

"Did I say I went in a cutter?" replied Ned laughing outright. "Oh, that was another time," continued he, "when we were wrecked, and landed at Victoria, and went across to Vincent by land with the dray. It came to blow hard on a lee shore, and we couldn't get the cutter off, so we left her high and dry upon the sand, and were going to walk round the gulf."

Now Ned's method of relation had always a vast deal of obscurity about it, and his narrative, although having truth at the bottom, often looked very like the thing which is not, from events relating to two or three distinct periods being interwoven or jumbled together. He had an unailing fund of good nature, and a good deal of odd humour, which oftentimes sparkled, but it would never bear either his own or others' study. His confusion of times and places, reversing both without hardly thinking of either, never troubled him. He was no Irishman, but his bulls were often good, the Celtic blood flowing in his veins, from his being more than half a Welchman. *Au revoir.*

In the midst of Ned's soliloquy, for such his speeches might ordinarily be called, the boat exhibited certain unrulinesses common to all boats in an open sea; *id est*, she butted with her head, and yawed with her stern, at every coming small wave. Mac was at the helm, and was as much interested in Ned's story as in the progress of the tiller, so that when one was nearly concluded, the other was proportionably forgotten, and when the *decimus undus* came, we were thrown broadside into the trough, and shipped a large splash of the briny flood, much of which concentrated its force against the relator's visage and breast, and for a moment stopped the flow of his utterance.

"Have you tasted water before for a month?" said one.—"Don't spare it" said a second; "there's plenty where that came from." "I thank you for drinking my health," chimed in a third; and each one was abundantly pleased with his own joke; whilst Ned, between hawking up the salt water, and laughing at the joke, was almost suffocated.

As is usual on occasions in which the spirits break their ordinary bounds, like the sudden bursting of a dam, so on this, the first flood was the strongest, and a quiet dull deadness followed. Mirth was not warranted, and we seemed to feel it, and silence was the consequence. Our boat pushed aside the water safely; halliards and sheets were looked to carefully; and the ebullition subsided into a dead calm for a time. Something was said, hardly attended to, about drowned mice, and moulting ducks, in wet weather; a discovery was made that the land was receding on the one hand and approaching on the other; that there were hills on both sides the gulf, pretty well timbered, and that the shore lay close adjoining to the water, and could be perceived as long as it was visible.

"Are there large oysters in this bay?" was at length asked by some one of Ned.

"Regular boomers" replied he; "I once gathered some as large as a soup plate and a flat plate put together, but I could make nothin' of them till they were boiled; they were too big to make one swallow of

them raw, and when off the fire we had to carve them like—just like an oyster.”

Mac turned the quid in his jaw, and spurted his excessive salivary secretions astern; then looking informingly, he gave us to understand, that where he had been in America, the oysters were much larger. He had once picked one off a mangrove, so big that four of them had dined off it, and a piece was notwithstanding left for supper. Its beard the cook used to swab the mess kids with, and its shells for his peas-soup till he ran away from the ship during the next voyage at Savannah.

Ned suggested that this was a cracker; but Mac had been round the world twice, and should know what was what; and, if we did not believe him, we might ask Jack Brown, who was his shipmate, and who helped him to carry it aboard and eat it; the more by token, that the said Jack was nearly choked by trying to swallow a crayfish, which was in its stomach, and which nobody saw till it was driven out of his throat by a sudden thump on the back of the said Jack.

“Look out!” cried Mac, immediately after having told his story, thus interrupting farther contradiction; and accordingly we observed a rather heavy sea a short way a-head, but which Mac could equally well have piloted us over without the assistance of our visual organs. It served his purpose, however, for the oysters were forgotten, after Mr. W. had mumbled in deep abstraction—

“A shell to thee, and a shell to thee,
The oyster is the lawyer’s fee.”

It was now nigh four o’clock, but we had in the exhilaration of the voyage forgotten the creature wants. Mac, however, had for sometime been wistfully overhauling with his eyes the outside of the box, in which the lines are stowed when a-fishing, but in which we had deposited our commissariat. At last he plucked up courage to enquire, merely out of curiosity, if there was any shot in that locker amid-ships, as his cartouch box was empty, and it was unsafe in these seas to be without ammunition. Ned, having among his many occasional avocations been a cook’s mate in the bush, proffered his services to exhibit the viands, and in a few minutes were displayed ample rations of cold mutton, corned beef, and salt pork, with sundry accessories, altogether affording, if not a select, at least an abundant repast, which we washed down with a moderate allowance of wine, and again the decks were made clear, while we bounded on our way, now more visibly approaching the western shore, although still a considerable distance from it.

Ned was called upon to point out the whereabouts of Oyster Bay, and promptly recollected some headlands and rocks, we appeared to be making, as the place; as we neared, however, their appearance changed, and that was not it. Neither was his next attempt at recognition more successful; and, although we were within two miles of the coast, and the sun was fast lowering, much to our annoyance nothing could be made of his memory; so after agreeing (he only dissenting) to stop his grog that evening, we resolved on getting in-shore, and standing along under the land, until we found a place suitable for making a descent. Ned’s spirits suffered nothing, but I was chagrined at finding the pilot of my

own chosing of so little service at the outset. Mr. W. took the matter quietly, but was evidently nonplussed. As for Mac, he chewed his tobacco, and, now and then, whistled and invoked the wind with a "blow on good breeze," most provokingly at his ease, and true enough his philosophy was praiseworthy. It was no matter of his we were upon; if he was in the boat sailing, it was all well; and if he were ashore, he would be ashore, and it would make but little matter.

The wind had some time been chopping round, and now, favored us, so that our progress was much greater, and the motion of the boat much easier, than it had been during the morning. The light faded quickly away, and with it the wind lulled; it was already seven, and we could scarce perceive the indentings of the shore, although the break of the water on the rocks was distinct; a young moon gradually threw her light over us, and, before another hour passed, we heard the measured roll of the waves on a beach, and were enabled to perceive the localities. Mac went forward to look out, while I steered the boat under a reduced sail, and, in a little time, we were aground, and in the water, dragging her ashore, which we soon effected, and made her secure. A short time sufficed to gather together wood and kindle a fire, and water was as promptly put on to boil for tea. Ned's stores were landed, and a wild comfort was in progress, cheered by light hearts and perfect confidence in our security. Ned's transgression, it is needless to say, was forgotten, and when we lay down around the fire to sleep, there were not four more contented mortals in the universe; nor had the rocks and woods about us rung before to any merriment, far less to such as ours, which, mixed with songs, echoed far and wide o'er the sea and the desert around us.

The dawn awoke us, and after a drowsy stretch or two, all were alive again, cheerful and refreshed by sound sleep. The boat was in safety, and, had we had a sentry, he might honestly have said—"all's well." The fire was added to preparatory to tea-making, while W. and myself, the scientific body of the expedition, went to explore a short distance round. We found no very rare geological specimens. The rocks were mostly ternary, at least so we called them. The soil exhibited silix in abundance along shore, and interiorly a mixture of loam and clay, resting, as we judged, on rock, but at what depth we had no means of computing. We regretted much the departure of our late Governor Gawler, whose luminous and learned observations on South Australian geology are so well known, and so highly appreciated. The trees were of various species of eucalypti, and a few of the acacia tribe. We observed an orchis, and a few hyacinths, in a low gully, with some sickly geraniums. Animals, we believed to exist among the woods, but whether grameniferi, canine, or feline, we could not then determine. The rhinoceros has not yet been discovered, and we found no traces of the hippopotamus, the cameleopardalis, the antelope, or the bison. We succeeded in destroying a lizard of two inches in length, and, as it appeared to us, there was the trail of a snake over the sand, so that the country may be said to be proved to have inhabitants. On the beach were a few univalve shells, and the lower shell of a bivalve, which we placed among the

oyster tribe; some remains appeared to us to be of the cuttle tribe, but they were very imperfect; of other kinds we saw none, so that after making notes of these particulars, and securing the specimens, we re-joined the party in the boat.

I pray you not to think me ribald in these my scientific remarks, because I am not deeply acquainted with the various subjects of natural history. Every little drop in the great water-bucket of science assists in filling it, and our humble researches may possibly be made applicable to deeper discoveries by those who have more eruditely studied these sciences.

Our little excursion did not take an hour, but we were pleased with the novelty, and the morning has always its spirit stirring effect. We returned to our companions more buoyant in spirits, and joined them in a substantial breakfast seasoned with good humour and content. A little after six we were again afloat, and ploughing the waters of the gulf at a good pace, pleased with the ever varying aspect of the shores, though not satisfied with the apparent capabilities of the country, which were the very reverse of promising. Wild scrub, barren rock, and unprofitable wood, seemed the general features, without a vestige or prospect of water. Seafowl were constantly about us urging their rapid gyrations, and occasionally darting under water after their prey. Hour after hour we enjoyed the scene, sometimes standing off shore, at other times close upon the rocks, which occasionally exhibited the most fantastic features, and, in many cases, quarried into deep caverns, overhung by precipices, whose decayed formations threatened to shake into the waters beneath. In some places, within a few hundred yards, the seams assumed the form of an inverted segment of a circle, the under part hidden in the waves, and the basin fitted up with apparently extraneous rocks in every variety of confusion. Along some of the ridges dead and burnt trees held pre-eminence, and gave a more savage look to the unpromising land before us. Our progress towards noon slackened considerably, but we still made headway, and the warm sun inclined us to sleep, until Mac's cartouch-box being again exhausted, we recommenced an attack on the provender with a voracious appetite. The boat moved sluggishly along, clunking as she met a small wave, seeming as indisposed to exertion as we were, so that we had a quieter dinner-table than on the previous day. The good things instigated a song to while away the time, and even Mac's taciturnity was infringed on, and he uttered a chaunt of his own country, but whether it was bacchanalian, or bellicose, or amatory, we could not tell, it being in Gaelic, only we made a sad bungle of it in endeavouring to join in the chorus, the words being absolutely unmouthable.

"How long have you been in this colony Ned?" enquired Mr. W., in a pause which gave him an opportunity of edging in a word.

"More than three years," replied he; "I came out in the —, to be a gentleman, but soon spent all the money I brought with me, and then had to shift for myself."

"And what did you do first?"

"I forget now, but I think I went a shepherding. Oh yes, I went mate to Donald —, to herd sixteen hundred sheep down at Glenelg.

It was a pretty go that. We had not been many days there, when we lost five hundred of them. You see there was no water, but some deep holes which had been dug, and the sheep were like to perish for want of it. Sometimes they would run into these holes among the mud, two or three deep, and we had to run after them, to keep them from smothering. I didn't like that at all. However, one night five hundred of them went away to seek water for themselves, and never came back again. Eh! what a pickle Donald was in when he found them gone."

"But you would find them next day?" said Mr. W.

"The devil a bit. They were never seen nor heard tell on. Somebody had wanted a flock, and just picked them up to take them to better grass, and our master, by way of paying himself, wouldn't give me any wages. So I left him, but I got my money afterwards, because it wasn't my fault, for Donald was shepherd, and I was only mate, and had nothin' to do with them."

"Well, what was next?"

"I went hut-keeping to another district, and was there a while, but it was no good, and I left it. I didn't like watching the wild dogs at night, so I got on to the survey, and was there a long time, up the Murray, and down to the lake, and coasting the peninsula, and away beyond Port Lincoln, and I think a'most every place, and at last was paid off from that too."

"What was the next shift?"

"I stayed in town seeking a job a long time, living the best way I could, and at last took to the country, along with C——, to seek work at anything, but he left all the trouble to myself, for he would not go up to any station to ask for work, or for anything, and we were nearly starved. I got in though as full cook and head waiter at a place where I was awhile, but I wanted to get as much money as would take me home, so I left that too, as I could save nothin' there."

"Then you got a better employment, no doubt?"

"I went splitting in the tiers with another chap, but he liked his beer, and all was spent rather faster than it was earned. Sometimes we had nothing to eat but what the dogs caught for us in the woods—'possums, bandicoots, and kangaroo rats; sometimes we had not a bite of bread to eat with them, and neither pepper nor salt, though we could make plenty of money; but it was very hard work, and it was no good to work hard and have nothing to eat. They are a bad lot in them tiers too, and I didn't like them half."

"You can scarcely be at a loss now for a job," continued Mr. W., "having learned so many?"

"Tut, man! that's not half what I've been at; I think I've tried everything that's been done here. I've been at the grubbing-up of trees, and road-making, and fencing, and I was to have been a schoolmaster once, but the children were either too young to send to school, or too old to learn, so that was no good, and I had to take to the survey again, where we had pretty good pay, and not much work."

Ned was wonderfully contented through all his vicissitudes, and thought very little of to-morrow. He was now on a freak away from

his splitting, to which he was to return again. He is not singular in his circumstances, for many an educated person is now in as humble an employment as he had found difficulty in obtaining.

In the afternoon, the birds appearing more numerous about us, we endeavoured to shoot some of them, but were far from successful, finding it difficult to take a sufficiently steady aim from so unstable a footing. One or two were brought down, but were not thought worthy of preserving for our table, as it was doubtful whether we should have an opportunity of cooking them before they would be useless. Besides, we had plenty of good provender, and a full basket makes a careless steward. We might have tried fishing, but considered that we should thereby retard our progress in the light wind that we had, so that that scheme of eking out our provisions was put off till another time.

Having been told, that, about fifty or sixty miles from the port, there was a small running stream, and some rather better country, I proposed that we should try to discover it. It was represented as a quiet place, of not very difficult access, and safe for boats when once found. The whim of the moment ruled us, and we crept in-shore, narrowly searching every opening but without success. Again the sun declined, and we resolved on landing at the first convenient place, although we were conscious of having made but a short voyage during the day. We coasted on, and soon had the satisfaction of discovering a small rocky inlet, into which we rowed, having taken in sail to make the boat more manageable in case of getting into a wrong box in trying to land. A ground swell rolled heavily in, and beat high against the rocks, but the opening, though narrow, was sufficient to allow of our proceeding safely with caution. The only thing we feared was, the sudden shoaling of the water, or a sunken rock meeting us as we fell with the wave, which might have split our boat in pieces. However, we pushed on for several hundred yards, and, after making a sharp turning to the left, we found ourselves in nearly smooth water, with a low shore on our right, and a gradually rising plain behind it. We had still plenty of light, and, before making a landing, had time to admire the picturesque of the place. It certainly was not the cove I had been informed of, for it answered the description in no respect, so that by right of discovery, we named it the Buck—Buckhaven.

Having landed and made the boat secure, we, as is usual in all cases in which a halt is made in bush life, and in travelling, struck up a fire, and soon had our tea and provisions before us. We were glad to have the exercise of our limbs ashore again, after being so long cramped, in almost the same position, on board for twelve hours, and the refreshment of the outward man served to elate the mind, and give buoyancy to the spirit within us. Even the unobtrusive Mac waxed communicable, and as we sat or lay around the crackling blaze, went off, as Ned, remarked, like a pea gun, and fired round after round with great precision. It must be confessed that his yarns were somewhat prosy, but they were varied, and we listened interestedly to a very long one about a tiger swimming after a boat in the Hooghly, which which was frightened back into the jungle, in some way or other, which Mac did not then take time to relate.

To explain this, I must tell you how we were placed. We had chosen for our camp a little grassy hillock, about two hundred yards from the boat, over which nature had scattered a few she-oaks of small growth. Against one of these Mac had leant his back, with his feet to the fire, into which he was gazing anxiously, as if he had seen the tiger about which he was telling us. His attention had not been directed to a hillock at the tree-root beyond him of the large black ants, nor did he perceive that the vicinity of the fire, and the treading about, had made a commotion in their republic. To cut short my narrative, one of these, in making its rounds, had adventured up the leg of Mac's trowsers, and kept its progress uninterrupted, until coming to his seat it could proceed no farther. Attempting to turn round, a titillation was produced, and exactly as Mac was to have told us of the way in which the tiger was frightened, his hand involuntarily pressed his seat of honor, and squeezed the intruder, who, resenting the pressure, applied his powerful yellow forceps with such hearty good will, that poor Mac, with an imprecating shriek sprung on his feet to our infinite alarm, and as we could see no cause for the movement, our suspicions naturally conjured up a something horrible which we supposed him to have discovered on the instant. We eagerly enquired the cause of his disturbance, but oath upon oath, and roar upon roar, sometimes in English, sometimes in Gaelic, was all we could get from him, for his enemy kept repeating his acts of aggression, until all at once, to our utter astonishment—hide your face ye chaste moon!—Mac loosened those which are inexpressible, and, with a grin of satisfied malice, seized the carcase of the terrible formica, and flung it into the fire. If his yells of pain and anger were great, imagine how much more vociferous were our peals of laughter; we screamed—we held our sides—our lungs ached—we could not speak; we looked first at one another, and then at Mac, who was now sullenly recovering, and screamed and jumped and rolled again; peal followed peal, even after we could find strength to remark on the catastrophe, and every remark was followed by an uncontrollable cachination, till, like a wearied thunder-cloud, the phenomena rumbled away in the distance.

Not to have been bitten in a tender part by a strong ant, is not to know one of the most refinedly acute pains a mortal can be made to feel. It comes with far more suddenness than a shower-bath of cold water, the string being pulled by an attendant unknown to the nervous bather; and the pain has such a racy sharpness as to fix itself in the memory of the sufferer in all time coming. So was it with our friend Mac, whose rueful visage continued to tell for some time the discomfort he still endured; but, although, I, at least, knew what he suffered, the whole was so ludicrous in the bystanders' eyes, that no one could avoid breaking out into laughter, notwithstanding a knowledge of the painful cause. Nor did he escape bantering in every shape, until his patience being exhausted, he seized a couple of blazing sticks, and in a few moments, had a good fire by himself, in a place he had first carefully reconnoitred, lest he might alight on another lurking enemy. We soon joined him, and to make matters

good, trespassed on our stores beyond our allowance, in an extra cup, and all were quickly asleep.

During the night I was awoken by Mr. W. passing near where I lay, and felt a cold numbness all over. He had risen to find wood to increase the fire, having also felt the cold. The moon was wading within a narrow halo, and clouds of heavy vapour were moving in great masses across the sky. Where we were, the neighbouring heights sheltered us, but we heard the sea outside harshly grumbling, and even within the cove the waves turned over with a hollow sound upon the beach. Mr. W. and I remarked that it looked threatening, and, after trimming some fresh logs, again went to sleep. I slept more soundly than usual, and was only awakened by the vociferations of my companions, who had arisen before me. The sky was then heavy, and the sun had merely given token of his being about to appear. All our spirits seemed flagged except Mac's, whose internal action seldom portrayed itself outwardly, and who bustled about as usual. Some provokingly kind enquiries were made to him as to his wounds, the sharpness of which had subsided, but it requires more than a day to cool down the part affected. He bore the hidden jibe with a good grace, and had a ready reply, but we were apparently not to be roused to mirth, although good humour was not wanting. Breakfast was soon despatched, and "to boat" was as readily complied with. We again rowed her out into the gulf, and were met by a heavy struggling sea. However, we hoisted sail, and, with regret, I must say, we left Buckhaven; although beyond the mere belt of beach, we had seen nothing of the country. We took the bearings of it well in our memory, however, so that we might be able at any other time to run into it, should we find it necessary, and then stretched across towards Kangaroo Island. The wind was shifting frequently a few points, and Mac's opinion being asked, he thought we might soon expect a change of weather. Query, had we it not already? The breeze was now due west; again S.W., and anon S.S.W., while the sea was a little broken, and irregularly disturbed on the surface, besides an increasing ground swell. We kept a good head to our course, and made some progress, but the wind coming away heavier, we thought it well to take in sail, which, however, prevented us from making much to windward. A few drops of rain fell about ten o'clock, and it soon became obvious that we might expect more, as the clouds began to concentrate towards the west, whilst a carry among the upper clouds was visibly inclining from the south. A council was held, and we resolved to make again for Buckhaven, and the boat was put about, still, however, holding our wind, until we should reach the shore, in case of finding another harbour more in our course. We made little progress, and it was three o'clock before we saw an eligible place for landing. It appeared to be to windward a mile or two, and we accordingly tried to beat up to it, and, after much labor, and shipping some water, we reached opposite the place, but found it protected by a reef over which the sea broke in sheets of foam. Night was coming on, and it was too late now to think of retracing our course to the last night's place of shelter; so we had only the alternative of

pushing out, and laying to for the night, if we could accomplish it. We accordingly made our offing, but the rain soon began to fall heavily, and carried on gusts of wind which made it dangerous for us to carry even any sail at all.

Night was now upon us in a tumultuous sea, our boat pitching violently, and it being at the same time dangerous to show sail, while we drifted fast to leeward, to be brought up, none of us could tell where; and, at the great risk, of being cast against a rock and destroyed. I asked Mac if he had ever lashed a spar at painter's length a-head in such circumstances, to prevent drifting, but he had not heard of it. I recommended its adoption, and a couple of oars being lashed together, a good long line was made fast with a spring to each end, and dropped a-head. In a little we drifted, and found that our oars, thus lying across our driftway, kept us about as at anchor. To prevent the water breaking over our bows, we also rigged the mast fore and aft, and got the sail over it like an awning, and well fastened along the gunwale, which thus threw the spray overboard, and kept us comparatively dry besides. The rudder was abandoned, being now useless, and we crept under the shelter we had thus erected to eat our comfortless meal, which was unattended by either joke or song. Our watch was set, Ned and I having the first, and Mr. W. and Mac wrapping themselves up with the view of getting some sleep.

How different from the day before, when all was warm, pleasant, and agreeable, and each heart as light as thistle-down.

SOUTHERN SUNSET.

Oh! the sunset that burns where the dancing waves lie,
 Half melted in glory, and blent with the sky;
 No dark cloud to follow the chariot of day,
 As desert dust follows a traveller's way.

One tiny cloud only the vision can find,
 Like one spark of radiance forgotten behind,
 Some small misty island, that lieth alone,
 Or the foam on a wave when a vessel is gone.
 Like a white feather lost from a tropic-bird's wing,
 So lovely and fair floats the beautiful thing—
 The fairest, the farthest of earth I behold,
 One cresset of light o'er the wide dome of gold,
 Or a white bird asleep on a blue eastern main,
 Slow drifting away to the day-beauties' wane.

How oft have I gazed at the daylight's decline,
 To the sunsets which burnish the seas of the Line,
 And the thin gilded vapors which follow them there,
 Half lost to attraction, and balanced in air;
 And thought as I dwelt on the prospect before,
 I should look on such visions of beauty no more;
 But the sun of the tropic, though bright to appear,
 Lights a sunset of glory as beautiful here.

Adelaide.

H. H. BLACKHAM.

MANUSCRIPTS RECENTLY DISCOVERED ON THE BANKS OF THE MURRAY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SOUTH AUSTRALIAN MAGAZINE.

MY DEAR SIR—It is by no means an uncommon occurrence in travelling on the banks of the Murray to fall in with the remains of a deserted survey station, the site of which is invariably denoted by the skeletons of former habitations, and fragments of human garments, tools, and utensils of every description scattered about around them, giving to a limited tract of ground in the vicinity all the variety of hues that are to be found in the changes of the kaleidoscope.

Having, on one occasion, pitched my tent close to an old settlement of Poole or Henderson's party, near Point Malcolm, and at the entrance of Lake Albert, for the convenience of a well of fresh water, that had been dug there, I observed that one of my men, who was engaged in rummaging the heaps of rubbish for pieces of glass with which the natives point their spears, had disturbed a rather bulky substance, the nature of which seemed to puzzle his comprehension. Having, by a sign, made him bring it to me, and shaken off the dust and dirt that covered it, I plainly perceived that it was a species of earthen vessel, which is seldom to be met with in the bush, but of common use in towns, and was rather surprised at finding it in such a situation. My curiosity being stimulated, I examined it more closely, and found that it was cracked nearly in two, which defect had been partly remedied by a ligature of black tape, which also secured round the rim an old Scotch cap, that had been slit for the purpose of allowing it to descend and fasten down the upper shell of one of those tortoises that abound thereabouts, which served as a cover for it. Within was a mass of dirty papers—enclosed in a wrapper, and labelled "Secret Correspondence"—some of them relating to financial concerns, and others containing much interesting intelligence on family and individual matters. I am taking considerable pains to decipher them, and in making a faithful copy, that so much erudite and pleasing information may not be lost to the public. At the bottom was a quantity of loose paper, on which verses were scribbled in every possible variety of metre; hymns, psalms, wine, love, and war songs, and some, I am sorry to say, of a more exceptionable character. I fancied, however, that a connection existed between many of the verses, and eventually discovered, that the author had been composing a tale of considerable length, although, from the first few verses, you can hardly tell what he is driving at; and that the lighter portions are intended to intersperse the work. Having a great dislike, myself, to rhyming and poetry of all sorts, I threw them aside for a time, but looking them over again, I recollected that, in the infancy of our colonial literature, we must not despise even the contributions of mediocrity, and therefore have determined to arrange them in parts, as far as I am able, and send them, that your more experienced judgment may decide as