

and Nabai the same, and next morning Kiai brought another pig and more food. Moru and his men remained with us all night, and carried our effects next morning to the point where we could embark for the steamer. Between Gadaisu and Anderson Point it would be quite impossible for a boat to land even in the finest weather, with such violence does the sea break all along the utterly unprotected beach; but in ordinary weather a boat can land in either of two little bays, with sandy beach, just west of Anderson Point. Thence it is easy to visit the tribes of this bay proceeding east, and one can always embark at Gadaisu, and generally at Suabina. The Waibada River was too deep to be forded, but Moru and his people would at any time provide canoes for its passage.

7. I was considerably surprised by the attitude and conduct of these Orangerie Bay tribes. Not one man of them came into my sight armed. They knew much more about the Government than I could have reasonably expected, some of them saying frankly they had been restrained from acts of violence through fear of the Government. That they have already got some crude notion that the doings of the Government are based on justice was shown by the absence of suspicion on their part. The people of Nabai and Kiai were certainly at first greatly afraid, and were shy; but even they, when once brought into contact with us, showed no distrust. It is unfortunate that their coast line is of such a nature as must always restrict intercourse with them. It is not at all clear to me what is their ordinary language. I was accompanied by Mago, of Mugula, and they all understood his language perfectly. After he left us we were able to communicate with Moru through the Mairu and Cloudy Bay dialect, but whether he knew it from trading with the more western tribes or understood it from its affinity to his own tongue I could not say. The population is on the whole a healthy one, but there were seen a few cases of elephantiasis, and of course the usual endemic forms of skin disease.

The locality of all these tribes is shown on the sketch map* I have the honour to forward herewith.

I have, &c.,

WM. MACGREGOR.

His Excellency Sir Henry Wylie Norman, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., &c., Brisbane.

APPENDIX C.

DESPATCH ENCLOSING MR. MORETON'S REPORT ON EXPEDITION CONDUCTED BY HIM FROM PHILLIPS HARBOUR, IN COLLINGWOOD BAY, TOWARDS MOUNT SUCKLING.

No. 58.]

Government House,
Port Moresby, 16th August, 1891.

SIR,—I have the honour to enclose herewith a report by Mr. Moreton on the expedition conducted by him from Phillips Harbour, in Collingwood Bay, towards Mount Suckling, whilst I was making an administrative inspection of part of the coast of Moratau, Kiriwina, etc. The party was managed and conducted with prudence, and all collision with the savage tribes of the district avoided.

2. One of the principal objects I had in view was to ascertain whether the slopes of that great mountain range were likely to be of any use for the cultivation of the vine or for similar industries, at different altitudes. Mr. Moreton says there is some rich soil on the mountain spurs, and there seems to be much variation in the quality of the land. They met with no mountain villages. The rainfall seems to be heavy. The spurs of the Main Range approach to within some six or eight miles of the sea, in a straight line, leaving no place for the so-called Hornby Range of the charts, which clearly does not exist. The highest point reached was about 8,000 feet, when further progress was barred by an inaccessible precipice, the existence of which could not be foreseen. The geological features will in due course be reported on by Mr. Maitland, and the scientific collections will be submitted to authorities in Brisbane, Sydney, and Melbourne for examination.

3. It may be mentioned that the glasses stolen from Mr. Maitland were restored before the steamer left Phillips Harbour. The natives of that locality were friendly, but Mr. Hely, who was sent, while I was otherwise employed, to visit some of the villages inspected by me last year in the head of the bay, reports them as not to be trusted and as dangerous for a small visiting party, and ready to commit murder for plunder. While the steamer was taking in water at Fir-tree Point, I went some two or three miles up the river there and opened friendly relations with two large tribes in that locality. This part of the coast looks very uninviting from the sea, but it is in reality very rich, fine alluvial soil. The natives met us unarmed, and brought food down for sale. The sketch map* enclosed will show the position of the district, and the route followed by Mr. Moreton and his party. The Tauputa carriers were all landed from the steamer at their own home in good health and spirits. One of them offered himself as a member of the armed constabulary, and was duly enrolled.

I have, &c.,

WM. MACGREGOR.

His Excellency Sir Henry W. Norman, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., Brisbane.

[*Enclosure in Despatch No. 58.*]

S.S. "Merrie England,"
4th, August 1891.

SIR,—I have the honour to report that, after parting with you on 14th July, we proceeded to Tauputa, where Mr. Hely arranged with Abraham, a leading man of Tauputa, for carriers to take us—Mr. Maitland, Mr. Guise, and self—to Mount Suckling. On the 15th July, we shipped 41 carriers, and Tauputa left at 10 a.m., arriving at Yasaasa in the afternoon.

16th

* *Vide* Map Appendix.

16th July, Thursday.—We left Yasaasa at 7 a.m., and arrived the same afternoon at the “Merrie England” old anchorage, in Phillips Harbour. Mr. Hely, myself, and others went ashore, and made fairly good friends with the few natives about. Some came on board, but, unluckily, the third lot, not understanding the fooling of certain boat-boys, slid off the boat lying alongside the steamer, and swam ashore. This started those natives on the beach who had come down in a friendly way or out of curiosity. Some ultimately came back, but were timid. Mr. Guise slept ashore with the Tauputa boys.

17th July, Friday.—Mr. Maitland and self landed with the remainder of the boys, and at 8 a.m. we started for a village called Yaumobi, about one mile westerly, carrying rations and camp gear in relays. Some six natives appeared on the sandspit ahead, so I went on and made friends until the carriers arrived. I then, accompanied by a Tauputa boy and a couple of natives, proceeded to Yaumobi, and waited there until Mr. Guise and Mr. Maitland came. The first relays arrived soon after, when Mr. Guise immediately went back to bring up the rest. Mr. Maitland remaining on the veranda of a house with me and eight or ten natives that I had already around; a few came down to the other side of the creek that divides the village, but would not cross. A short time after all our gear arrived, having been mostly carried through deepish water. The natives then began to carry off their effects, spears, &c., across the creek, but they and others came back afterwards, bringing bundles of spears. Mr. Maitland remained sitting on the veranda whilst I went back to the carriers. After a while Mr. Maitland joined us, reporting that the natives had come up shaking their spears at him. I could not find out, on account of bad interpretation, who was the chief; but at last dropped on the biggest and sulkiest-looking man, who kept passing by without looking at one—Boegi, by name. I therefore called him up and gave him a shirt. After some ten minutes’ conversation through Ginger and a Tauputa boy, in which I explained our intention of going up Big Mountain, and had agreed with him that he should get some of his boys to give a hand for a couple of days, he went amongst the natives, who had then appeared fairly thick, and got those who would to come and sit down round about.

I estimated them at the time at about one-third; another third sat down further off; and the rest, whom I found in the majority, kept aloof, some with spears in their hands. I was suddenly astonished by hearing shouting, and looking up found the whole place disturbed, some of those who would not come near brandishing their spears, one in particular—who seemed to be the leader; the others rushing off to get theirs; and on our side some running forward with whatever they could lay their hands on. Boegi and self got between them, and the former quietened the people on his side. After it was all settled Boegi and an oldish man, called Kaupori, to whom I then gave a shirt, as he had stood up for us, asked us in a very friendly manner not to go that way through their village, but to go back to the old camp No. 1, and make slight detour. We immediately complied with this, as we saw we could not get through as peacefully as we could wish, and any disturbance would cause endless trouble to ourselves, at any rate. We started to get everything carried back; had some trouble, as part of the Tauputa boys, seeing the natives in the bush lining the beach, would not move; but at last got everything back to No. 1, Boegi and a few natives helping towards the end. After arriving, as there was no time to shift camp, and not knowing how far we were from water, we arranged with Boegi to bring a couple of buckets of water, which turned out to be very salt. In the meantime we sent several parties out in search of water, whilst Mr. Maitland, three boys, and myself started to cut a track southerly, so as to get out of the mangrove swamp country as quickly as possible, as also to keep clear from coast villages until our return. If it had not been for Boegi, there would have been great trouble. I found afterwards that the men who started the disturbance did not belong to Yaumobi, but to other villages along the coast.

18th July, Saturday.—Mr. Maitland started first thing in the morning with some boys to continue the track and try and get water, which he did some two miles from No. 1 Camp. Mr. Guise was laid up with fever. Ginger and self remained, intending to go back to the village of Yaumobi and make further friendly advances to the natives. As we were starting we saw in the distance a crowd of natives come out of the mangrove swamp from the direction of the village. I waited till I could see whether they had spears, and, finding they had only one, went to meet them; met them at some distance from the camp. In front there were two young men, who greeted me with the cry of “Waru,” some fifty yards behind I saw a highly-ornamented chief, carrying a spear decked out with streamers, with a club-bearer and some seventy or eighty natives behind. I wanted to go and meet him, but was signed to wait till he came up; he then handed his spear to another and came forward. Having a blue handkerchief, I put it around his neck, and he presented me with his neck ornament of seeds. We then walked to camp together. His name is Kitora, chief, from what I could make out, of Awaki and head of the tribe living about Phillips Harbour. He is a fine-looking man and quite young, was accompanied by his father, which I suppose means uncle, two brothers, and some seventy or eighty men. There were a great many more lining the mangroves along the beach. These I found afterwards had their spears with them. Taking them altogether, there must have been at least 150 men, and all fine big men, the Tauputa carriers looking like pygmies alongside. They stayed for over two hours, and then went off. I accompanied them a short distance, until an oldish man close by looked up at me and gave a quiet wave to go back. As I was walking back with some five or six Yaumobi natives, there was a cry that Mr. Maitland’s field-glasses had been stolen. I then called out to the natives, and they all started to run, except the boys with me. These promised to get the glasses back, but, of course, there was no sign of them before we left. In the afternoon Mr. Maitland, self, and some boys took part of the heavier packages across the mangrove swamp and planted them until next day. Camp No. 1.

19th July, Sunday.—Messrs. Maitland and Guise started with the carriers, and as there was something left I remained with Ginger to look after it. Later; Boegi, Kaupori, and some six or seven natives turned up, and I induced them to carry the little that remained, but am sorry to say there was some filching on the way, not found out till after. About two miles from the beach we had another mangrove swamp to go through. Not knowing its extent, and heavy wet setting in, we deemed it advisable to camp. Later Mr. Maitland and self started; on following a native track, we found the mangrove swamp only about three-quarters of a mile in extent, but bad. We came on a fine creek, No. 1, about one mile from camp; still followed the native track, which landed us in the middle of a sago swamp, and then died out. We then determined to follow up Creek No. 1. So long as it was anywhere near our course, it was running there about north. We then returned to Camp No. 2.

(Enclosure to Despatch N^o 58 of 1891)

Route Survey

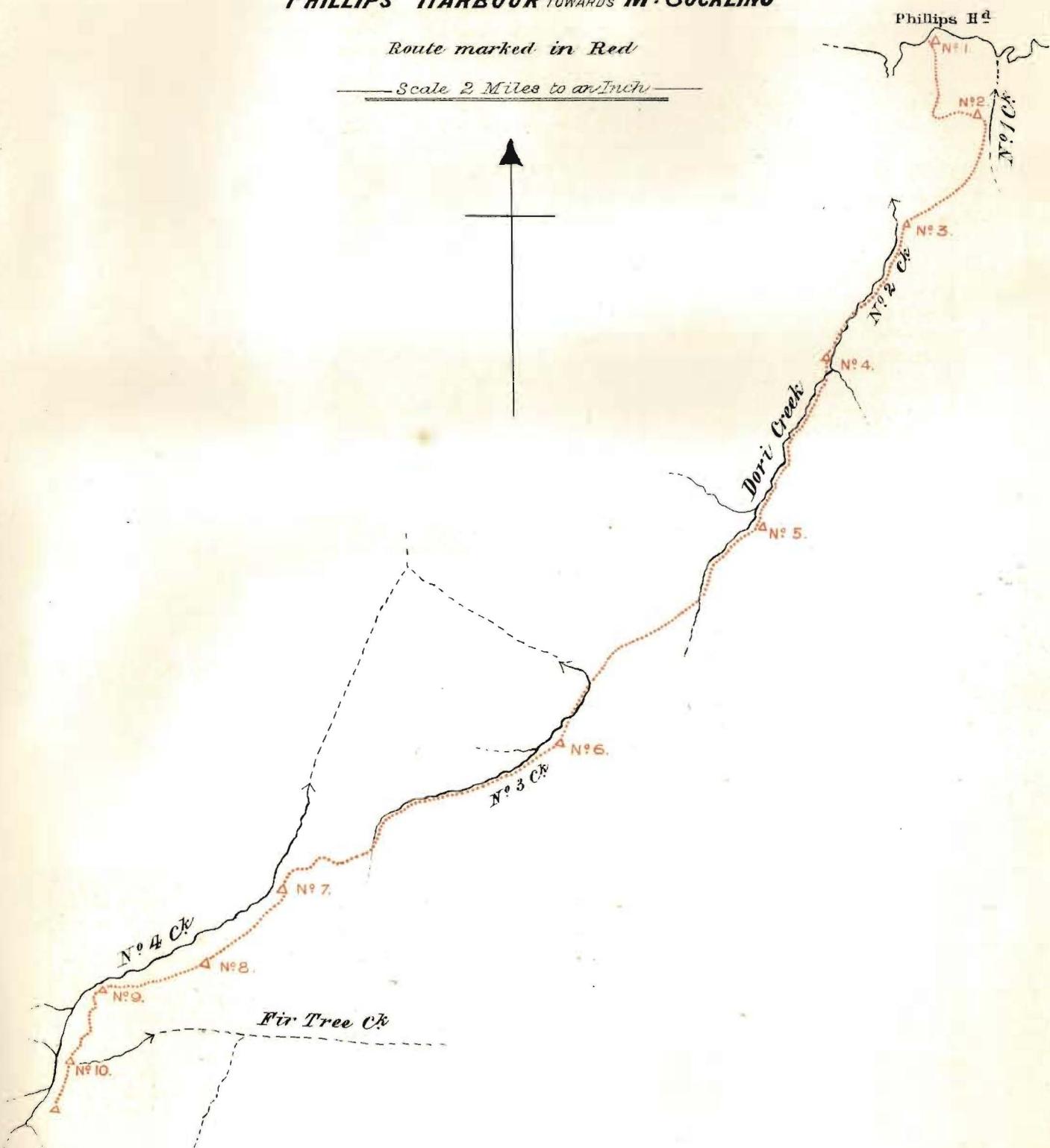
WATCH & COMPASS

FROM

PHILLIPS HARBOUR TOWARDS M[†] SUCKLING

Route marked in Red

— Scale 2 Miles to an Inch —



From Survey by,
M[†] A. Gibb Mailland.

Geological Survey of Queensland.

20th July, Monday.—We planted sixteen bags of rice and other articles at this camp for our return, in case of having to wait for the steamer. Started at 7:30 a.m., but had to leave Creek No. 1 we saw yesterday very shortly, it taking us too much east of south. We had at first for a short distance the usual New Guinea forest country to go through, with undergrowth taking three boys to clear; after that dense sago swamps and very thick scrubs of lawyer vines, heavy cutting. We were very glad to hear the trickle of running water, and came on a fair-sized creek, No. 2—native name, Dori—running north-north-east. We camped, although early in the afternoon, the carriers being a bit fagged on account of the bogginess of the country passed through. I went on and cut a track south west for some distance, and back to Camp No. 3. Travelled about three and a-half miles. Aneroid, 30.4; thermometer, 73; boiling point, 211 degrees; above sea level, 83 feet.

21st July, Tuesday.—Started at 8 a.m.; Mr. Maitland and self going on with three boys, cutting track; Mr. Guise remaining to push on the carriers. We got about two miles, and found it so bad from sago swamps and lawyer-vine scrubs that it was impossible to go on that course. Sent a boy up a tree, who reported the same country everywhere; we then determined to retrace our steps, cut into No. 2 Creek, and follow it up. This was no sooner settled when we heard that some coast natives had followed us up, and reported that we could never get through that way, but to follow the creek, which they said would take us to the foot of the mountain. We started up the creek wading, and managed some three and a-half miles generally in a south-west direction, the creek turning after we got up a bit. After travelling about one mile and a-half up the creek it became perfectly dry, the bed sometimes spreading over a wide space. We began to fear getting water, but luckily at 4 p.m. came on a pool, and camped. Camp No. 4: Above sea level, 160 feet.

22nd July, Wednesday.—Mr. Maitland and self went a bit to the west of the camp and found open country of two or three square miles in extent, and were able to take the bearings (A) of most of the hills round. We continued up the creek, still dry, generally in a south-west direction, but in a short distance found it running strong again. Mr. Guise's boys and Ginger got two gowra pigeons, with the white tips to the crest, about one mile from camp, also some other birds during the day. At about four and a-half miles the creek branched, and we took the one we thought the main branch; but, seeing it was taking us back north we returned and tried the right-hand branch. Finding no water above the junction, we considered it advisable to camp rather than try the bed of such a dry-looking creek so late in the day. Camp No. 5: Boiling point thermometer, 210 degrees; altitude per aneroid, 510 feet; altitude per boiling point, 649.

23rd July, Thursday.—Left camp 8:30 a.m., and followed up the right hand-branch south-south-west perfectly dry for four miles; and we congratulated ourselves in not having gone on yesterday afternoon, as we should have had a dry camp. We carried on to the head of the creek, and then struck out a bit to the right, and came on a fine creek, No. 3, with good water. Gave the carriers a feed and spell, and followed south-west for about two miles. This creek, like the others, although running strong in parts became quite dry, and we considered ourselves in luck, getting a small pool at two miles of running water. During the day one of the boys picked up an old stone club-head on the side of Creek No. 2. Mr. Guise's boys got a white cuscus, some Raggianas, &c.

Camp No. 6.—Aneroid, 29.05; thermometer, 69 degrees; boiling point thermometer, 208 degrees 5 minutes; altitude per aneroid, 1,485 feet; altitude per boiling point, 1,605 feet.

24th July, Friday.—Left camp 8:30 a.m.; carried on till 12 o'clock, following up the same creek as yesterday. General course south-south-west, quite dry; found a small hole at 12 o'clock and spelled, three and a-half miles; a rough road over boulders; had some clearing here and there with a gradual ascent from Camp No. 6. Here we heard the fall of water about north-west; continued on west-south-west and came on a steep gorge where we could hear the water, but it was invisible. The ascent then began to be a bit steeper in places, and in about a mile we found we could go no further on that track. Blocked in every direction, rain coming on, and the carriers, as usual, fagged, we descended to a ledge and camped. The creek, or as it might be well called a mountain torrent, was running east-north-east in a succession of rapids and small falls, with a big rush of water. The country passed through was the usual light forest, with a fair amount of undergrowth, taking two men to run the track until we started a sharp ascent, where it became much denser. Travelled some four and a-half miles, and ascended 950 feet from Camp No. 6. Mr. Maitland and self went up a hill to have a look round, but were unable to identify anything for mist. Camp No. 7: aneroid, 27.97; thermometer, 77 degrees; altitude per aneroid, 2,548.

25th July, Saturday.—Started at 9 a.m., after having great trouble to shift the carriers, most refusing to move. After a time we got everything off, and had to retrace our steps until we could face the spur. Having ascended some 1,400 feet, they again knocked up; so had to leave some rice to be fetched in the morning. They began to complain about the want of water, which was got for them by digging a hole in a dry gutter—too lazy to do it themselves. Gave them a spell, and continued our course, generally south-west, up the spur we started on in the morning. We had not ascended more than 400 feet before a thunderstorm came on. We immediately spread a fly and filled all the buckets, &c., we had.

Here we had to camp, although we were hoping to get up the 5,000 feet. There is not the slightest doubt now but what we are on one of the main spurs. The boys shot a cuscus of a grayish colour with a black mark from the nose along the back, white tipped ears, and white tip to tail. Unluckily, whilst we were busy catching water some of the carriers ate it. They are as useless a lot as one could wish to have. The scrub-itch has been very bad, and leeches numerous. Camp No. 8. Aneroid, 26.38; thermometer, 68 degrees; altitude per aneroid, 4,350 feet.

26th July, Sunday.—Rained all night. After some difficulty sent some boys back for some of the rice left yesterday, and some to get water. Couldn't start the carriers till the sun was well up; everything soaking wet. Mr. Maitland, self, and boy went ahead clearing; fairly thick and progress slow. A little after 2 p.m. it started to drizzle, and word was passed that the carriers had fixed their camp and wouldn't move. I went down and found that they had carefully got under shelter themselves, leaving their packs outside. We therefore thought it but fair to cut the flies down on top of them to cover the rations. It began to rain very heavily, so we stretched a fly for water and were forced to camp. Camp No. 9. Aneroid, 25.27; thermometer, 61 degrees; altitude aneroid, 5,651 feet.

27th July, Monday.—Early morning; could see a portion of the country below us, and some of the hills, but it soon started to rain, and rained heavily all day. Not a move to be got out of the carriers, but Mr. Maitland went with three boys and cleared a track up to 6,250 feet along a narrow ridge, and returned to Camp No. 9.

28th July, Tuesday.—Some trouble in getting the carriers to move this morning. Took twenty-one boys on, leaving the sick and useless at No. 9 Camp. The clearing became very heavy, over rotten ground and logs; did but a mile, and ascended 1,300 feet. Just got up our camp in time for the rain, which seems to be very regular at 2 p.m. since passing 4,000 feet. Camp No. 10. Aneroid, 25.28; thermometer, 63 degrees; boiling point, 199.8; altitude per aneroid, 6,903 feet; altitude boiling point, 6,875 feet

29th July, Wednesday.—Rained all night. Mr. Maitland went ahead with three cutters. Mr. Guise and self remained to push on the carriers. Left with them at 10 a.m., and caught up to Mr. Maitland at 7,730 feet, and found we were stopped and unable to get further. The spur became very narrow—room for one only—and ended in a 100-feet drop, with some 300 feet on the left, and very steep and impracticable on the right. At the end, which was all moss-covered and very shaky, three or four could sit down in a line. There was not much to be seen owing to clouds, but the sun was most comforting. It was a great disappointment being unable to go on, as everything was beginning to be interesting, and the only proposal then to be entertained was to return to Camp No. 10 and eke out a day or so collecting, there being no time to get on to another spur, it being necessary to return beyond No. 7 before we could cross to one, and time limited. Even if we could have got down that 100 feet, the continuation of the spur was very rugged and steep, and led to another spur running almost at right angles to our previous course, but afterwards trending towards Mount Suckling. Camp No. 10. Total height reached, 7,733 feet.

30th July, Thursday.—Mr. Maitland and self started at daybreak to go to the end of our track, so as to have a view before the mist should rise. It was well worth the trouble, as we got a grand view. Took the principal bearings and a few outlines (B1x B2 and B3) of the mountains. We saw through a blue haze at a great distance, and bearing 304 degrees, a big mountain, which we suppose to be part of the Owen Stanley Range. It was seen through a gap in the Hydrographer's Range. What seemed to be the highest peak from the ship has to give way to the single peak, which must be at least 500 feet higher. It appeared to be some five miles away; the top, as seen by the naked eye, being bare of trees. We came to the conclusion that the best way to arrive at the summit, with good collecting ground, would be to take either of the long spurs leading from the ends of the range, which runs somewhere about south-east and north-west. If time was no object, the east end would be preferable, starting from about Fir-tree Point, where a fair-sized creek enters the sea, which could be followed to the foot of a good leading spur. Opposite to where we were stopped we could see pine trees, not in any great quantities, and not of any great size—perhaps 1 foot to 1 foot 3 inches in diameter, but nice straight sticks.

To our left, bearing 115 degrees, and ten or twelve miles distant, was a mountain which we took to be Mount Dayman, and which, if so, is much nearer the north-east coast than marked in existing charts. The country between it and the coast appeared flat, with open patches here and there. To the south-west of Mount Dayman there was another peak, bearing 128 degrees 30 minutes. From this summit there extended towards us a sloping tract of almost timberless country, the surface of which appeared to be very rough. Some small watercourses were noticed, which are tributaries of Fir-tree Creek. This range is separated from the Suckling Range by a low divide.

The bearing of Mount Victory was also obtainable—352 degrees 30 minutes. The country between it and the Suckling Range is comparatively flat and clear of timber, except in belts, which appear to run towards Mount Victory.

For the last few days the travelling has been over a mass of rotten fallen trees and roots, with a layer of moss-covered decayed vegetable matter, making the foothold very uncertain.

31st July, Friday.—Rained all night. Left No. 10 Camp on our return to the coast, where we arrived on the morning of 3rd August.

From the base of the mountain to the highest point reached no other rocks but quartz schists and quartzites were seen, with the exception of a few pieces of black graphitic schist. No other rocks were seen in the beds of the creeks crossed. Mr. Maitland made a collection of rocks, illustrating the geological features of the country passed through, which will be properly dealt with in his report.

Mr. Guise got some forty birds, a list of which he will send in. The plants met with were, until we reached an altitude of 6,560 feet, uninteresting. A few have been brought down.

At No. 4 Camp we began to doubt the existence of the Hornby Range as shown on the chart, and further on we were perfectly satisfied as to its non-existence. My idea is that the hills formed along the spurs leading to Mount Suckling Range, and some five miles from the summit, have been named the Hornby Range under the impression that they were a distinct line of hills, which might be so taken to be from the coast by a casual observer; but that fallacy may be dispelled.

By the coast natives we were told that there were three villages underneath the range, named Doridorina, Wagbela (chief, Oro), and Baruri (chief, Boki). We did not see them, although Ginger reported seeing a clump of cocoanut trees from the top of a tree bearing about north-west between Nos. 6 and No. 7 Camps.

On 3rd August I should have mentioned having seen on our return trip the place where the coast natives had had fires something over half a mile from our No. 3 forward Camp. They must have, from their subsequent movements, been watching our Camp No. 3 on the night of 20th July.

In conclusion, I must express our regret that we had not a little more time at our disposal.

I have, &c.,

M. H. MORETON.

His Honour Sir Wm. Macgregor, M.D., K.C.M.G., Port Moresby.