confirmed the grant when it was brought under his notice. Everybody laughed at us for such an undertaking. Some merely ridiculed, others pretended to pity us. One day a friend of mine said to me he hoped it was not true that I had taken a grant of land near Jervis Bay, for the savages would eat me. I said I had no fear whatever on that score, as I had learned how to manage savages in New Zealand. In fact, the only thing I dreaded was the dangerous entrance of the river, but I hoped I would be able to overcome that by care and caution.

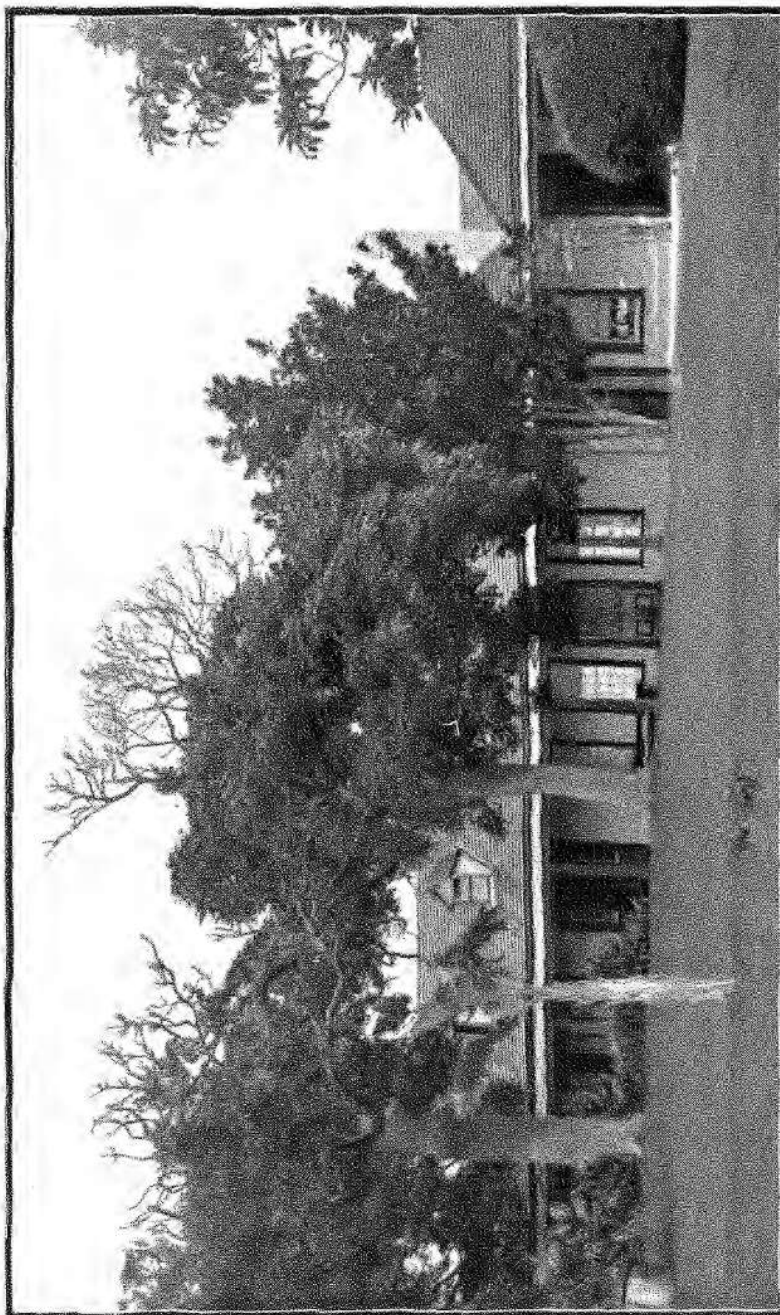
After having procured a suitable little vessel to commence the undertaking—a little cutter of fifteen tons—I proceeded to Shoalhaven with the first batch of convicts. This was in May 1822, and although it was winter in this part of the hemisphere, the weather was fine, and the water was smooth. But on

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arriving near the mouth of the Shoalhaven River I observed that, notwithstanding this smooth water outside, that there was a high surf and breakers across the entrance of the river. I had appointed as master of the vessel, a young man named Davidson, whose life I had saved at New Zealand, after the massacre, by natives, of the crew of the ship "Boyd." Poor Davidson was over anxious for my interest, and insisted that the dangerous appearance of the mouth of the river was only caused by the glitter of the sun, and that there was no danger whatever. After much discussion, reluctantly I allowed him to take a boat to examine the entrance, and the boat was manned by Davidson, his mate, two white men, and one of the aborigines who was a good hand at an oar. After the boat set out, I ran up to the mast-head, whence I saw the danger more clearly, and immediately waved my hat for them to return, and called on all the people on deck to do the same. They saw us, and heard our shouts, and put the boat about with her head to the vessel; but instead of returning, they held a discussion amongst themselves, and after some time again put the boat's head towards the breakers. I recollect that at this moment my mouth became

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dry, and my tongue clave to the roof. They escaped the first great breaker; but, alas! after the second, the next sight I got of the boat it was capsized, and the oars were in the air, and the men clinging to the bottom. When I next saw the boat there were only two men by her. I was told afterwards by the native black that after it was decided that they should go on, he stripped himself naked, and advised all the others to do the same, and be ready to swim, else they would certainly be drowned, but they did not take his advice. When the boat capsized the native black immediately left it, and swam to the shore, which he reached safely. Davidson and his mate immediately swam away from the boat and were never seen again. The two men who could not swim stuck to the boat, which was washed ashore by the surf on the beach between the entrance to the river and Crookhaven. I got two long oars and pulled the vessel into Shoalhaven, and despatched some cordials to the two men who had been washed ashore in a state of exhaustion. Next day I sent some men to launch the boat into the sea, and by keeping her in shallow water, contrived to get her into the Shoalhaven River. I then took my little vessel to a point



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in Shoalhaven* Harbour—which approached nearest to the Shoalhaven River—put the necessary tools into the hands of my men, and told them to dig a canal of communication between Crookhaven and Shoalhaven Rivers. I had, myself, little hopes that they would accomplish this at the present moment, but I knew that idleness was the parent of mischief, and the only safety for my convicts, after such a disaster, was to have them fully employed. They worked with a will, and, in about a month or five weeks, absolutely dug a canal of communication between the two waters, and sufficient to allow a loaded boat to pass. This canal is still open, and now much enlarged. When I last sounded the canal, upwards of a dozen years ago, there was a depth of three fathoms of water, so that it is now (although the Shoalhaven River remains in *statu quo*) the real entrance to the river.

Whilst my men were employed in digging this canal, I employed myself in surveying the district, assisted by the natives and a young friend of mine, a Mr. Hume, a native of the colony. For my headquarters I fixed

* Now Crookhaven.

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on the north side of the river, at the foot of a hill, called by the natives Coolangatta. This mount is 930 feet high. I located the ten thousand acre grant in this locality, and Macquarie's grant of five hundred acres I located on the south side of the river, adjoining the canal.

I then made a wooden store at Coolangatta, and removed my men and provisions from the vessel, and was now prepared to return to Sydney by sea. My crew consisted of one white man, and the native who accompanied me to Shoalhaven; also two native gentlemen—Lager, the chief of Jervis Bay, and Wagin, the chief of Numba—who were induced to accompany me by the promise of a suit of clothes and an engraved brass plate each, as a badge of their dignity as chiefs or kings!!

After leaving the harbour, we were delayed for some days by foul winds, and we saw a large ship from England in the same condition. Those on board of it tried to speak us, but I evaded them, as I was ashamed to meet strangers in my dilapidated condition, but at length they got so near us we could not escape. The captain of the ship put out his boat and came alongside. I poked my head out of the cabin and saw it was a Captain

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Reid, a lieutenant of the Navy, whom I had met in Sydney. He looked at me with surprise, and asked what I was doing. I told him I had been forming a new settlement, and of the disaster I had met with. "Come alongside my vessel," said he "and I will tow you up to Sydney"; and he compelled me to go on board his vessel at once, that he might show me, as a spectre, to some lady passengers whom he had on board. The ladies had come out with their father to settle in Australia. I had not seen them before, but had met their father in London. They flocked round me with wonderment and assailed me with all manner of foolish questions respecting the way new settlements were made, and on hearing there were no houses, they asked where I slept. I replied, "under a tree." This was true enough. I put one end of a pole in the fork of a tree and the other end rested in the fork of a piece of wood, which was put in the ground, and then a sail was put over the pole so as to form a kind of tent. In front a large fire was kept burning all night, and a number of natives slept in the open air as my body-guard. The ladies told me afterwards that they went into their cabins and cried all night

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on account of their melancholy fate of having come to Australia.

We managed our convicts chiefly by moral influence as we had no police. Occasionally we had troubles with incorrigibles, but these were the exceptions. There was a stated Government ration which settlers were obliged to give to their convicts, consisting of beef or pork and flour. We increased these rations, and in addition gave tea, sugar, and tobacco to all our well behaved servants, and the overseer had strict injunctions never to call them convicts, but merely Government servants or Government men. When they misbehaved or became contumacious we put them on Government rations. Some of these Government men are still in my service to the present day, and some are my tenants. A few months ago one of the heroes of Trafalgar died at Shoalhaven. He had been transported for striking an officer when in a state of intoxication, and had been upwards of forty years in my service.

I have told you the origin of the Shoalhaven estate. It now consists of eighty square miles of land; and after the first fourteen thousand acres it has all been obtained by purchase—generally from the Government. It now con-

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tains 368 tenants, but the greater part of the estate is occupied by myself. The tenantry have formed themselves into an agricultural association, called the Shoalhaven Estate Agricultural Society. They admit no outsiders into their society, but allow them to compete for their prizes.

Although I have been to a certain extent successful, you must not think that I have been sleeping on a bed of roses. On the contrary, I have had many severe trials during the different crises of the colony, and was nearly ruined about twenty years ago, by the failure of the Bank of Australia. In this case I had little personal interest in the bank, but had allowed myself to become a trustee for two marriage settlements where the money was invested in bank shares, and I became liable.

I have often during my long career received evil for good, but this is what every one must expect. One of my most bitter enemies has been a Presbyterian minister. About nine years ago he went down to Shoalhaven and preached a regular crusade against me. His object was to incite my neighbours to enter into a conspiracy against me, and grab my property under a new municipal law passed by our democratic Government. He readily

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got some persons of his own kidney to enter the conspiracy against me, the chief of whom was a person who had been convicted of arson and subornation of perjury.

These conspirators accordingly grabbed a large portion of my property, which was merely adapted for grazing purposes, and the Government was base enough, strange to say, to proclaim their municipality. I refused to pay the assessments, and they distrained upon me repeatedly. I brought an action against them for their illegal distress. The Government virtually defended the action, but I obtained a verdict in my favour, and of course the Government paid the costs and damages.

After many months had elapsed the Government applied to the Privy Council in London to appeal against the verdict. The most eminent counsel in London were retained on both sides. My leading counsel was Sir Roundell Palmer; theirs was Sir Hugh Cairns. When the case was eventually heard the verdict of the Supreme Court of Sydney was confirmed. This affair cost me a thousand pounds, besides the annoyance it occasioned me. It must have cost the Government many thousands.

I may mention that soon after this minister's

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attack upon me, my tenantry seemed to consider it their duty to make a demonstration in my favour, perhaps to show that I was not the vile tyrant that had been represented. They invited me to a great public entertainment at Shoalhaven. Some of my Sydney friends accompanied me, and we were met at the wharf by hundreds of people who conducted us to the large hall where the entertainment was to be given. One of my friends who accompanied me, a Mr. Napier, a native of Montrose, said as we marched along, "You ought to be delighted with this, but you look grave." The fact is, I am never elated with any popular demonstration nor gleam of prosperity. I have never courted popularity, and have always looked upon it as the vane of a weathercock.

CHAPTER X.

Retirement from Public Life—Reminiscences of Travel—"Crow's Nest" Re-built—Growth of Shoalhaven—Memories of Schooldays—Early Governors—Conclusion.

As I am no longer a public man, I have not mixed in any of the gaieties occasioned by the arrival of the Duke of Edinburgh in the colony. Indeed, at no time of life had I any taste for such things. I am shocked to say that the Duke narrowly escaped assassination by a desperate Fenian. The discontent of the Irish is unaccountable. The late Sir Joseph York used to say that the only way to pacify Ireland was to submerge it for twenty-four hours beneath the waters of the Atlantic.

But I have no more reason to complain of the Irish than of the English or Scotch, and they have often boasted that they were more faithful to me than the others were. I believe that there are at this moment upwards of one hundred and forty Irish tenants on my estate at Shoalhaven. My boatman here, originally a political offender, has been upwards of thirty years in my service, and one of his daughters, who was born at my wharf, has been upwards

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of a dozen of years in my service, and is now my housekeeper, but I very seldom change my servants. My confidential clerk has been with me upwards of thirty years.

I have met few of my old school or college fellows during my long earthly pilgrimage. I recollect after my first voyage to China breakfasting in London with John Campbell, afterwards Lord Campbell, and I also met Wilkie the painter, and a son of Professor Cook.

A younger son of Professor Hunter was a passenger with me from Calcutta to Madras, and he told me that his brother George had charge of a fleet of boats on the River Nerbudah. I think he must be the person mentioned by Kaye in his history of the mutiny in India, as the good General Geordie Hunter.

I was delighted to see by the last mail that tardy justice had at last been done to Mr. Bell, the inventor of the reaping machine; but was grieved to see that Sir David Brewster was no more. He was born about a fortnight after me.

Some years ago I renovated the "Crow's Nest" on account of auld lang syne; and upwards of a dozen years ago I erected for myself a more commodious house in a more

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convenient situation. I see the entrance of Botany across the harbour of Port Jackson from my parlour window, where I am now writing. I have made several vistas among the trees. From one point I have a view of the lower arms of Port Jackson, which I am told resembles the Golden Horn at Constantinople. The next point gives me a view of Sydney and Botany Bay, and further on I have a vista of the Great Pacific Ocean over the low land. At the entrance of the harbour further on I see the light-house on the heads. Outside of my gate is the church of St. Thomas's, the incumbent of which is my old friend the Rev. Mr. Clarke, a scientific man, and a celebrated geological savant, hardly second to Sir Roderick Murchison or Sir Charles Lyell.

I am only a humble pioneer of civilisation, and have a new project on the tapis, which is, to erect two Roman *municipia* on my property at Shoalhaven, which delights the tenantry, as they will be enabled to construct their own roads and bridges, &c. One of these *municipia* is on the north side of the river, and the other on the south. The first contains 1,250 souls, and the other only 750, but the population is rapidly increasing, and for many years

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I have had a surveyor on the place for the purpose of laying out the farms and mapping them afterwards.

The Chinese make their sugar from a plant called sorghum. This plant grows luxuriantly at Shoalhaven, and David wishes me to convert part of the estate into a sugar plantation. I have my misgivings on the subject, and sometimes think it would be better for me to rid myself of such a burdensome occupation. Old Solomon says, "Court not large possessions; where there are large possessions there are many to eat thereof," and I may fairly say I am only a steward for my dependants, and I am very sure that each of my tenants eats more than I do.

When I am alone I always eat porridge and milk to breakfast. The Queen says in her book that she tasted porridge and found it very good; and I eat it only because I like it, for I am no anchorite, and like to live generously. There is a great difference between temperance and abstinence. Adam Smith has a long dissertation on the temperance of the inhabitants of the wine countries of the south of France and Spain; but he mistook the cause. These people largely use oil in their diet, which supplies hydrogen and

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carbon to the system, and renders wine and spirits unnecessary to keep up the animal heat. The only cure for confirmed drunkards, so far as I know, is to give them cod liver oil.

I am just in receipt of the University Calendars of St. Andrews and Edinburgh. It gives me great pleasure to see how both Universities have advanced since I first knew them. I am, however, more delighted with the resuscitation of St. Andrews. In my school-boy days there was only one bookseller in Cupar—a person of the name of Henderson, who kept hardly anything in his shop except school books and ballads. There was, however, a book hawker who used to keep a stall on market days. On one occasion I saw a copy of “Salmon’s Geographical Grammar” and requested my father to buy it for me. I recollect that after I got that book I used to try to teach my father’s servants that the sun was a fixture, and that the earth revolved on its axis; but I was not able to convince any of them. And no wonder, the old Popes tethered up the earth and would not allow it to revolve on its axis for centuries; but Sir C. Lyell states, in one of his geological books, that Pope Pius VII was graciously pleased to cut the tether and allow it again to revolve.

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I recollect that old Salmon endeavours to prove that the world was round from the fact of several vessels having sailed round the world, including Sir Francis Drake and Lord Anson. What a change a hundred years have made; a voyage round the world is now an every-day occurrence. All the ships from England to this colony complete their voyage by sailing round the world. With all my wanderings I have only sailed twice round the world.

We have lived in eventful times. About the period of my birth the British American colonies had obtained their independence, which eventually occasioned the colonisation of the Australian colonies. A hundred years ago N. S. Wales was a *terra incognita*. Captain Cook first sighted the coast on the 18th April, 1770, and landed at Botany Bay ten days afterwards. Governor Phillip first landed at Sydney Cove on the 26th January, 1788, now the anniversary day of the colony. I first arrived in Port Jackson harbour on 13th January, 1808, and the notorious Captain Bligh was put under arrest on the 26th. At that time the whole population of the colony was only about ten thousand, mostly convicts. Now the population of all

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these colonies amounts to nearly two millions, exclusive of the aborigines. Up to the time of my first arrival no one had succeeded in passing the coast chain of mountains called the Blue Mountains, and they have now succeeded in constructing a railway across them.

I have personally known all the governors, except Phillip, Grose, and King. They are now all in their graves except the two last, Denison and Young, and the present Governor, Earl Belmore, lately arrived. Governor Hunter I only knew in London; all the others I knew in the colony, to wit, Governor Bligh, Colonel Paterson, Colonel Johnston, Colonel Foveau, General Macquarie, General Sir Thomas Brisbane, Colonel Stewart, General Sir Ralph Darling, Colonel Lindsay, General Sir Richard Bourke, Colonel Snodgrass, Sir George Gipps, Sir Maurice O'Connell, Sir Charles Fitzroy, Sir William Denison, and Sir John Young.

This is now our mid-winter, and the thermometer at my door is at 55 deg., but the air is cold and clear, and I feel it necessary to have a fire constantly in my room. I always prefer to burn wood, though coal abounds.

I have had the pleasure of receiving a

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volume on the agriculture and climate of North America. It is both a practical and scientific work, and I have perused it with great pleasure. It has given me more real information about America than any book I ever read before. With all its faults, I prefer Australia to America. In America, swampy land is *fever land*. At Shoalhaven, I have upwards of twenty thousand acres of alluvial land, much of which was covered with water at certain seasons, when I first engaged with it. The place, however, has always been perfectly healthy. I have never seen a single case of ague. I have never been able to account for this anomaly to my satisfaction, except that it may arise from the nature of the vegetation. Our forest trees are evergreens, and the leaves contain essential oil, which prevents putrefaction.

Australia produces as good oats and barley as Scotland, but oats are chiefly cultivated for oaten hay. At one time, I cultivated a kind of naked oats which produced a finer flour than the common oats, but now I generally use Scotch oatmeal. When amongst the Spaniards, I always breakfasted on chocolate or prepared cocoa. There it was to be had in purity, but English made chocolate is nearly always

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adulterated. I know nothing more agreeable or salutary or nutritious, than cocoa. An Indian will travel a hundred miles without any other nourishment than a few grains of cocoa. If I recollect aright, grains of cocoa served the purpose of small coins in Mexico.

A few days ago, Dr. Smith, Professor of Chemistry, brought me an analysis of the fruit of an Australian plant which I had sent to him, which contains a nutritious fecula, and a poison. He could easily extract the poison, but was unable to crystalise it. When the natives use it as food, they extract the poison by maceration in running water. The natives call this plant Burrawang; botanists call it *Macrozamia spiralis*. No cereal contains so many of the elements of nutrition as oatmeal, though it does not contain so much gluten as wheaten flour, therefore the best way of using it is in the shape of porridge.

Originally I had no idea of settling in New South Wales, and only visited it on a mercantile adventure. On my return to England it happened to me repeatedly, when travelling in a mail coach, some of the passengers would begin to talk about New South Wales. On such occasions, if they were all strangers to me, I always remained

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silent. I was ashamed to say that I had been there, lest some of them might suppose that I was a returned convict. But I was compelled to revisit the colony in order to endeavour to recover some property, in consequence of which it became my domicile.

I recollect that on one of my last visits to Errol a letter was handed to me one day when at breakfast. It was from a man who requested that I would take a letter to his son, who had been transported to New South Wales. I handed the letter to my father, and asked if he knew the man, upon which he got angry, and said, "I will not allow you to take charge of a letter to a convict; let him send it by post!" Upon the whole, I am convinced that unless a penal colony had been founded in New South Wales, Australia would not have been settled to the present day.

The Australian colonies are the cheapest conquest ever made by England. The little war in Abyssinia has already cost England upwards of six millions; and I believe that during the whole existence of the convict system the cost of these colonies did not exceed ten millions, and this was to rid England of a nuisance and to support and

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control her exiled criminal population. Much of this might have been saved if she had taken steps to encourage free emigration; but, unfortunately, for upwards of twenty years after the settlement of New South Wales, England was engaged in war, and absolutely struggling for her existence. In those early days the criminal laws of England were very severe, I may say Draconian, and people used to be transported for offences for which they would in the present day only be sentenced to imprisonment for a week. Under such circumstances many convicts were equal to free emigrants.

W. C. Penfold & Co., Printers, 183 Pitt Street, Sydney.