

lowered again at ebb. Hence, after heavy rain, the surface water in all the upper parts of the creek is so diluted by the torrent of fresh water from the stream, that it becomes almost fresh ; indeed, at the time of our visit, it was for three or four miles down, which was as far as we went, so little brackish as to be drinkable. At a short depth, no doubt, the water was salt.

Here are the most favourable conditions possible for turning marine animals into freshwater animals ; in fact the change of mode of life presents no difficulty. Below, no doubt, the water is always salt, but the fish find a fluid gradually less and less salt as they rise to the surface.

We caught the mullets in the almost fresh water, with a net. The oysters were flourishing in the same water, and with them the mussels and crabs ; I even saw an abundance of *Meduse*, and a species of *Rhizophora* swimming in the creek above the sand-flats, where there was scarcely any salt at all in the water, yet evidently in most perfect health.

Occasionally, in times of long drought, the water becomes as salt as the sea. The fishermen told me that after sudden very heavy freshets of water from the river, some of the shell-fish sickened and died. He accounted for the presence of numerous dead cockle-shells (*Cardium*) in the bed of the creek, since he had never found the animals there alive, by supposing that they had all been killed off by some unusual influx of fresh water many years before.

But beyond all that has been described, and beyond the extreme beauty of its wild and rocky scenery, the Browera Creek has yet another interest ; it was in old times the haunt of numerous Aborigines, who lived on its banks in order to eat the oysters and mussels, and the fish.

On every point or projection, formed where a side branch is given off by the main creek, is to be seen a vast kitchen midden or shell mound. So numerous are these heaps of refuse, and so extensive, that it has been a regular trade, at which White men have worked all their lives, to turn over the heaps and sift out the undecomposed shells, for making lime by burning them ; unfortunately the numerous weapons thus found have mostly been thrown away.

There is now not a single Black on the creek. Many of the mounds are very ancient, and it must have taken a very long time for such heaps to accumulate. Stone hatchet blades are still to be picked up in considerable numbers, and I obtained several. The heaps are very like those at the Cape of Good Hope in appearance, but there were none of the peculiar piles of stones about them, which I noticed at the latter locality.

The softer layers weathering out from under the harder slabs