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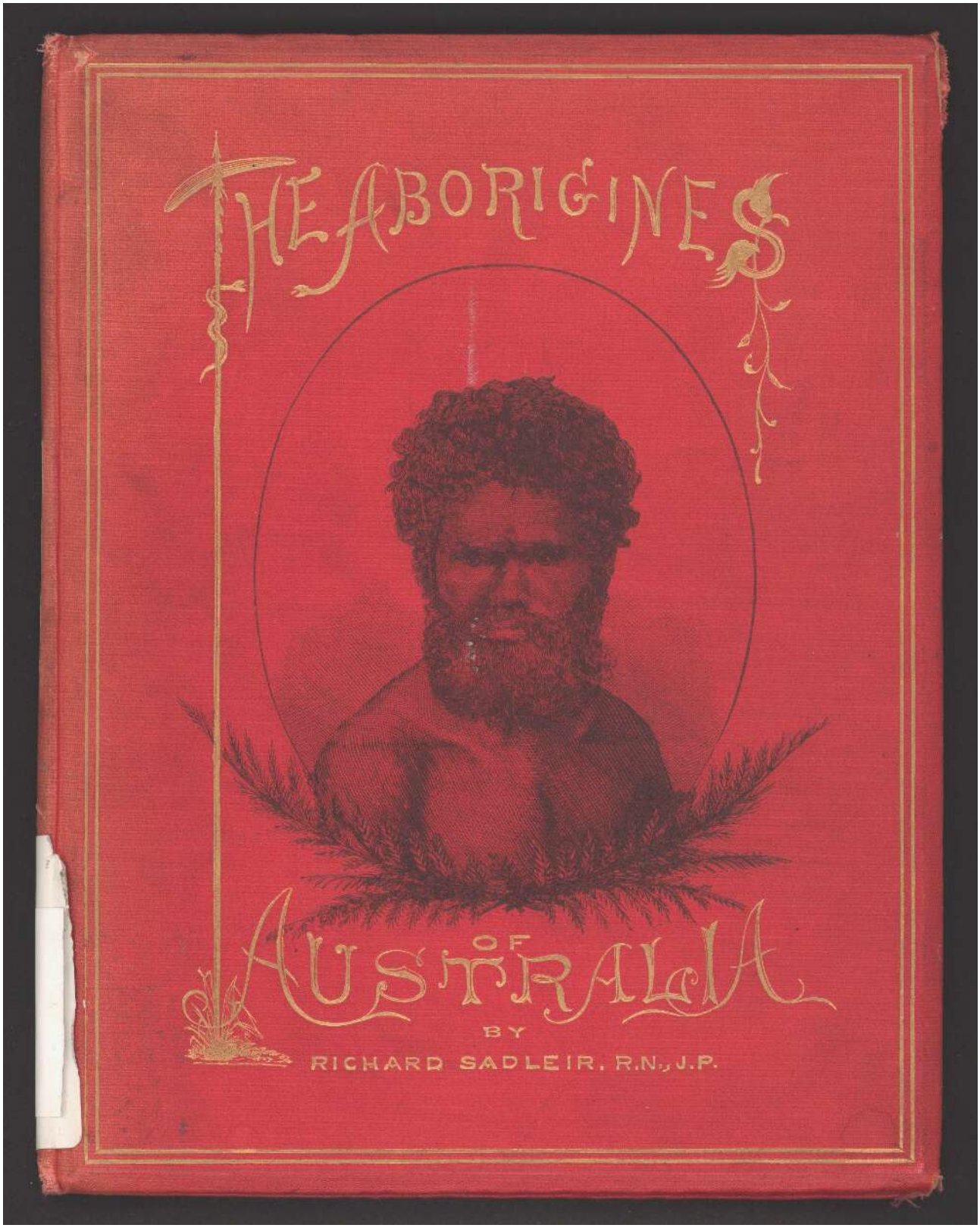
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RICHARD SADLEIR, R.N., J.P.


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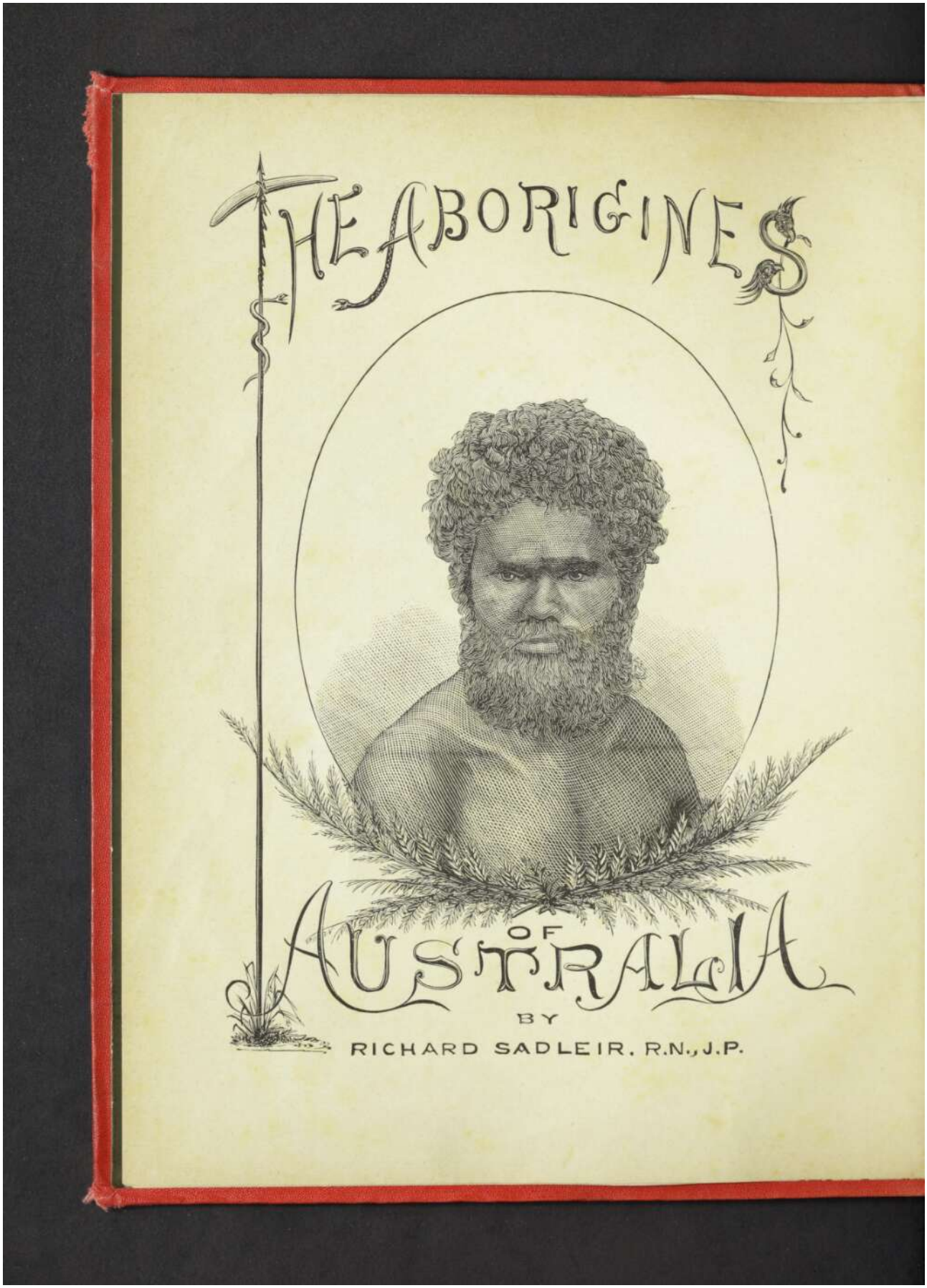
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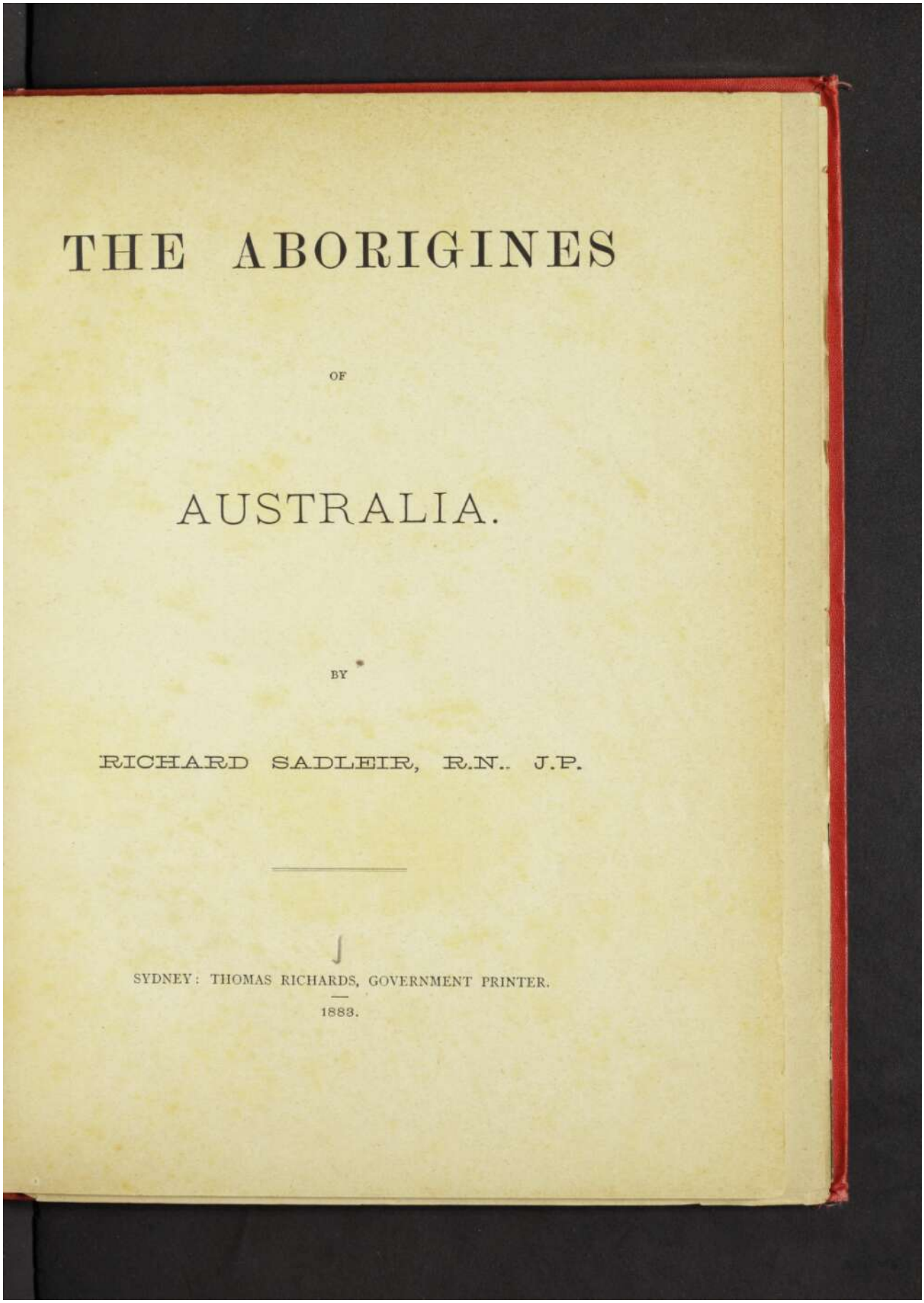

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RICHARD SADLEIR, R.N., J.P.

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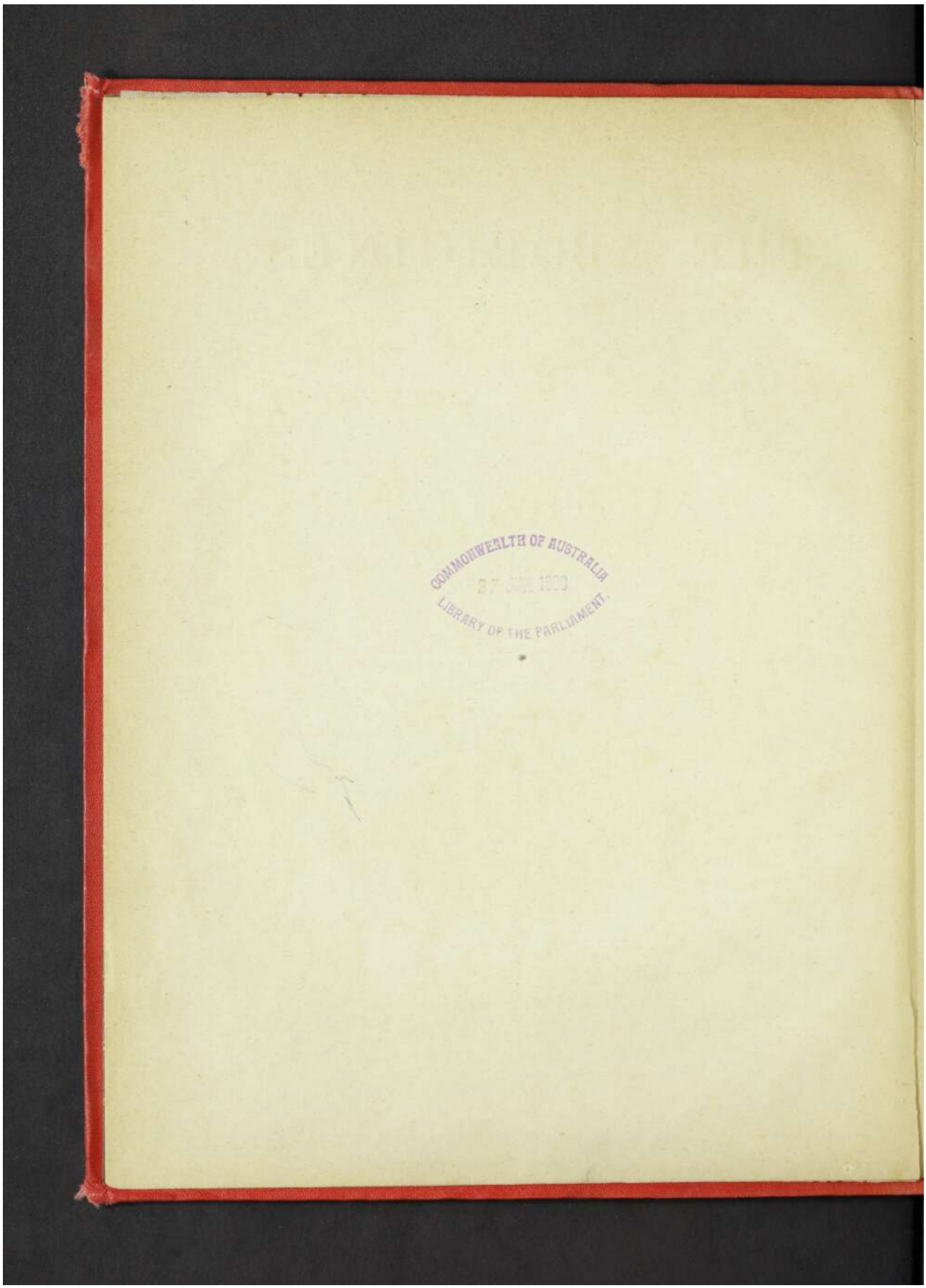

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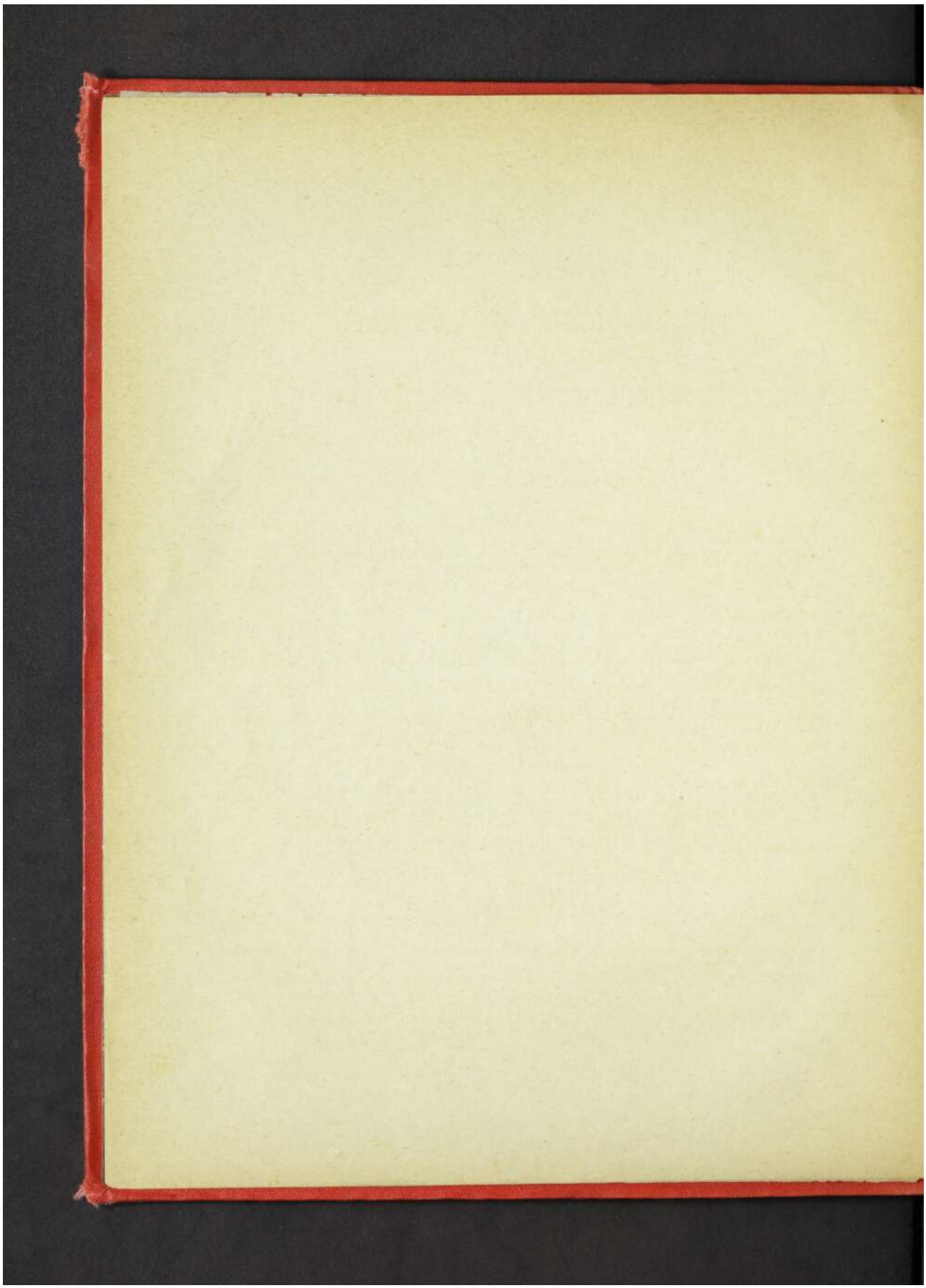


THE ABORIGINES OF AUSTRALIA.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

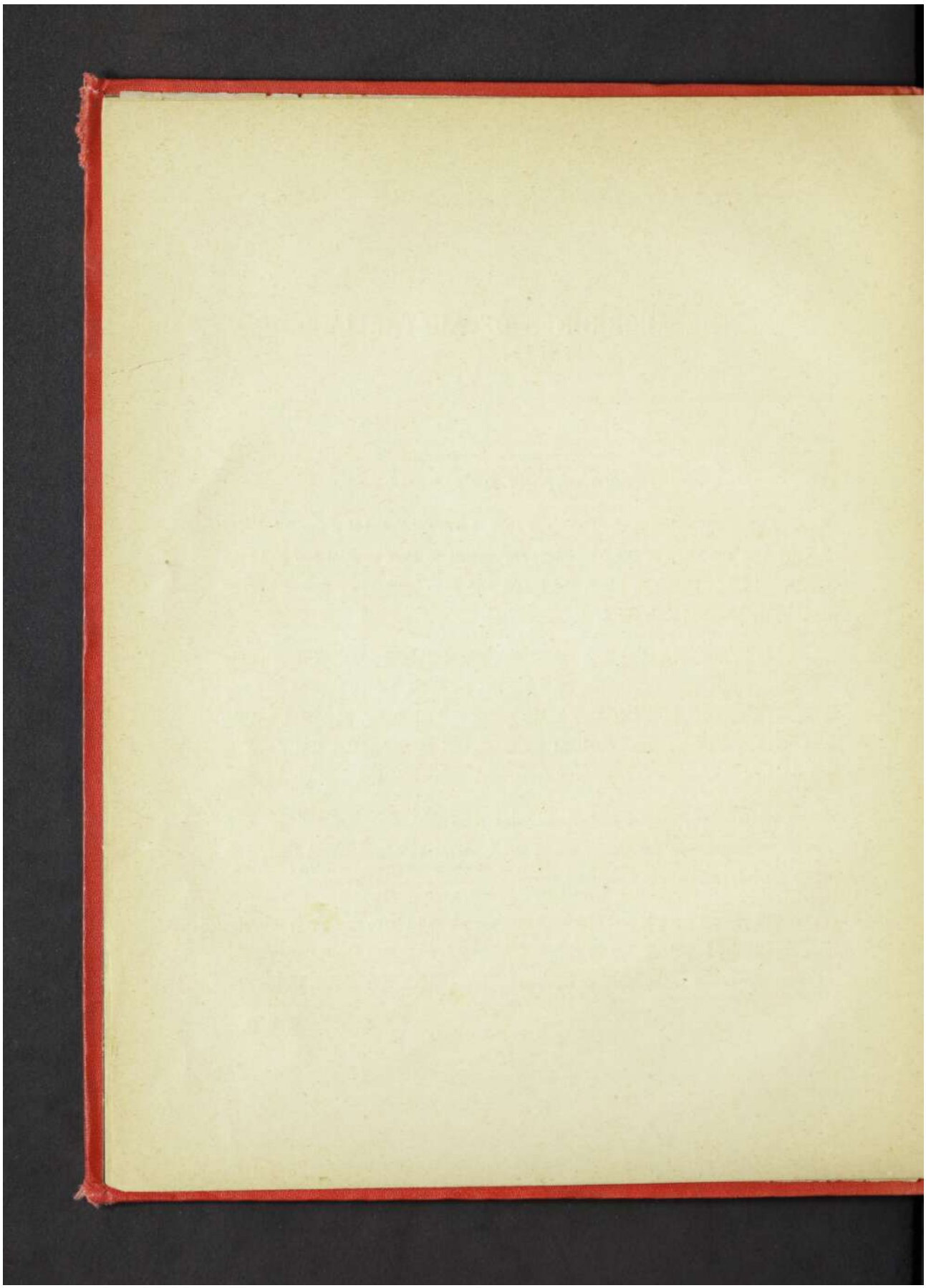
Shortly after my arrival in the Colony in 1826, I was appointed to a Commission of Inquiry into the state of the Aborigines. Previous to that, martial law had been proclaimed about Bathurst, where the blacks had been committing serious aggressions under Monday, their chief.

My journey, extending over 1,600 miles, occupied six months. I lived partly with these people, so as to ascertain their number, language, habits, &c., and proposed a scheme of reserves, as in Canada, a border police, and missionary education, but the cost, £6,000 per annum, was considered too much, and my suggestion was therefore not acted on.

I was subsequently examined, together with Mr. Robinson and the Rev. Mr. Threlkeld, before the Committee of the Legislative Council, about 1837, from which much information was acquired.

The present work is part of a large manuscript, and I have thought it a favourable opportunity to publish it, now that fresh interest is awakened about these people, devoting any profits to the Missions lately established within New South Wales.

R. S.



CHAPTER I.

Origin—Language—Marriage formalities—Infanticide—Relationships—Population—Spitting Tribe—Encounter Tribe—Tribal divisions—Intelligence—Laws—Customs—Ceremony of Depilation—Funeral customs.

THE origin of this race is difficult to trace; they seem to have no traditions, and, although the country abounds in gold, copper, and iron, they never appear to have reached the metal implement age. Living principally on the chase, agriculture was not carried on by them, and their only domestic animal was the dingo. There are no remains of architecture amongst them; yet the same painted hand as is found in South America affords some faint trace of their connection with that country. The language, however, furnishes some clue; the grammatical structure of all Australian aboriginal dialects is the same. A few words show a connection with the Aryan rather than the Turanian race, and are, in fact, allied, both in sound and meaning, to words used by nations deriving their speech from the Sanscrit.

Many examples may be given of the affinity of the aborigines' language and those spoken by the various Aryan nations. Possibly this may have been caused by the intercourse with Malays, who from time to time visited the northern coast. The diversity of dialects of the Australian language is deemed to be proof of their high antiquity as a race, as it is thought that a great length of time must have elapsed since they had but one tongue. Their numbers are small in proportion to the extent of the country, but this may have arisen from the want of food, in the absence of any cultivation, although in a fine country with few hardships from climate or other causes.

Some may be descended from the Arabs who spread themselves beyond the Indian Archipelago. From the mixture of Arab words, and the rites of circumcision in some tribes, and from the extensive spread of the Arab, there may be reason to suppose they have a large infusion of that blood.

The people of the adjoining islands resemble closely the aboriginals. They go naked, have no fixed habitation, use bone and stone implements, have no knowledge of metals or pottery, and in stature, colour, and appearance are similar; but they resemble more the Tasmanians, who are of purer blood. The natives lived under fixed laws, so when the whites arrived, and those that occupied the shore could not fall back, as their intrusion would have added to the wants of those behind them, they were therefore obliged to stand their ground and take the consequences of meeting a superior race, so that their skeletons were found in abundance in caves and amidst projecting rocks, having fallen victims to famine, especially about Sydney, and to the small-pox.—*Collins.*

The Rev. Dr. Lang enters largely into the origin of this people. He conceives they must have been originally a martial people. One thing is remarkable, they have no idol worship.

The aborigines afford us some information upon the original condition of mankind—that they have descended from a higher state of existence, and not risen from a lower state of barbarism. Their language is one proof that it is far above, as some assert to be, the original language of man, that of the imitation merely of the brute creation. It is remarkable for its complexity of structure and the precision with which it can be used. It is evidently derived from one root, although there are different dialects. The term for river is Mawersal; so with eye, Meyl. It is very euphonious and significant, combining great power with simplicity. Thus, the term for a cloud is both elegant and expressive, "Gabley maar," the well of the sky or the fountain of the firmament. "Moorang toeen" is to weep, the same import as "gabley maar." The "ong" of the Hebrew is of frequent use among these people. They have the dual number throughout, six cases in each declension of nouns and pronouns, and verbs with regular roots. They have names for relationship far more copious than we have in English. If they were only developed from a lower creation they would never have constructed this language. They must have descended, and their language is a remnant of their higher ancestry. Next their customs: these are of a most laborious and cumbersome character, having many curious rites observed with great exactness; yet they can give no account of their

origin or even of their uses, so that we may well conclude that they descended to them, and were not invented by them. Of inventions: the present natives have no power of invention, and have no idea of numerals; yet we find the boomerang, and throwing-stick for the spear (woomera), the former on scientific principles, and other things which must have descended to them and not been invented by them, denoting a higher ancestry, from which they still draw much, handed down by use and tradition.

We have in these particulars strong evidence that the savages are upon the descending scale; while from the remains of animals that once inhabited the country, we have another evidence that in all these kingdoms there is a retrogression rather than a progression, except where man is elevated by copying and improving on the arts of nature to a certain extent in painting, architecture, statuary, &c., or where Christianity has elevated the human race. And so it is with these natives who have embraced Christianity; they build houses and churches, read, write, and learn agriculture, and thereby rise above the common degeneration.

In fact, the very ruins of past nations show that mankind has sprung from an intellectual source and gradually descended, as with all the Eastern nations, and more so in social proportion as they lost the knowledge of the true God. The very licentiousness under heathen dominion, and the very cruelties of heathen rites, the degradation of the female sex, and constant wars, have all a downward tendency. So that however high Greece and Rome rose, they had within them the germs of decay. Hence the value of missions for conveying civilization and moral exaltation, renewing as it were the life of man upon the earth, regenerating humanity.

The Bishop of Perth, in his appeal on behalf of the aborigines, says:—"The darkness of ignorance is dark indeed, but far darker is their state when to the darkness of ignorance has been added the degradation of the chequered vices of civilization, the consciousness of being treated and held as serfs of a race above them, while all illumination of soul or conscience has been denied them. The primitive state of these people was far better than their present debauched, degraded, perishing condition."

The Bishop says that in the Roebourne District, which has now been for some years occupied with cattle and sheep for some 300 miles along the coast, there is a population of nearly 2,000 aborigines. The majority of them are in the employ of the settlers, either on their stations or the pearl fisheries, of which the port of Cossack is the centre, while, in the Gascoyne and newly discovered Kimberley Districts the natives are very numerous, although mostly in their wild state. They are, through the Northern Districts, a fine, intelligent, able-bodied race, and when, as in the Roebourne District, they have been brought into the employment of the settlers, have proved valuable as shepherds, shearers, and divers. A solitary lady (the only labourer) it appears has gathered a few native children about her for instruction.

The Bishop then enters into the question of missions. Says he has £500 in hand, also £500 promised, hopes to obtain collections, and that the Government has promised every assistance in its power, such as reserves of land and pecuniary aid. There is therefore some promise of commencement here.

While they allow polygamy, they do not permit marriages within a certain descent, and it is a crime worthy of death to marry one of the wrong sort; the distinction of tribes by name is the distinction of marriage. Ippai may marry Kapota or any Ippata but his own sister, Murri may marry Buta only, Kumbo may marry Mata only. An infraction of these laws is death. Marriage is not conducted, as generally represented, as a forcible act, at least not in all the tribes. The female is given in marriage at an early age (ten or twelve years old). It is a kind of exchange; the man who obtains a wife promises to give his sister or other relative in exchange; the parties may never have seen each other.

These marriages are always of different tribes. During the ceremony the relatives camp apart. A man takes a fire-stick and conducts the bride into the midst of the parties and gives her away, walking silently away with downcast looks. As soon as they approach the hut is given up. The bride and bridegroom are placed near each other, and the relatives take their places. The party generally fall asleep; at daybreak the bride leaves the hut for her friends, and in the evening is conducted to her husband by their female friends; the tribes then separate and return to their various districts. The man is bound to provide animal food, the wife vegetables, if she pleases. The husband rubs her over with grease to improve her appearance. If there are several wives they seldom agree, continually quarrelling, and are regarded more as slaves, being employed to the husband's advantage. The woman who leaves with her own consent to live with a man without the consent of her relations, is regarded as a prostitute and exposed to taunts. The sale of wives is frequent, for either money, clothes, weapons, &c. Woman gives consent by carrying fire to her husband's wurley and making his fire; an unwilling wife will say, "I never made fire in his wurley." The eldest wife is always regarded as mistress of the hut. Marriages take place after dark, and are always celebrated with great dancing and singing; sometimes licentiousness takes place, but there are as loving couples as amongst Europeans.

Many old men have three and four wives, while the young continue bachelors; the long suckling of children and infanticide both tend to keep down population.

Women near their confinement retire to be attended by women and to be secluded. After birth, the husband attends on his wife, and often nurses the infant, which, if spared, is most affectionately watched over; but infanticide is very common, so much so that nearly one-half to one-third of the infants are destroyed, and that in a shocking manner. Red hot embers are stuffed into the child's ears, and the orifice is closed with sand, and then the body is burnt; sometimes a waddy is resorted to. If there be twins, or malformation, or illegitimate children, they are generally destroyed.

When native children are born, they are nearly as white as Europeans. Girls have children at the early age of fourteen. The girls wear an apron of fringe until they bear their first child, and if they have no child, the husband burns the apron, probably as an exposure.

The evil of prostitution is very great. The women are in some districts given up to promiscuous intercourse with the youths at certain seasons.

Relationships are very intricate, and difficult to unravel. They have the Tamilian system, which obtains amongst North-American Indians, and the Telugu and Tamil tribes in the East Indies.

A man looks upon the offspring of his brother as his own sons and daughters, while he only considers those of his sister in the more distant relationship of nephews and nieces. So, also, a woman counts her sister's children as her own, but those of her brother by a kinship similar to nephews and nieces.

Thus, children look upon their father's brother in the light of a father, but his sister as their aunt merely; whilst their mother's sister ranks as a female parent, but her brother as only their uncle.

The scale of relationship is as follows:—Nanghai is my father; Nainkowa is my mother; Ngaiowe is your father; Ninkuwe is your mother; Yikowalle is his father; Narkowalle is his mother.

Widow is Yortangi; widower is Randi; fatherless is Kukathe; motherless is Kulgutye.

One who has lost a child, Mainmaiyari; one bereaved of a brother or sister, Muntyuli.

From this scheme of relationship it seems possible that some came from Southern India—were driven southward by the Malays. Names are changeable, the parents sometimes bearing the name of the child. They are also significant—Putteri is the end; Ngiampinyeri, belonging to the back or loins; Maratinyeri, belonging to emptiness.

Property always descends from father to son.

Mr. Taplin observes that the general idea that there is a law by which the savage must disappear before civilized man is not true, and instances the South American and Dutch colonizations as still preserving the aboriginal races.

English settlers go forth to exercise their freedom, and the Government does not strictly watch their actions, while it makes no particular law for the aboriginal races suitable for their particular situation.

English law is forced upon them; whereas the French and Dutch Governments watchfully manage and regulate everything—the governing power goes with them; the roads, police, everything is kept under the governing power, even the aborigines are under the same.

This, no doubt, in some degree has its influences, while, on the other hand, the native laws to which they were obedient are removed, and the power of the chiefs is destroyed, so that the aboriginal is placed between two influences, the one to which he had always been subject is destroyed, and a new law of which he knows nothing is substituted, and thus he is left in a position of doubt and perplexity, while the food, drink, clothing, and vices of the whites soon gain supremacy.

Nothing can be more disgraceful to a civilized and professing Christian people than this wholesale ruin of their fellow-men, which they attribute to a law, but which is in fact a consequence criminally brought about by our depravity, selfishness, and want of Christian principles. The writer concludes his remarks by saying that they are not an irreligious race; he believes that nothing but the Gospel can save them from extinction.

A few extracts from the lecture of Gideon Lang, delivered in Melbourne, will throw some more light upon the habits of this race.

He says the inhabitants of the whole continent form one people, governed by the same laws and customs, with some allowance for the difference of localities; every tribe, however, has its own district. The government is most arbitrary, composed of old men and powerful men, but degrading to women, the old men often having from five to seven wives, which privilege is denied to young men.

The government is administered by a council of old men, the young not being admitted. There is also a class that go from tribe to tribe, and their medicine men.

The intelligence of the natives is quite underrated. Their skill and activity in war, and their subtlety as diplomatists, Mr. Lang says, are quite equal to the North American Indian. (Having mixed with the North American Indians, I think this is rather exaggerated.)

In the corroborees they have especial performances. 500 sometimes assemble and represent a herd of cattle feeding, the performers being painted accordingly; they lie down and chew the cud, scratch themselves, and lick the calves, &c.; they then proceed to spear the cattle; next are heard a troop of horses galloping; a party with faces painted white, and bodies painted whitey-brown, some blue, others to represent stockmen; then comes a body of natives, and a regular sham-fight takes place, in which the natives are conquerors. But, alas! the murderous hand of the whites has destroyed them by shooting them down, and even resorting to poison, while by our occupation of the country, the destruction of their game, and the introduction of disease, they are fast dying out and disappearing.

Governor Phillip supposed that there were 3,000 aboriginal inhabitants within 200 square miles of Sydney, but now there is scarcely one left.

For the whole of Australia the number is under half a million. Around Melbourne and Sydney the population is extinct. At Port Jackson there were but one male and three females left. And the old Brisbane tribe, which once numbered 1,000, is now nearly extinct. The Tasmanian race is extinct. And so the original inhabitants of this immense country will soon cease to be known. In the north they are a finer race; but they are likewise doomed to perish by European vices and encroachment. Yet these men have made excellent sailors, good policemen, and stockmen, and recently they were conveyed home to England as first-rate cricket-players. Can they want intelligence?

They seem very like the Gipsy race—prone to wander, therefore hard to domesticate. This arises probably from their having to seek their food over a widely scattered area.

Sir G. Grey's party met with native huts in considerable villages of a more remarkable construction than those of South Australia, being very nicely plastered on the outside with clay and clods of turf; there were also well marked roads, sunken wells, and extensive warren grounds, certainly indicative of some advance in civilization.

The most singular tribe Mitchell met with was what he termed the spitting tribe. These savages waived boughs violently over their heads, spat at the travellers, and threw dust with their toes, and forming into a circle, shouting, jumping, spitting, and throwing up dust, sang war songs with the most hideous gestures; their faces seemed all eyes and teeth.

The Encounter tribe is remarkable for daring. In one case, where the natives were pursued by two police, the blackfellows rushed on the troopers, and knocked one down, and he was only rescued by the arrival of the other trooper, whom the blackfellows also attacked, but were captured.

The sealers on the islands had stolen three women, wives of the blacks. After a short time, two escaped in a miserable canoe; the third attempted with her child to swim, but was drowned.

The natives have suffered much from the whites. There are now three classes of the natives—the old blacks, who hold fast to the customs of the tribes; the natives who are inoculated with the worst vices of the Europeans, being drunkards, gamblers, and utterly lawless; and lastly, the native Christians, yearly increasing in numbers. The tendency of Christian civilization, when adopted, is to make them more vigorous and long-lived.

The country is divided into tribal possessions, which none can intrude upon, so that the tribes are confined within a space of country so small that food often fails.

The tribes are jealous of any invasion of territory. This accounts for divisions of districts, as well as a variety of feature, texture of hair, &c., the latter being sometimes, but rarely, found to be woolly in Tasmania. Long hair is generally met with, but in the interior whole tribes are found entirely destitute of the same, while others are remarkable for being very hairy, except on the palms of their hands and the soles of their feet, and a small space round the eyes; these last are remarkable for strength and stature. Some have frizzled hair like the Papuans, and others have hair over their shoulders like Maccabars, while their beards are as different as the hair of their heads; the colour of the skin varies from black to copper colour, and again to almost white. Their features also differ; the Jewish, Celtic, and Teutonic type are recognizable, from which the stockmen nick-name them Paddy, Sawney, John Bull. They make good seamen, stockmen, and policemen. The aborigines are not Papuans, but are probably cave-dwellers; having no fixed habitation or residence, they depend entirely upon the natural productions of the soil, game, and fish.

The formation of their skulls is sometimes low, but in many instances large and equal to the average of Europeans. The theory of their inferiority is not strictly supported; few persons who have had opportunity of judging will admit this inferiority of intelligence; it needs only cultivation.

They possess all the tender feelings of our common humanity, weeping over each other's afflictions, as fellow mortals mourning with those who mourn. Exposed to danger and treachery, they are watchful; the rustling of a leaf will make them start to their feet. Acknowledging the law of retaliation, blood for blood, they seldom feel secure.

It would appear that the aborigines of the sea-coast had never ventured far inland, and had never passed the Blue Mountains, as they held to the belief that the interior was inhabited by white people, and that there were large lakes and inland seas.

They are a very law-abiding people; the tribes are under government of the chief elders, who are chosen or elective; they are the leaders in war, and in fact rulers of the tribe.

One of their laws is that none but native weapons shall be used in their battles; another, that an unfair wound shall be punished. Capt. Jack Harvey had bitten a man's lips; the tribe assembled and sentenced him to four blows of a waddy on his head, the justice of which punishment he acknowledged.

While the great change from their natural habits, diet, and mode of living, when brought under the restriction of civilization, and their natural love of freedom—the influence of the elder people on them when they reach the age of twelve, that they must undergo the ceremonies of piercing the nose and knocking out the tooth, &c., &c.—while these failures (not however destitute of civilizing and Christian evidences) are nevertheless disappointing, yet they have proved that these people are not so degraded as represented, that they are not, as has been openly declared, scarce human, and may therefore be destroyed—indeed, that this is the decree of God. The fact is now incontrovertible that they possess much capacity, considerable intelligence, and are capable of instruction; have the same affections, the same domestic and social relationships as ourselves; are subject to special laws, and defend their country with patriotism. That they have not risen to something higher is well expressed by Mr. Marsden, "They have no wants." They live in a fine climate, with no ferocious animals to guard against, no mighty lakes and rivers to navigate; they are therefore in a position needing no exertion to quicken their energies, while by their seclusion from mankind for ages, it is only astonishing that they have not descended still lower in the scale of humanity.

They have much natural nobility of character, and much groundwork to work upon. Their case is far from hopeless: Faith removes mountains. Miracles, says Mr. Simeon, have ceased, but wonders have not. Let any man go forth with faith and prayer and perseverance, and he will accomplish wonders. Therefore, in great undertakings, give me the man who loves to trample on apparent impossibilities.

An aboriginal youth is not allowed any of the privileges of manhood, which include not only permission to take a wife (when he can catch one from some neighbouring tribe), but also the right to eat certain kinds of food, before he has undergone certain ceremonies, which, as they are extremely painful and revolting, are supposed to test his courage and power of endurance. These differ in various tribes. Knocking out the front teeth and tattooing the back are amongst the mildest operations. The most painful which is in vogue amongst the South Australian blacks is depilation. The unfortunate victim is laid on his back, his body daubed with clay and ochre, and then the old medicine man of the tribe deliberately plucks every hair from the body of the suffering wretch, accompanying the business with a low monotonous chant. It is a point of honor to endure these brutalities without a murmur, and, after their completion, the young man is hailed as a warrior by his new comrades, and from that time is treated as a man.

The boys are not allowed to either cut or comb their hair until they undergo the ceremony of manhood. They are also prohibited from eating certain game. When I have travelled with the tribes, I have observed when we obtained honey the young men dared not partake. When of age, the tribes assemble at night, the youth or youths are seized; the women trying to protect them, their beards are torn out, and their hair combed by spears; they are then smeared with grease and red ochre. For three days and three nights they are not allowed to sleep or eat, and only to drink water through a reed; for six months they are obliged to walk naked, with a slight covering round their loins; they have to undergo three times the plucking out of the beard, and must refrain from any food eaten by women. Everything is sacred from the touch of women. They are not allowed to marry until the time of trial has expired, but they are allowed promiscuous intercourse with the young girls.

In my travels I was shown places, on the tops of hills in general, where the trees were marked with various devices, and there was a circular path all round. Here the candidates were said to have undergone various initiatory ceremonies to qualify them for manhood, from which the women are strictly prohibited. Here, I believe, the front teeth were knocked out by a stick placed against them, and then a blow from a piece of wood. Thus is accomplished this piece of dentistry. On the sea-coast, the fisherwomen have the point of the finger cut off. Many perish undergoing these ceremonies, which are chiefly intended to make them hardy.

The custom of exchanging names with strangers is a pledge of affection and protection in common use. When meeting the natives in the bush alone or in camp, it is advisable to hold up the hands, displaying a branch of a tree, with the view of declaring peaceable intentions.

The tabooing of several kinds of food to the women and young men may arise from the want which has in some instances pressed so upon them that they have resorted to bleeding themselves to preserve life, and indulged in cannibalism to some extent for the same purpose.

The names of deceased persons are not mentioned during mourning, nor the names of the mother by a man seeking marriage of the daughter, nor can he look at his intended mother-in-law.

Sir Thomas Mitchell seems to think that many of their customs were of Eastern origin. Their manner of fishing is described by him, the young men diving down, and spearing the fish under water. This I have witnessed myself. Sir Thomas also describes their villages. The huts are substantial, holding fifteen persons, and having large tombs for burial-places.

They lived much on fish, and took them and birds, especially ducks and geese, with nets.

The enormous powers of the aboriginals in eating is described by Mr. Eyre, in his exploration towards King's Island Sound.

His native boy Wylie managed to kill a kangaroo. He commenced his repast by eating a pound and a half of horse-flesh and a little bread, they having had to slaughter a horse; to this repast, he added the entrails, paunch, liver, lights, and two hind legs of the kangaroo; to this he added the hide of the kangaroo, having singed off the hair; and having found a dead penguin on the shore, he wound up by eating it all, including the tough skin of the bird. Admitting that his belly was full, he made a little fire and laid down to sleep, this apparently being the happiest moment of his life. On an average this boy could consume 9 lbs. of meat per day—rather a dangerous companion on short allowance; but these people can fast as long, in proportion, as they can gormandize.

Funeral customs differ in tribes. The Narrinyeri tribes point out several stars, and say they are deceased warriors who have gone up to heaven. These are Wyungare and Nepelle, the Manchingga, and several others; and every native expects to go to Wyirrewarre after death, so that there can be no doubt of their belief in a future state. They also believe the dead descend to and walk the earth, and that wicked men will injure them. They are very much afraid of ghosts, and seldom venture in the scrub in the dark, yet they travel long distances to surprise an enemy. The name of the deceased must not be mentioned until the body has decayed, lest they should be considered wanting in feelings of respect. When a man dies they conclude that sorcery has been exercised, so the nearest relative lies with his head on the corpse so that he may dream of the sorcerer. Next day the body is raised on men's shoulders on a bier, and several names are called out as suspected persons until the impulse of the dead body, which the bearers pretend they cannot resist, confirms the name of the sorcerer.

In some of the tribes the body is placed over a slow fire until the outer skin is blistered, when it is rubbed over with grease and red ochre and placed within the wurley in an upright position. Then great lamentations are made, while they besmear themselves with charcoal and oil, and the women with disgusting filth, and they all beat and cut themselves. The corpse is then subjected to a further slow fire, to dry the humors, while the relatives eat, drink, and sleep under it; and there is great weeping, especially among the women. But the deceased's spirit must be appeased by the death of the sorcerer. Messengers pass through the tribes to find the suspected person; this often leads to battles, should the tribes be at variance, but otherwise a few spears are thrown and some abuse passed; the old men then pronounce that satisfaction has been made, and the ceremony ceases. The hair of the dead is spun into a cord and made into a head-band; they say that thus they smell the dead. The whole body is skinned with the nails attached, and with this they cover the sick.

In the Polynesian tribes there is a somewhat similar ceremony. In these islands the body is dried and preserved in a sitting position for months, and an offering of food, fruit, and flowers, is daily placed before the dead body, the priest attending to the ceremonies continually. The skeleton is finally burnt within the temple of the family and the skull carefully kept.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CHAPTER II.

Religion—Massacre of the crew of the "Maria"—Traditions—Cave Figures—Superstitions—Sorcery—Diseases—Poison Revenge—Native Songs—Wit and Humour—Fidelity—Amusements—Corroborees—Weapons—Manufactures—The Bogan Tribes—Native Fruits—Dwellings.

They are a people free from idolatry. One would suppose they would be open to receive the Gospel, but it is not so. They are superstitious, but not over-religious and do not seem to have such a deep sense of sin as idolatrous nations who make expiation, and seek to be reconciled to the Superior Being. This is a singular feature in their character. The North-American Indians are not idolatrous, but have a belief in a Superior Being.

Many writers, amongst these Mr. Bennett, represent them as having no knowledge of a Supreme Being. "They have no knowledge whatever of the existence of a God," but from my travelling with them I have always considered that they have a belief in a Supreme Being.

I find from the narrative of the Rev. Geo. Taplin, missionary to the aborigines, there is reason to think likewise, although he seems rather doubtful. In religious matters they are superstitious and reserved, therefore it is only by such intercourse with them as Mr. Taplin's that we are likely to reach correct notions.

He says the Narrinyeri tribes call the Supreme Being by two names, Nurundere and Martummere: "He made all things on earth, and has given to men the weapons of war and hunting. He instituted all rites and ceremonies practised by them connected with life and death. The ceremony of roasting a kangaroo, accompanied by shouting a chorus, and brandishing spears, was instituted by Him."

Of Nurundere they have many traditions: "He pursued an immense fish in Lake Alexandrina, and having caught it, he tore it into pieces and scattered them; out of these pieces other fish came into being and had their origin. He threw some flat stones into the lake and they became tinuwarre fishes."

Wyungare, the remarkable hunter, had no father, but only a mother; he was a red man from his infancy. Of Nepelle they have traditions. They were both great hunters. Nepelle sought to revenge himself on Wyungare for having taken his two wives; the latter tried to escape, and fleeing, flung a spear into the heavens with a line attached, and it having stuck there, he hauled himself up; and afterwards, the two women. Three stars are pointed out as Wyungare and his wives.

The natives told the writer that the milky-way was the smoke of a great chief on the Murrumbidgee, who was roasting mussels there. Thus it is evident they have many traditions of unseen Gods and great chieftains, while the belief of some of these natives is that the milky-way is the canoe of Nepelle floating in the heavens.

Of the flood they seem to have some tradition. They believe that Nurundere's two wives ran away from him; he pursued them, and met them at Encounter Bay, and there called upon the water to arise and drown them. A terrible flood gathered and swept over the hills, overtaking the fugitives, and his wives were drowned, while he was saved by pulling to high land in his canoe.

Nurundere also lost two of his children but recovered them after a conflict with a blackfellow, whom he killed.

The natives always mention his name with reverence.

The reverend writer's opinion is that Nurundere is some deified chief. The natives regard thunder as his voice in anger, and the rainbow as the production of his power. It is evident that they look to

some creative power; although, in this instance, the more intelligent blacks told the missionary that Nurundere was a chieftain who led the tribes down the Darling to the country they now inhabit, where he appears to have met another tribe and had with them a battle, in which he and his tribes were victorious.

A writer in 1842 says that, about 200 miles from Sydney, they assembled for a corroboree for rain, and described God as a great blackfellow, high up in the clouds, having arms nine miles long, eyes the size of a house, ever in motion. He never sleeps, flashes lightning, and dries up the waterholes as punishment. They have their songs and festivals for dry weather when on journeys, thus indicating a higher state of things.

Every tribe has its ngaitye or tutelary genius or tribal symbol, in the shape of a bird, beast, fish, reptile, insect, or substance.

I hereunto add the names of tribes in Victoria:—

Tribe.	Locality.	Ngaitye.
Welinyeri	Murray River	Black duck and black snake with red belly.
Lathinyeri	do.	Black swan, teal, and black snake with grey belly.
Wunyakulde	do.	Black duck.
Piltinyeri	Lake Alexandrina	Leeches, catfish (native pomery.)

The Narrinyeri have for their neighbours the Wakanuwan and the Merkani tribes; the latter are cannibals, who steal fat people particularly. If a man has a fat wife, he is particular not to leave her exposed, lest she should be seized; the consequence is that the other tribes confederate against cannibal tribes, and battles are frequent; some 500 to 800 men are mustered on each side.

Two stray bullocks having wandered amongst the Lake tribes, they took them for demons, in which they believed, and decamped in great terror; they named them Wundawityeri, as beings with spears upon their heads.

There is a very tragic history of these tribes: that the survivors of the "Maria," wrecked on the coast, supposed to be twenty-five in number, men, women, and children, were induced to place themselves under their guidance to lead them to a whaling station at Encounter Bay. The native guides took advantage of their being separated in crossing the Coorong, quietly placed a man behind each of the whites, and at a signal clubbed them. The poor wanderers had marched 80 miles from the wreck, when they were thus treacherously murdered. A party of police were despatched; they found the camp, in which were large quantities of clothing and other articles. The officers seized two of the most desperate men, and then hanged them up by the neck to a tree, and shot two others. The natives gazed for a minute at the suspended bodies, and then fled. They never cut down the bodies, which remained hanging until they dropped from the trees.

In some instances, the native secures his ngaitye in the person of a snake, he pulls out its teeth or sews up its mouth, and puts it in a basket. These snakes have suddenly given birth to thirty young ones, when it becomes necessary to destroy them. It seems that their belief in Ngaitye is also peculiar to the natives of the Taowinyeri. One saw his God in the shark, the eel, the owl, the lizard, fish, and creeping things. How deluded and debased is man without Divine revelation, yet we are told by philosophers and their followers that all men have to do is to study nature, and there read the character of the Deity. But have they ever done so through ages? Greeks, Egyptians, Romans, have all changed the glory of God into four-footed beasts and creeping things; even leeks and onions have been worshipped. Why should the aborigines be an exception? Divine revelation alone teaches man the true character of the Divine Being, "for man by wisdom cannot find out God."

With regard to the advantages of civilization, they do not believe the same to be the result of a superior intellect, or of religion, but of a resurrection from the dead. "Blackfellow by-and-by jump up whitefellow," is the common mode of expressing their belief.

The Rev. A. Meyer, in his pamphlet, gives some interesting particulars of these people. He says they do not appear to have any story as to the origin of the world, and they believe in the transmigration of souls. Men have been transformed into animals, even into stones; to the latter they give the names of men and women, and point out their head, feet, hands, and their waist and face. In one of their dances, one that had been speared and wounded ran into the sea, and was transformed into a whale, and ever afterwards blew the water out of the wound in his neck. Others became fish, others became opossums; and thus they account for the creation of animals and fish, &c., &c.

Of the diversity of dialects, they have a tradition that when an old woman named Wurruri died, the various nations assembled, and one tribe ate her flesh and others ate her intestines, and they all thus acquired different dialects. Certainly nothing here indicates the dispersion of Babel.

On Nurundere's removal, he left his son behind. On discovering this, he threw his spear to him with a line attached. The son thus succeeded in reaching his father, and this line is the way the dead reach Nurundere, who provides men with wives, and converts old men into young ones; therefore they have no fear of the future. Some of the legends are very obscene.

They have curious legends about animals. They conceive the turtle and the snake exchanged the venomous fangs. A battle took place between the pelican and the magpie about fish; in the struggle the magpie was rolled in the ashes and the pelican became besmeared with scales of the fish, and so had white breasts. They believe in two Wood Demons; the one assumes any shape, sometimes an old man, then a bird, to lure individuals into his reach that he may destroy them.

The noise on the Lake of Alexandrina is very remarkable, and the cause was long undiscovered. Of course it is attributed by the blacks to a water spirit. It is heard with a booming sound, resembling distant cannon or an explosive blast, at other times like the falling of a heavy body in the water. This now is known to be caused by a bird.

The cave figures are very remarkable, and seem to puzzle every writer on their origin or use. It is very probable they were connected in some way with religious observances, which the natives are very unwilling to divulge.

These figures and others cut in rocks are found in several parts of Australia, thus doing away with the supposition that they may have been the production of strangers who have landed on portions of the shore, as figures have been found on the eastern shores by Sir George Grey, and also near Sydney, not only on rocks but on trees. How many of these have been engraven on hard rocks with the want of suitable implements it is difficult to divine.

Sir George Grey's description of some of these is remarkable, a rough sketch of one of which I subjoin, being a figure painted on the roof of caves. This figure is painted on a black ground so as to produce a stronger effect, and covered with the most vivid red and white; its head encircled with bright red rays inside a broad stripe of brilliant red, crossed by lines of white, and then crossed again with narrow stripes of deeper red; the face painted white, the eyes black, surmounted by red and yellow lines; the body and hands outlined with red, the body being curiously painted with red stripes and bars. The dimensions were—head and face, 2 feet; width of face, 17 inches; length from bottom of face to navel, 2 feet 6 inches.

There were other paintings in the cave vividly coloured—one with four heads, joined together with a necklace, but having no mouths, and good-looking, executed on a white ground. Length, 3 feet 6 inches; breadth across two upper parts, 2 feet 6 inches; lower heads, 3 feet 1½ inch.

There were several other paintings of singular character—one being a disc representing a kangaroo as an offering to number one; also spears thrown at some unknown object; the impress of a hand; an arm in the black wall, so as to appear extended round some one in the cave, inviting him to some more concealed mysteries.

In another cave, approached by steps, until they reached a central elevated stone slab, supporting a slab to uphold the roof, was a seat at the extremity. The principal figure was that of a man 10 feet 6 inches in length, clothed from the chin downwards in a red garment reaching to the feet, the hands and feet being painted of a deeper red; the face and head were enveloped in a succession of circular bandages or rollers.

These were vividly coloured yellow and white; the eyes were alone represented on the face, no nose nor mouth. On the bandages were a rolled series of lines, painted in red, regularly done, as if to indicate some meaning. Its feet reached just in front of the natural seat, while its head and face stared grimly down on the floor of the cavern. There were numerous figures of kangaroos, emus, turtles, snakes, &c., on the sides of the cave.

From the appearance of grease on the roof just over the seat, Sir Geo. Grey conjectures that at certain times some doctor or chief man sits there, and that the cave is resorted to in cases of disease or witchcraft; footsteps were seen about the place. The figures are remarkable; the rays of the sun, as we may suppose, emanating from the head, would lead to the belief of the worship of Baal, the God of Fire; while some of the names of the tribes partly support this idea, such as Binbal, Pundyil, &c., &c., &c.

The other figures are clothed from head to foot. This is singular, as the natives have no such garments, their opossum cloak having no sleeves, and not reaching to the feet as here described.

That these caves may be places of worship, like the caves in India, is not improbable, especially when we see the offering of the kangaroo, and the seat for some presiding person, priest, or doctor. The whole no doubt is mysterious, but we hardly think that these people could be entirely destitute of some form of religion, when we take these cave figures into consideration, with the ceremony of initiating young men to manhood, the exclusion of women, prohibition of certain food, their belief in spirits and a future condition, the deification of their chiefs into stars, the deification of heroes, and even of the lowest reptiles and animals.

One figure, representing a whale, was carved near Dawes Battery, Sydney, besides many figures carved on rocks and cut on trees—a kind of picture-painting. On another rock there was a figure of a man 10 feet high, wearing a light red robe, close at the neck, reaching to his feet. He had a pair of eyes, and his face was surrounded by a circle of yellow, and an outward circle of white edged with red.

There were many such paintings, and in an isolated rock was the profile of a man cut in *solid* stone, of a character more European than Native, executed in a style beyond what any savage would be thought capable of.

Both Flinders and King, along the coast, discovered drawings of porpoises, turtles, fish, &c., and a human head, done in charcoal or burnt stick and something like white paint, upon the face of the rock.

These paintings are on the coast or near it, and may be the work probably of some persons who had visited the coast, and not of the aboriginals themselves, as the Malays frequently visited the coast.

The red hand seen in the caves is another singular device, which is also met with amongst the North American Indians. But what are most remarkable are the stone circles at Mount Elephant, Victoria, resembling the stone monuments at Stonehenge in England.

The stones in these structures are of ponderous masses, raised upright, seemingly pointing to a fact that the same people were spread far and wide, of which we know nothing at present.

With regard to superstition, Sir G. Grey's party had reached a stream of fresh water, where there was abundance of mussels, but Kaiber would not touch any of them, and was in great terror on seeing the whites devour them. A storm of thunder set in, which made the party rather chilly and miserable. He chanted a glowing song by way of reproach.

Oh ! wherefore would you eat the mussels ?
Now the boyl-yas storm and thunder make ;
Oh ! wherefore would you eat the mussels ?

If boys eat proscribed food they believe they will have sore legs, or turn grey, or suffer under some other infliction.

The Ngia-Ngiampe, a chief, carries on trade between the tribes in the exchange of baskets, rugs, clubs, &c.

The umbilical cord is preserved, and this is supposed to confer some peculiar virtue on the Ngia-Ngiampe. Those possessing these charms never speak to each other, and employ a third person to carry on the traffic, so that there is no danger of collusion in their dealings.

Sorcery is practised extensively, as in the Pacific Islands. Through fear of disease they collect and destroy all the refuse in their vicinity ; but should the disease-maker find a bone of some bird or animal he proceeds with this to inflict disease.

So with the Tahitians—the disease-maker picks up the parings of nails, hair, saliva, and other secretions of the body as vehicles which the Demon introduces into his victim, or they often exchange their ngadhungi and each destroys it.

When the ngaitye of a tribe is killed, if a hostile kuldukke of another tribe gets a bone, he ties it in the corner of a wallaby's skin and flings at the people, and they are made sick. They state that they could or did kill a magpie by sorcery. One day two children were at play—one chopped off the joint of the other child's finger ; the father swallowed it with the view that no sorcery man should get it.

Next is the avenger. The man seeking revenge disguises himself, marking his face over with streaks, and then with a heavy club prowls about the hunting ground. If he sees his victim alone, he rushes on him and kills him, breaking his bones.

The perpetrator is called malpuri (murderer), and is subject to be put to death by the relatives of the victim, as the avenger of blood.

This belief in sorcery makes them careless of illness. From a belief in its curative properties, some of the tribes take the kidney fat from the enemies they slay.

They have no idea of poisonous plants, and consider all deaths as the results of sorcery.

The diseases they suffer from are chiefly of a scrofulous nature, dysentery, and brain fever. They have likewise skin diseases, fistulas, itch, &c. Sulphur is one of their specifics; the wattle-bark and gum are also much used. They likewise suffer from influenza. There is no doubt that they were visited with small-pox before the Europeans arrived, of which numbers died, and many more bore the marks.

Their doctors use incantations and apply pressure to the affected parts. They also employ the vapour bath, obtained by putting wet water-weeds on heated stones and covering the patient with rugs.

The poison revenge is a dreadful visitation. A spear-head is plunged into a putrid corpse, and with feathers so dipped in the fat a wound is inflicted on an enemy, who dies in dreadful agony, similar in effect to blood-poisoning from dead animals amongst ourselves. To possess this poison is the old natives' object; they therefore often oppose the burial of the dead.

They appear to have a talent for extempore productions. When Sir G. Grey's party was in a hopeless condition for want of water and food, the native Kaiber sat shouting to himself native songs.

Thither, mother, Oh! I return again,
Thither, Oh! I return again.
Whither does that lone ship wander?
My young son I shall never see again.
Whither does that lone ship wander?

Very pathetic. Their feelings are very strong, as may be seen by Warrup's account of the discovery of Smith's remains, one of Sir George Grey's companions, which were found stretched on a high rock, where he lay down and died.

Away, away, we go—
I, Mr. Roe, and Kinchela—
Along the shore, away! Along the shore, away!
We see a paper, the paper of Mortimer and Spofforth.
Away we go, we see no fresh water,
Along the shore,
Away, away, away, we go along the shore!
Away, away, away, a long distance we go!
I see Mr. Smith's footsteps ascending a sand-hill,
Onward I go, regarding his footsteps.
I see Mr. Smith dead, we commence digging the earth;
Two sleeps had he been dead;
Greatly did I weep, and much I grieved,
In his blanket folding him,
We scrape away the earth.
We scrape the earth into the grave,
We scrape the earth into the grave,
A little wood we place in it, much earth we heap upon it,
Much earth we throw upon it, no dogs can dig there.
The sun had just inclined to the westward,
As we laid him in the ground.—*Grey.*

The following is a specimen of their extempore composition on sight of a railway train:—

"You see the smoke in Kapunda,
The steam puffs regularly,
Showing quickly it looks like frost,
It runs like running water,
It blows like a spouting whale."

A settler who frequently employed aboriginal labour, having heard some complaint of their illtreating a white man, ordered the tribe instantly to decamp. He was somewhat surprised at one of their number appearing before him quite naked, ornamented with pipeclay, and carrying two nullas. The black asked the gentleman to fight, offering one of the nullas. The gentleman, however, determined to choose his own weapon, and produced his gun, which he loaded with ball in presence of the champion, and, pointing to the dial of his watch, said, "If you are not out of this stockyard in ten minutes, I will shoot you." The black champion watched the hands of the watch, and when the time had nearly expired, he gracefully said, "Good evening, massa," and disappeared.

As an instance of their fidelity, a squatter in the north, whose house was surrounded by blacks threatening assault, had a domesticated native, who had got mixed up with the savage tribe. He watched his opportunity and seized a horse, and, with a piece of stringy-bark for a bridle, galloped several miles to

a police station, giving the alarm. The police immediately mounted horse, galloped furiously to the station, took a circuit round the house, and then followed on the trail of the blacks, whom they overtook encamped; they fired into them, and killed and wounded several. The sergeant, a white, however remained at the station, leaving these desperadoes to do their bloody deeds of carnage; probably he felt he could not restrain them. The fidelity of the black, however, saved the lives of the station-holders.

A black in Port Macquarie stole on Mr. ——, while lying on the grass. He had pipeclayed himself, and then stealing along, made a noise like the burring of a quail. Mr. ——, in fright, leaped on his horse and fled; this amused the black very much.

Mr. James R—— had a lad as coachman, who drove well, was a perfect dandy, kept his horses in fine order, used much oil for his hair, and prided himself on his coach and appearance, but withal went back to the bush. A gentleman at Molesmane had a lad for several years. He could read and write, cast up accounts, and do anything on a farm. At the age for the ceremony of knocking out teeth he went back to the wild state.

An aboriginal and woman had a dairy station at Monaro, were married at church, and conducted their station like any Europeans.

Their power of ridicule is very great. Sir George Grey's party having reached a friendly tribe, who supplied them with frogs and turtles, one of them, named Imbat, enjoyed himself at the expense of Sir George Grey.

"What for do you, who have plenty to eat and much money, walk so far away in the bush? You are thin, your shanks are long, your belly small, you had plenty to eat at home, why did you not stop there?"

Sir G. Grey replied, being somewhat mortified, "You comprehend nothing; you know nothing."

"I know nothing? I know how to keep myself fat. The young women look at me and say, 'Imbat is very handsome, he is fat.' They look at you, and say, 'He is not good, long legs:' What do you know, where is your fat, what for do you know so much, if you can't keep fat? I know how to keep at home, and not walk too far in the bush; where is your fat?" "You know how to talk;—long tongue," was my reply, upon which, forgetting his anger, he burst into a roar of laughter, and saying, "I know how to make you fat," began stuffing me with frogs and by-yu nuts.

There was something more practical here than irony. The value of religion under the trying circumstances of a forlorn hope in this expedition is acknowledged by Sir G. Grey:—"I feel assured that but for the support I derived from prayer and frequent perusals and meditation of the Scriptures, I should never have been able to have borne myself in such a manner as to have maintained discipline and confidence among the rest of the party, nor in my sufferings did I ever lose the consolation derived from the firm reliance upon the goodness of Providence. It is only those who go forth into perils and dangers, where human foresight and strength can little avail, find themselves day after day protected by an unseen influence, and ever and anon snatched from the jaws of destruction by a power which is not of this world, who can at all estimate the knowledge of one's weakness and littleness, and the firm reliance and trust upon the goodness of the Creator which the human heart is capable of feeling."

When seeking to determine what they were to do to extricate themselves from their difficulties, he says, "He then strengthened his mind by reading a few chapters in the Bible, and walked on."

Those who have read of Sir J. Franklin's early explorations down the Copper-mine River, and his return with his party, will see how this party, in the midst of ice and snow and starvation, were supported by religion, the Bible being the staff of their strength, and that they were the objects of God's care, buoyed them up under unheard-of difficulties appalling to human nature. "What is man alone in creation without God?"

They are very expert in throwing the spear, at which they constantly practise. They have a game at ball, which gives occasion for much wrestling and activity; besides this, they have wrestling matches for bunches of feathers.

There are many kinds of corroborees. All have the song and the dance; both are at times very libidinous, especially the dance of the women. The war dances are conducted by some hundreds of men in a measured tramp, and in a very excited state of mind. They make up their song out of some incident or circumstance they may have seen. The effect is very imposing: the men in a state of nudity; their bodies striped in white, and their heads fancifully adorned; the fires lighting up the night and casting their glare around the forest; the stately trees spreading their shadows; the women seated and drumming rude music from tight-rolled skins. The activity of the dancers and the strange noises, sounds, and imitating calls altogether present a wild, unearthly, and apparently demoniacal scene. A resident on

the Macleay River gives the following sketch of this ceremony:—"From the repugnance which the blacks at the Macleay displayed on my looking at their performance, and their angry refusal to allow me to see the main part of the ceremony, I am unable to give a regular account of it, having only been able to obtain occasional glimpses. After many preliminary grotesque mummeries had been performed, the doctors or priests of the tribe took each a boy, and held him for some time with his head downwards near the fire. Afterwards, with great solemnity, they were invested with the opossum belt; and at considerable intervals, between each presentation, they were given the nulla-nulla, the boomerang, the spear, &c. Whilst these arms were being conferred upon them the other natives performed a sham fight, and pretended to hunt the pademelon, spear fish, and imitate various other occupations, in which the weapons, lately presented to the youth, would be of service. As their ceremonies occupied a fortnight or more before they were concluded, many other ridiculous scenes were undoubtedly enacted, and during all this time the women did not dare to approach the performers. Each man was also provided with a singular instrument, formed with a piece of hollowed wood fastened to a long piece of flax string; by whirling this rapidly round their heads a loud shrill noise was produced, and the blacks seemed to attach a great degree of mystic importance to the sound of this instrument, for they told me that if a woman heard it she would die. The conclusion of this ceremony was a grand dance of a peculiar character, in which the boys join, and which the women are allowed to see. This dance is performed with much more solemnity than the ordinary corroborees. The Yarra-hapimni tribe, which I saw execute this dance near the Clybucca Creek, were so elaborately painted with white for the occasion that even their very toes and fingers were carefully and regularly coloured with concentric rings, whilst their hair was drawn up in a close knot, and stuck all over with the snowy down of the white cockatoo, which gave them the appearance of being decorated with white wings. In this dance the performers arranged themselves in the form of a semicircle, and grasping the ends of their boomerangs, which are also painted with great minuteness and regularity, they swayed their bodies rapidly from right to left, displaying a degree of flexibility in their limbs which might have created the envy of many a pantomimic artist. Each movement of their bodies to and fro was accompanied by a loud hiss, whilst a number of other natives, similarly painted, beat time with sticks, and kept up an incessant and obstreperous song. Every now and then the dancers would stop and rush, crowding together into a circle, raising their weapons with outstretched arms, and joining with frantic energy in the song. They would then be more composed, and walk backwards and forwards in couples, holding each other by the hand, until again roused by an elderly native to resume the dance. It was not until midnight that the noise ceased, which, every evening whilst the ceremonies lasted, might be heard at a distance of two or three miles."

The spear is the chief weapon, and is thrown by help of a throwing-stick (woomarah), by which an increased leverage is obtained. Some of them are barbed, and deadly in their effect. The shafts of some are of heavy wood, others of reed.

The shields with which they defend themselves are of either bark or wood, and the dexterity with which they ward off the spears is astonishing. I have seen in a case of punishment, when the criminal had to stand all alone and to defend himself from the shower of spears cast at him, that he stood perfectly self-possessed. On these occasions perhaps a hundred or more natives are assembled. The criminal stands at a certain distance until a given number of spears have been cast at him.

The boomerang is another weapon of very singular formation. It is a crooked blade, very like the blade of a steamer's screw, and much on that principle. It is cast by the hand, and gyrates through the air, and can be so thrown as to return to the feet of the thrower; or in a longer flight, dancing along the ground. It is particularly hard to guard against, from the curvature of its motion. It is used for killing birds on the wing, and can be thrown to a distance of 150 yards. The late Sir Thomas Mitchell fashioned a propeller for a steam-boat on this principle.

Their manufactures are few. Their canoes are miserable vessels, made out of a sheet of bark tied up at the ends. But having no great lakes to cross, like in America, nor any very dangerous rivers, they answer the purpose of ferrying two or three persons over at a time, if great care be exercised.

The late Admiral King describes the natives as having canoes 18 feet long, capable of containing eight persons in some instances, made out of trees; while the natives on the coast capture dugong, from which the celebrated oil is procured. Some of these fish weigh from 12 lbs. to 14 lbs.; they live on marine plants.

There is certainly some indication here of a higher order of natives than those generally dispersed to the south. Probably they were at one time higher in civilization than at present.

They make baskets and mats from the bark of the mallee tree, and the latter also from sea-weed, which sometimes serves the purpose of a bed. But their cloaks, made of opossum skins, prepared and sewn together with sinews, form comfortable, and warm garments. They likewise dress other skins—of the kangaroo and native cat, sewing them together with the sinews of the kangaroo's tail. Their stone

axes are merely stones ground down to an edge and fastened to a handle by gum and thread, and require the exercise of much patience in cutting through wood, &c.

The name given to the river Bogan is probably a corruption of Bungan. One of the early explorers maintains that the name of the Bogan was Bungan-Gallo. The course of the river is less circuitous than that of the Macquarie, and the rate of the current averages about 4 miles per hour.

Of the many aboriginal tribes mentioned in the narratives of the old explorers, not one can be said to exist, and the numerous wandering remnants are dying off. The few gins and blackfellows that I saw at the stations are very useful to the settlers, but in most cases the blacks come and go when they please. Sir Thomas Mitchell mentions three great tribes: 1. The Bultje, composed of many intelligent natives. This tribe numbered about 120 in 1835. Their hunting grounds were around the head waters of the Bogan. The local peculiarity of this tribe was that one, or in some cases two, of the front teeth of the males were extracted on their arriving at the age of fourteen. 2. The Myall tribe, who inhabited the central parts about Cudduldry, at the great bend of the Bogan to the northward. These natives had many curious customs. Some of the young men were gaily dressed with feathers, and were apparently formed into some sort of society or association, as they were all called by one name, "Talambe," and great interest was taken in them by the other members of the tribe. What their chief or leader's name was, or what were their purposes, were never mentioned, nor by any accident did any solution of the secret transpire. These natives did not extract the front teeth. 3. The Bungan tribe, inhabiting the Bogan between Cambelego and Mount Hopeless. They were less subtle and dissimulating than the Myalls. 4 and 5. Two tribes lower down the Bogan, the haunts of one being eastward of New Year's Range, and those of the other to the north of the Pink Hills. Both these tribes were described as being inoffensive, and of a friendly disposition. They were terrified at the sight of cattle, and still more afraid of sheep. The principal food of these various tribes consisted of opossum, kangaroo, and emu. Fishing, which was left entirely to the gins, was effectually yet simply performed by a moveable dam of long, twisted dry grass, through which water only could pass. This being pushed from one end of the pond or water-hole to the other, all the fish were necessarily driven before it and captured. The gins further used to gather fresh-water mussels (which abound in the mud of these holes), by lifting the shells out of the mud with their toes. A small plant with a yellow flower, called Tao by the natives, was pointed out to me. It grows in the grassy places near the river, and on its root the young children used chiefly to subsist. About as soon as they could walk, they were taught to pick about the ground for these roots, and to dig out the larvæ of ant-hills. Wild honey would appear to have been also plentiful.

Adding a few notices from Mr. Eyre's journal, and Captain Sturt's also, and Sir Thomas Mitchell's exploration:—Mr. Eyre describes the food of the natives to be often the wild fruits of the forest. Although there is in New Holland very little of what can be called fruit, yet Mr. Eyre speaks of a kind of plum or gooseberry which grows in the sand near Spencer's Gulf, which is acid and pleasant to eat, and on which the natives live for some time. Also, a description of wild grape has been found by the explorers. Sir Thomas Mitchell used to say all these fruits wanted was to be "fattened."

Their powers as mimics are described by Sturt—in one instance equal to if not outrivalling Liston in his best days.

I have already shown the superstition of the natives, which is proved by another remarkable case mentioned by Robert Austin:—The party shot a red kangaroo. The native ranger became much excited, and begged he might not be asked to eat of it, "For look," said he, "its head is truly that of a dog with the ears of a cow. Saw you ever a kangaroo so fat, or meat that smelt so strange. No, sir, this creature is not natural; it must be a magician of evil. Glad I am that one of my tribe has killed one of this odious race. My father and mother never ate one. Let the northern women eat if they like, but I must be a great fool to put a strange devil down my throat, to give me the stomach-ache."

Sir George Grey describes their huts in the rain, which gave not only some idea of shelter, but even of comfort. They afforded a very favorable specimen of the taste of the gins, whose business it is generally to construct the huts. The village of bowers also occupied more space than the encampments of the natives in general. The choice of a shady spot seemed to have been an object, and to have been selected with care. Here then we have, at considerable distances, natives erecting huts and living in something like communities. Can these be of the same origin as the general population, or has the circumstance that fruits and food may be found sufficient for support in these localities induced the aborigines to lead a more settled life?

Mitchell says they found a tree with a fruit resembling a small russet apple, skin rough, the pulp a rich crimson, and covering a large stone; an agreeable acid. So in Grey's case, the natives seem to have stored certain nuts. These grow in some part of the northern territory, affording food for the natives for several months. They seem to have some idea of measuring time, for they pointed out to Mitchell's party that white man (evidently Sturt's party) had passed there, pointing to the sun, six annual revolutions.

CHAPTER III.

First settlement of the Colony—Claims of the Aborigines—Extracts from Collins's Works—Bennillong and Cole-be—Dangerous proceedings of the Aborigines—Frightful massacre by the Blacks—Notes by a University man—Mr. Trollope's remarks—Aboriginal Police—Doom of the Queensland Savage—Massacre on Liverpool Plains—South Australian Aboriginals.

THE project of deporting criminals to this distant, almost unknown, portion of the world—a country whose resources were unknown, and distant 16,000 miles—was a bold measure, arising partly from necessity, and much discussed in the public Press, but the expedient has been ultmately crowned with success. Homes have been made for multitudes, British liberty and law established, and, above all, Christianity extended to a portion of the world that for ages had remained in the darkness of heathenism, shut out from commerce and the intercourse of intelligence.

Strange to say, in this expatriation no provision had been made by the Government for that which is the foundation of national success—religion, and it was not until Mr. Wilberforce, with his Christian zeal, pressed the Government, that a single minister of religion, Mr. Johnston, was provided, while a reckless and degraded class of men was about to be cast into the midst of a savage people, not at all calculated to raise or elevate them, but rather to depress and vitiate, and ultimately to destroy them.

Whatever benefit the civilized world has acquired in opening up a new territory for their overpeopled state, the poor unfortunate aborigines have had to suffer increased misery, wretchedness, and gradual extinction.

The Bishop of Perth has well put the question: "The darkness they were in in their original condition was the darkness of ignorance—dark indeed, but far darker is their state when to the darkness of ignorance is added the degradation of the acquired vices of civilization."

Little or no missionary zeal prevailed in the churches. At this period vital Christianity was lost sight of under mere moral teaching, yet a few names, as in Sardis, were found for the truth, but the heathen world was but little thought of.

The first mission to the Pacific was that of the London Missionary Society to Tahiti, so unscrupulously desecrated by the French.

No doubt the natives were surprised at their visitors, and were too soon convinced of their unscrupulous invasion of the land, but right had to submit to might.

Various conflicts took place between the races; a kind of guerilla warfare was carried on, and lives were sacrificed, although strict orders were given against violence or the prisoners going without bounds, and the severe punishment of 700 lashes was administered, and even hanging resorted to, for disobedience and robbery, yet temptations were too strong to check these evils.

The Governor exercised the kindest feelings toward the aborigines, so as to win their confidence, as may be seen by the following extracts from our earliest historian, Collins.

Many affrays took place between the natives and the Europeans, in which life was lost on both sides, but at length the natives became more familiar, and often danced and fought in the settlement, to the amusement of the people; when wounded they submitted to the surgeon's operations.

In these affrays the natives exhibited much bravery and became formidable to the settler, so that frequent conflicts took place, in which much life was lost on both sides. They carried away considerable plunder, and even made piratical attacks on vessels conveying corn, and killed the crews. It is thought

that the runaway convicts gave them assistance. They had attacked a farm near Kissing Point, murdered a man and woman, and having been pursued, an encounter took place near Parramatta, headed by their chief, Pemulwy, who threw spears at one of the soldiers. They were fired on, five natives were killed, and their chief, Pemulwy, received five buck-shot wounds in his head and parts of his body; he was captured and taken to the hospital.

The chief cause of warfare was the blacks plundering the maize crops, the whites having thinned out their game, and the blacks, driven by hunger, retaliated.

The animosity increased to such a degree that wanton acts of violence were resorted to. In one instance, the natives murdered two men who had farms. The settlers, in retaliation, seized three boys residing with the settlers, and having obtained through them the muskets of the murdered men, they tied their hands, and beat the boys to death in a barn; the others escaped. The Governor, on hearing of this cruelty, had the perpetrators tried, but from some interposing evidence, although convicted of being guilty of killing, they were not executed, but released on bail; they asserted that several whites had been murdered.

The natives however were not altogether idle; they robbed, burnt down houses, and assembled in large bodies, it is supposed instigated by runaway convicts.

Their government is domestic. They highly respect fathers. When they saw respect paid to the Governor, they entitled him Be-anna, Father. On the death of a father, the nearest of kin assumes the office, under the title of Be-anna.

Each family had a particular residence and name to distinguish it. Those on the south side of Botany Bay were called Gweagal, and those on the north side were Cam-mer-ray-gal. To this tribe belonged the privilege of extracting the tooth for the tribes inhabiting the sea-coast.

As to religion, there appears an idea of a future state. They neither worship sun, moon, nor stars. Bennillong, who had been in England, said after death they went to the clouds; they ascended like little children, first having perched on trees, living on fish.

The young men often attended worship in the settlement, imitating the clergyman with his book, being great mimics.

They knew the distinction between good and bad. The sting-ray was bad; the kangaroo good; cannibalism they condemned as Wee-re (bad); also murder, for which they required satisfaction.

Both sexes wear ornaments, both being adorned with scars over the body, using a profusion of fat on their persons. The women ornament themselves with strings of teeth and bones of some of the fishes. Women have the two first joints of the little finger of the left hand cut off. Some in colour are as black as negroes; others copper-coloured like Malays. Their huts are miserable sheets of bark, under which they sleep, huddled together. Their mode of living is not over cleanly. The food is mostly fish; the men spear and the women catch with hooks made out of the oyster-shell, and the fishing-lines from the bark of a tree.

Marriage is rather rude; the woman is dragged away by force, but there are many particulars about marriage as to relationship, &c., &c.

In child-birth one female is employed in pouring cold water over the abdomen; another ties a piece of line to the sufferer's neck, and takes the end in her mouth, rubbing her lips until they bleed; no further assistance is given. The mother walks about collecting wood a few hours after delivery. The child at six weeks receives a name from some object, either bird, fish, or animal. From the earliest age the boys practise at throwing the spear and other weapons. At the ages of eight to sixteen the children undergo the operation termed Gnah-noong, that is, of piercing the septem of the nose so as to receive a bone or reed; and the lads, at a later period, of having the tooth knocked out. This is a very imposing ceremony. Numbers collect on these occasions, mostly males; they dance and are armed; the boys are seized and put in a sitting posture all night, and some mystic rites are performed over them; the carrahdis pretend great agony, and roll on the ground, until at length they are delivered of a bone; the people crawl on their hands and knees to where the boys are sitting, when they throw sand and dirt upon them; one man carries a kangaroo skin stuffed with straw, another carries brush-wood, others sing, while others again make artificial tails of grass, and then leap like kangaroos, scratching and jumping emblematic of a future chase; each then casts off the artificial tail, seizes a boy, and places him on his shoulder until they reach where they are to be deposited, while the men lie down upon the ground and the boys walk over them, the former making various gestures and grimaces. The bone is then rubbed down like a chisel, so as to scarify the gums. The small end of a stick is then applied to the tooth and struck with a stone; the tooth being dislodged and the gum closed, the devotee is then encompassed with a girdle, wooden sword, and a ligature bound round the head, in which is stuck slips of grass-tree. The boy is not

allowed to speak or eat during the operation; the people make most hideous noises in the ears of the sufferers to drown their cries; the patient sits on the shoulders of the man, who receives the blood which flows down from the mouth.

The youths are now admissible to the classes of men, and are privileged to use the spear and club, &c.

The shedding of blood is always followed by punishment, the offender being obliged to stand the ceremony of spears being thrown at him; a native murdered must be avenged.

They have many superstitions, as may be expected. They believe in spirits. If they sleep at a grave, they believe the deceased visits them, seizes them and disembowels them, but that the bowels are replaced. A shooting star is very important, and of thunder they are very much afraid, but think that, by repeating certain words and breathing hard, they are safe.

Of diseases the itch is common, and there is no doubt but that they have been visited by the small-pox, which they call gal-gal-la, of which numbers died, and their remains were found in the caves of the rocks around Sydney. Some of them were admitted into the Hospital, where some died, and others recovered.

Property consists of shields, spears, clubs, lines, and certain localities. In disposition they are revengeful, jealous, courageous, cunning, capable of strong attachment, susceptible of joy and sorrow. They have some idea of the heavenly bodies, sun, moon, and stars.

Funeral ceremonies:—In some instances the body is burnt, but mostly the legs are tied up to the head so as to occupy little room; the Carrahdi distorts his body and applies his mouth to different parts of the deceased. They bury with the men their spears and throwing-sticks; they wear tufts of grass, and as they proceed to bury, they throw their spears and often do injuries. The body is placed so that the sun shall shine on it, and all trees that may intercept the sun's rays are cut down. They do not mention the name of the deceased.

They have some poetic talent and they compose impromptu, and have some taste for music.

They are quite capable of receiving instruction.

They cannot pronounce the letters S and V.

Amongst the public heroes of those days (about 1790) were Bennillong and Cole-be—the former had visited England. Both were frequent inmates of the Governor's house, but were fond of roving. On the occasion of a whale being stranded at Broken Bay, Bennillong sent a present of a piece of fish to the Governor. On this His Excellency visited the place, and found there his friends, to whom he gave several articles of clothing. The Governor, perceiving that the natives were surrounding him, was retiring gradually to the boat, but on lifting up his arms on meeting a particular native, as evidence of his recognition, the native took alarm and threw a spear at him, which struck him in the neck, above the collar-bone, and being barbed, was difficult of extraction. Several other spears were thrown, but fortunately without effect. The boat's crew rushed on shore, but their muskets proved useless. The shaft of the spear was broken off, and the remainder was extracted by the surgeon.

A few days after this affray, Bennillong came to a cove on the North Shore, with his wife and companions, and stated that it was a man of the name of Willemering who threw the spear at the Governor, and that Cole-be and he had beaten him severely; and on the visit to the Governor subsequently, Bennillong repeated the statement, observing that it was owing to surprise that the man had committed the act.

A few days afterwards, Beanillong waited on the Governor, with a request that a hut near the cove should be built for him, which was assented to.

Some months afterwards Bennillong took to the bush again, sending a message to the Governor that he had had a dispute with his friend Cole-be and had been wounded, and could not appear at the Governor's table, requesting at the same time his clothes, together with victuals, of which he was much in want. On his re-appearance at the settlement some time afterwards, he had a wound in the mouth and some teeth broken. The quarrel appears to have been occasioned by his over-attention to his friend's favourite wife, Boo-ree-a, and this led to a severe castigation. Cole-be, meeting him shortly afterwards, asked him sarcastically "if he meant that kind of conduct to be a specimen of English manners." As Bennillong had visited England, the sarcasm was the more pungent.

Bennillong, after his return from England, was asked where blackfellow came from—did he come from an island. He said he did not know, but that after death they returned to the clouds, ascending in the shape of little children, first resting on the tops of trees; their favourite food was little fishes.

Speaking of the habit of knocking out the tooth, he said that a man of the name of Cam-mer-ra-gal wore them round his neck, the tribe having performed the ceremony, but as to his own teeth they were buried in the earth.

When Bennillong's wife died, many spears were thrown and persons wounded. He had a serious contest with Wil-le-me-ring, and wounded him in the thigh. He had sent for him to attend his wife, and he had refused, and at the death of his infant many spears were thrown, and he said he would not be satisfied until he had revenge.

Bennillong burnt the body of his wife Ba-rang-a-roo.

The ashes of the wife were the next day scraped together and covered over with great solemnity. The most affecting part of the ceremony was that Bennillong threw his infant child into the mother's grave, casting a large stone on it, saying no woman could be found to nurse the child.

On the death of the boy, Ba-loo-der-ry, whom he had watched and sung over with Cole-be, he requested that the body might be interred in the garden. The burial was attended with much ceremony, while the burial of Bennillong's wife was attended by the Governor, the Judge-Advocate, and the surgeon.

The natives had determined to kill Bennillong, it being supposed he had killed a man, of which he was innocent; he therefore appealed to the Governor to protect him. He had now given way to drink, and became more brutal and insulting, and therefore got into troubles. On the occasion of a fight he threw a spear amongst the soldiers and wounded one, and would have been killed, had it not been for the Provost-Marshal. Walking about armed, he declared he would kill the Governor. Now Bennillong associated with troublesome characters, and was once or twice wounded. In one of these battles, three natives were killed and several wounded. Amongst these Bennillong was dangerously wounded, and probably died. Thus perished Bennillong, as a drunken savage, after all the advantages he had had of visiting England, and living at the Governor's House. Nor is this a solitary instance of these savages who have enjoyed like advantages.

We have here the failure of mere civilization, which produces only outward effects. Religion alone can reach the heart. The gospel is the power of God to the salvation of all who believe in and know it.

Bennillong has been immortalized in name, a point on the North Shore being called Bennillong Point. His history is a sad one. There is a street in Parramatta called, I suppose, after this chief.

The accompanying rough sketches, copied from Collins's work, will give some idea of the natives in person, and their numerous ceremonies, &c., &c., &c.

It is only fair to show what dangerous and treacherous neighbours the aborigines are, and how the squatters and inhabitants were often placed at their mercy.

A numerously signed petition was presented to the Governor from the settlers on the road to Port Phillip praying for protection, as they had suffered much from the incursions and assaults of these people, and stating that, if they could not obtain protection, they must take the law into their own hands.

The Governor immediately despatched a police force to be stationed along the road for protection.

As for their raids on stations, they actually drove away the sheep and cattle from two or three stations, and in some instances violated women and committed robberies.

We must however consider that their laws strictly limited the tribes to certain districts, and to intrude upon these was criminal; and this was so strictly carried out that, on my approaching the Shoalhaven River, my guide would on no account cross over with me. But whites, as foreigners, would be regarded with even more hostility.

The following account, from the *Rockhampton Bulletin*, 26 October, 1861, will show one of these murderous assaults, and at the same time the brutal character of the aboriginal police force, who thought it pleasant work to shoot down their countrymen:—

"A man arrived in Rockhampton last evening (Tuesday) with intelligence of the murder of a number of persons on Mr. Wills's station, Nogoa, including Mr. Wills himself. The messenger brings a written deposition of the facts, so far as they are known, which was made on Friday last, to Mr. Gregson, Bainworth station, by a shepherd belonging to the late Mr. Wills. The shepherd's name is Edward Kenny. We are informed that Mr. Wills had only arrived on the station about a fortnight previous to the time when the murders were committed, and Kenny states that during that time the blacks came upon the station in considerable numbers, but they were quiet and appeared friendly, and no notice was taken of them. Mr. Wills used to carry a revolver himself, but although he had plenty of firearms on the station, the men were not supplied with them.

"On the evening of Thursday, the 17th October, Kenny was returning to the station with his sheep, when he met Paddy, who had been shepherding the rams. Paddy said to him, 'There has been slaughter here to-day.' Kenny then went up to the station, and saw the corpse of his late master (Mr. Wills), the overseer's wife (Mrs. Baker), with grown-up daughter and two children, Mrs. Manyon, and three children, and a man named Jemmy Scotty—in all ten bodies—having evidently been killed by the blacks. He then took a horse and rode over to Bainworth (Mr. Gregson's station), where he arrived about 1 p.m., on Friday last. He does not know what became of Paddy after he left him. There were at the time twenty-two Europeans on the station, and it is feared that others have shared a similar fate to that of the ten above-mentioned. The remaining eleven on the station were, the overseer (Mr. Baker), Patrick Manyon, George Ling, Paddy, George Elliott, Harry, Tom, Davey Baker, Charlie, Ned, and John Moon. Mr. Thomas Wills (son of the deceased) and two men had left the station the previous Sunday morning, with drays, on their way to Albinia Downs, for loading.

"We are informed that the remnant of the Native Police Force, at the camp Rockhampton, consisting of Cadet Johnson, two sergeants, and one trooper only, will start to-morrow for Peak Downs, an officer named Genatas with ten men being stationed there, and from thence they will proceed to Nogoa. There is also a small company of troopers under Lieutenant Patrick stationed at the Comet River.

"Preparations are being made by Mr. P. F. Macdonald, of Yaamby, for the equipment of a private party to accompany him to the scene of the recent massacre, to assist in succouring the men left on the station, and preserve the property from injury. A subscription, headed by Mr. P. F. Macdonald, £100, which already amounts to £236, has been opened to defray its expenses, and will be found at the Banks.

"*Later intelligence.*—News was received on Thursday evening that Lieutenant Cave, with eleven troopers, arrived at the scene of the late tragedy two days after its occurrence. Lieutenant Cave was on patrol with the troopers at Living's station, on the Dawson, when he heard of the murders. He hastened off in the middle of the night, taking with him fresh horses. Mr. Living and the settlers in the vicinity formed a separate party, and started at once to render assistance. No further particulars have as yet transpired."

In a work published in 1871—"Colonial Adventures; by a University man,"—we have a chapter devoted to the Aborigines of Queensland, in which the writer gives the general opinion as to the destruction of the black race, "That God never intended them to live long on the land in which he had placed them, therefore away with them until there be none remaining, and we will go in and possess the land." The writer draws a distinction not creditable between the tame blacks and wild ones:—"The former picked up all the worst characteristics of the white man, and lost some of their own. They learned to drink, smoke, and become lazy, living on the white man's scraps. They do not hesitate to commit murders and robberies—doing as they are done by. In short, instead of improving their condition, we have made them more wretched and base than ever, not over complimentary to Christianity or civilization. In new districts taken up by the whites, almost invariably by way of retaliation, either from the whites destroying their camps or possibly firing on them, the black meditates revenge, and spears or kills the first defenceless shepherd or traveller. Then the Europeans turn out to disperse them—to shoot them down—men, women, and children. The native police, being blacks trained to arms, delight in shooting their fellow-men. For every white man murdered, six blacks are made to bite the dust."

The writer gives a description of a shipwrecked sailor who lived with the blacks twenty years, and experienced continual kindness, and of their kindness to his fellow-seamen who escaped from the wreck, but died of fever. These very men having boarded a cutter near the coast, and one of them having stolen a tomahawk, leaped overboard with his prize, the rest following. The crew fired upon them while swimming, and killed two of them.

The writer, in describing the massacre of the natives by the black police, says:—"I have seen two large pits, covered with branches and brush, secured by a few stones; the pits filled with dead bodies of blacks, of all ages and both sexes." Again, he says, "Whilst travelling along the road, for more than a quarter of a mile the air was tainted with the putrefaction of corpses, which lay all along the ridges, just as they had fallen. This was in retaliation for the murder of five shepherds. Each detachment of four or five troopers is officered by a European, domiciled in barracks or camps. They sometimes show some compunction in shooting women, but they are usually encouraged in this work, as the women are often the abettors and agents in most of the murders, and as the blacks must be exterminated, the more shot the better."

The celebrated tourist, Mr. Trollope, in his work on "Queensland; a Flying Visit," devotes some pages to this people. He describes them as sapient as monkeys and great mimics of white dandies. He

then refers to the opposition Cook, Dampier, and Phillips met with on their landing, as if they had no right to defend their country. What is a virtue with all other people is a crime in them. Comfortably accommodated in a squatter's residence, he says there were more settlers killed by the blacks than blacks killed, and thus balances the account.

Some murders have been brought before the public in Queensland which called for immediate Government interference. Camps of aboriginals have been attacked, the wretched beings fired upon, and on escaping to the water, were then deliberately shot. On one occasion, one of their number eluded the aboriginal police; at length they saw a bundle of grass floating, into which they fired and shot the unfortunate being, who held the grass in his mouth to conceal his head, but the stratagem failed. In another instance, where the aboriginal police attacked the camp, one of the women was seized and violated, and her brains dashed out.

In 1880, the *Sydney Mail* wrote:—"The doom of the Queensland savage is not merely to perish before the advance, but to actually receive his death-blow at the hands of the British colonist. In another page, we reprint an article from our senior morning contemporary, which puts this fact beyond dispute. A competent and impartial special reporter declares the condition of things as it is, and his melancholy narrative must re-awaken regret for the fate of the race which enjoyed an uninvaded possession of this continent for centuries, and is now rapidly melting away in the presence of civilization. Stripped of all exaggeration, the story of what is happening in the remote districts of the neighbouring Colony has a horrible sound to Southerners who have no environment of savagery, and to whom peace and plenty have become monotonous and undervalued privileges. Yet the far north of Queensland is not being stained more terribly with aboriginal blood than has been our fair New South Wales. The black was improved off the face of the lands we occupy, as pitilessly as he is now being dismissed from his haunts on the banks of the tropical rivers. We cannot thank God that the pioneer settlers here were more merciful than those who are appropriating the cedar forests and auriferous deposits in Northern Queensland. From first to last the line of contact between the two races has been a red one. From first to last the strong Caucasian has trodden the naked nomad like mire into his own sod.

"It is easy to voice regret and condemnation in general terms; but could this extermination have been altogether avoided? We think not. What should have been done with the aboriginal? Did his possession of the territory for centuries give him a right to possess it for ever? Did mere possession confer a title so absolute that British colonization must be ranked as a national crime? Surely no rational man can defend such a view as that. The blackfellow's title to the country was destroyed by his savagery. Nature gives everybody a chance of some kind, and the blackfellow had his chance. He had given to him a magnificent continent, rich in manifold resources; but he was lord only over snakes and kangaroos—a king of brutes, but little more than a brute among brutes. Back of the brute there was, no doubt, the germ of manhood; but a creature with only an undeveloped germ of manhood cannot live among men. The blackfellow shrank from men, preferring to dwell with marsupials. He did not understand, he did not like man—using the word in its large sense. He fought against him as a wild brute would fight—treacherously, savagely. In the far north, to this day, he is not averse to eating the colonist. He has had two chances: Nature, as before remarked, has given him a splendid country, and he has been brought into contact with a highly civilized race; but he has proved unworthy of both. His blood is therefore upon his own head.

"In saying this we do not, it need hardly be insisted, endorse all that has been meted out to the black by his white conqueror. The Briton was a savage once, and he is not an angel now. Beneath his civilization, there are the passions which may be developed into savagery; and there have been too many white savages in Australia. The line of contact between the two races is the line where Government, representing in this matter the conscience as well as the physical force of the whole community, should be strong, but where it has too frequently been weak. The Queensland Government should be strong in the administration of justice, tempered abundantly with mercy, along the line where white and black are struggling for supremacy, and not merely able to grapple with questions of tariffs and mail contracts in Brisbane. It is a disgrace to a civilized people to be represented by many of the 'boys' who are employed to hasten the extinction of their countrymen in the far north. The braining of children, the violation of women, the slaughter of the wounded and the aged, the callous disregard of all tender considerations which, when observed, shed lustre on the strong—these are reproaches which it is humiliating to have recorded in any part of the British Empire. They make an Englishman's blood boil with shame and indignation. War, whether of the open sort or of that unrecognized kind which 'disperses' blackfellows, is apt to demoralize those who are engaged in it, and what has been transpiring for years in the 'unsettled' districts of Australia has had that effect in too many cases. The business of 'dispersing' blackfellows has had the result of 'dispersing' the conscience of whitefellows. Troopers may have

received the letter of their orders from Brisbane; but the spirit of their atrocious deeds has been inspired by the passion-blinded pioneers, to whom the taking of an aboriginal life is rather meritorious. But we repeat that where, as in the far north, the conscience of individuals is weak, the conscience of the Colony should be all-potent. Blood-shedding would not cease, for the savagery of the blacks will inevitably bring about their extinction; but the stain would not be the indelible one of guilt."

The facts of the dreadful massacre on Liverpool Plains may be gathered from the charge delivered by Judge Burton on passing sentence of death upon the criminals, and exhibit barbarity horrible to think of:—

"Prisoners at the bar, you have been found guilty of the murders of the aborigines at Liverpool Plains—men, women, and children. The circumstances of these murders are so atrocious that you must be prepared for what the result must be. This is not a case where death has ensued from drunkenness, nor the murder of one individual, but probably of thirty poor defenceless beings.

"The blacks round their fires at night were suddenly surrounded by an armed body of you prisoners at the bar. The blacks fled to one of your huts for safety. In that hut, amidst the tears, sobs, and groans of these unhappy victims, you bound them—father, mother, and children—together, and then led them to common destruction.

"Nothing else but the grace of God could reach men's hearts so hardened as to slay father, mother, and children. To conceal the affair you burnt the bodies, swept the place, and removed the remains, but hundreds of birds of prey floating in the air awakened the attention of the neighbourhood, and notwithstanding every precaution a jaw-bone with teeth was found, while, as it rained the day before the deed, the traces of horsemen, of men, &c., with naked feet, being blacks, were left visible to the place, while there was no trace of the blacks returning. This offence was not without premeditation, as it is certain the whites were mustered from down the river to help, and on Sunday you closed that day with the murder of these blacks.

"I cannot but look upon you with commiseration. You were placed in a dangerous situation, entirely removed from religious instruction, 150 miles from any police station, by which you could have been controlled, &c., &c." The Judge then passed sentence of death in the usual manner.

Certainly the case was one of great criminality and diabolical in the execution; but these unfortunate men were left in the solitude by their employers, without any correcting good, and were taught by influential persons to look upon the blacks as not human beings. Religion after all is the great panacea to heal nations, for it is righteousness that exalteth them.

The influence of crime on the virtuous portions of society, either as to its costliness or insecurity of life and property, is very serious, and demands much statesmanship; the solution of the problem lies in conservatism.

In 1875, the *South Australian Register* published the following notes on the aborigines met with on the trip of Mr. Lewis's exploring party to Lake Eyre, by Mr. F. W. Andrews, collecting naturalist to the expedition:—

"The first natives we met with after leaving Mount Margaret were on the Macumba Creek, where a small number visited our camp in a very quiet and friendly manner. They were young men and a boy or two. They could not speak any English, except one or two very commonplace words, as 'whitefellow,' &c. Their food appeared to consist of snakes (morelia) of the boa tribe, lizards, rats, &c., but the principal food at this season of the year (December) appears to be the dried fruit of the pigs'-faces (mesembryanthemum), which they gather in large quantities and store by until wanted, or as long as it will keep. The quantity they consume at a time is something enormous, and it appears to be very nutritious and fattening food, no doubt from the large amount of saccharine matter it affords. They wear no covering for the body, except the men, some of whom wear a small fringed curtain in front of their persons. This is sometimes made of the tail of the pouched hare (*Peragalia lagotis*), the white tips of which are worked into a very neat and ornamental covering. This is called 'Thippa.' They also wear a similar fringe, only larger, made of wallaby or rat's hair, which they call 'Unpa.' The ends of the tails of the native rabbit or pouched hare are carefully saved up until about forty or fifty in number are fastened in rows, forming a very attractive adornment; they have, however, often as many as from 150 to 200 in one bunch. The weapons they carry with them when visiting are few and simple, consisting of a yam-stick for digging out rats, &c., and an awkwardly-made boomerang. I found that they had plenty of spears, and large two-handed boomerangs like immense wooden scimitars. These they kept out of sight on most occasions. They had some very neatly-constructed trough-like water-vessels, which they called 'Pirras.' The men were finely-formed young fellows, with pleasing and regular features, and one, in particular, had beautifully-formed olive eyes; he was a very handsome young fellow, and we all admired him very much.

Through our native interpreter, 'Coppertop,' who joined us at Strangways, we were enabled to converse with them. They were very anxious for rain, as they could not travel far away from the waterholes on the creeks. Travelling further on towards Lake Eyre, we met with several wild-looking lots—plenty of men, women, and children—all looking very hearty and contented. The old men were about having a meeting to 'make rain,' and as it looked likely for rain, they would no doubt before long be able to again astonish their tribe by their power as 'rain-makers.'

"We were now keeping a strict night-watch, as (if they meant no mischief 'leading to human gore') they were diligently intent on what they called 'tealing.' It was evident, by the cut timber about the creeks, that they had axes or tomahawks, and on inquiry 'where blackfellow got um tomahawk,' the answer received was, 'him teal um along a whitefellow.' There is no doubt they had stolen several during the construction of the overland telegraph. They, however, always kept these tomahawks out of our sight. Knives, tomahawks, &c., are their principal weaknesses; but they will steal anything they can lay their hands (or toes) on. Our interpreter, 'Coppertop,' having arrived in his own country, the Macumba, made tracks, leaving his clothes, which were transferred to another young man who joined us. Tommy was his name, and he had a good smattering of English, from having been with the telegraph construction parties for some time, and was very useful as a guide and interpreter. One day, when travelling, we met with natives—'outsiders,' whose patois Tommy was unacquainted with, and he cried out in despair, 'Me cant hear um.' Tommy was of a very inquiring turn of mind, and thinking sugar was "dug up" at some 'berry good place,' he one day asked the question, 'When we catch um that big one sandhill all same where whitefellow get um sugar?'

"On Willis's or the Salt Creek we saw, in a large mob of natives, one old man who had evidently been in the wars; his arm had been broken in two places, and had set crooked at each fracture, giving the poor old man a very battered appearance. The old fellow walked up and down the camel train from one person to another, talking and gesticulating, evidently wishing us to go on; and on our starting, he looked very pleased, and pointed in the direction we were going, saying, 'Appa, appa' (water, water), as much as to say, 'Go on; there is plenty of water over there for you.' At starting, much to our amusement and surprise, the old man said, 'Good morning, good morning.' This was towards evening, but although the old man seemed to wish us away from his own camp, he was at our camp the next morning to see us start, and wish us good morning again. Several women at the old man's camp were smeared all over with burnt gypsum (plaster of Paris), making them quite white, and giving them a horrid-looking appearance. They were in mourning for deceased relatives. All the natives we saw looked very healthy and fat, the children looked as clean in the skin as could be desired, and, altogether, their appearance and physique showed them the pictures of health and contentment. We saw one fine young man who was blind from cataract, and the poor old man with the broken arm was leading him about and attending to his wants. We afterwards saw, at Kopperamana, a young hearty-looking woman, who was suffering from the same affliction.

"They told us that the weather last year in the winter was very cold, but that no rain fell. They make the best wurleys I have seen anywhere, all covered in securely, and having a hole for the exit of the smoke, as well as the entrance hole, which is, however, small. They are covered all over with grass, rushes, roots, earth, &c., and are quite dry. In the summer they have only a shade constructed of boughs. During the hot weather they were catching large quantities of fish with nets, which they constructed very ably from rushes. These nets are mostly fixed stationary across a favourable spot in the creek, and the fish caught by endeavouring to pass through the meshes, when they get fixed in the net by the mesh passing over their gills. When the supply of fish fails, or wanting a change of food, they have roots, seeds, herbs, caterpillars (in bushels), lizards, snakes, and numerous odds and ends, to procure all of which in quantity requires at times much labour, and this food-labour mostly falls to the lot of the lubras, who have generally plenty to do, for after they have got the food to their wurleys, there is much to do grinding or pounding seeds of acacia, nardoo, &c.

"Some of the large waterholes on the Salt Creek have superstitious terrors attached to them. One blackfellow, after killing a pelican with a boomerang, would not attempt to recover his weapon, as he said there was a large snake in the hole always on the lookout for blackfellow.

"At Kopperamana, the Lutheran Mission Station, only a small number, about a dozen or so, were camped. They appeared to easily obtain plenty of fish in the lake, but had not such a fat, hearty-looking appearance as the natives on Salt Creek. Some were employed on the station shepherding goats, others lamb-minding, &c., and all appeared to be well-treated. Of their scholastic attainments I cannot say very much, as I was informed that as they got taught any learning they went away. One young fellow appeared to have a good idea of figures, and counted twenty-five very fairly. Only a few natives were seen at Lake Hope; these talk pidgin-English with fluency, well interlarded with strong adjectives. They have plenty

of fish in the lake, and the rats, snakes, roots, &c., according to the season. Perrigundi Lake has long been known as a so-called dangerous place for whites to camp at, unless well armed and in pretty good force. It was at this place where a party of stockmen from Lake Hope were attacked some years ago, while they were asleep, and, only for the bravery and promptitude of one of the party, the whole of them would have been killed. One young man, named Newman, died of the spear wounds he received in this fatal affray. We camped here two nights and one day—Saturday night and Sunday. Seven or eight finely-made, strong young fellows paid us a visit, and were very peaceably disposed, and fetched us some fine fish in exchange for a little tobacco. Some of the weapons they had with them were of the most formidable dimensions, and well adapted for knocking down a bullock. They did not make any offer to molest us; but the sight of our revolvers, rifles, and guns, no doubt everywhere acted as a good warning to them, as to what they might expect if they commenced hostilities.

"They did not appear to pay much respect to old age, after decease, as one of them was noticed by one of our party taking some dead wood from an old grave to make a fire, and on being remonstrated with, he replied, 'All right; only old woman been tumble down.' Proceeding on to Lake M'Kinlay, there is a pretty numerous tribe there, but only eight or nine visited our camp, as most of them were away hunting in the sandhills, where they always go after the rains have left water enough in the claypans for their subsistence while hunting. Some of them were much frightened at the camels. They looked in excellent health. We camped here close to the tree which M'Kinlay marked on his journey. The tree had been partly destroyed by the blacks, but some fine young saplings are springing up, straight and tall again, and the old tree promises to be soon as good as ever. I think it is only an act of justice to these poor creatures to record their peaceable and friendly behaviour to us all the way we travelled, and we hope that as soon as the Salt Creek country is occupied, which from its fine grazing capabilities it immediately will be, a thoughtful and liberal Government will send a supply of useful things to them—as blankets, tomahawks, &c.

"The Salt Creek tribe is numerous and powerful, and I feel convinced that kind but firm treatment at the outset will bring about the most desirable results. Police protection ought to be at once given to the first settlers on this and the neighbouring creeks. It would act as a wholesome check on the bad propensities and cupidity of the natives, and at the same time procure their proper treatment."

CHAPTER IV.

Efforts made to civilize the Aborigines—Rev. L. E. Threlkeld—Results of Missions—Government support of Missions—Society for propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts—Population in the Port Phillip District—Examination before the Legislative Council on the Aboriginal Question—Lieut. Sadleir's evidence—Rev. L. E. Threlkeld's evidence—Captain Grey's opinion.

THE following may be considered as a brief summary of the several attempts to christianize and civilize the aborigines. Several portions of the Bible have been translated, but as the natives are fast acquiring English, this need not be continued.

The Rev. Mr. Threlkeld was a translator into the aboriginal language, as appears from the following, but the tribes in question are now extinct:—

"AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINAL LANGUAGE.

"*To the Editor of the Herald.*

"Sir,—In your issue of the 2nd instant appears a short review (from the *Sydney Mail*) on the recently published work, entitled 'Kamilaroi and other Australian Languages,' by the Rev. W. Ridley, lately issued by the New South Wales Government Printing Office. In your remarks on the work I notice the following:—

'If we mistake not, the Rev. L. E. Threlkeld was the *first* to produce any publication on the subject of the aboriginal language, his little work, containing 'Specimens of the Dialect of the Aborigines of New South Wales,' having been given to the world in 1827. In the same year he issued another essay, in which he endeavoured to throw the language into grammatical shape; and in 1856 appeared his 'Key to the Structure of the Aboriginal Language.'

"As the above gives but a very brief outline of the work rendered by my father (carried on for sixteen years under great privation and through many trying circumstances) in the interests of the aborigines of this Colony during his mission, commencing in January, 1825, and terminating December, 1841, I trust you will not consider that I am needlessly trespassing upon your columns in placing before you a few of the more prominent results emanating from those labours, especially as it would appear, from the recent publication, that our Government is more alive to the importance of preserving reliable works on the dialect of the aboriginal language that it was at the time of their publication.

"The Rev. L. E. Threlkeld's first production was 'Specimens of the Aboriginal Language,' printed and issued for publication (as mentioned by you) in 1827.

"In 1829, under the auspices of the Venerable Archdeacon Broughton (subsequently Bishop of Australia), he completed the translation of the Gospel of St. Luke, which was revised in 1831, and the MSS. forwarded to the Archdeacon.

"In 1832 a selection of prayers from the Ritual of the Church of England was translated.

"In 1835 his 'Australian Grammar, being a Dialect of the Languages of the Aborigines,' was completed, a copy of which was presented to His late Majesty King William IV, and placed in the Royal Library.

"In 1836 the 'Australian Spelling Book' was completed and printed for the use of the aborigines. Two of the youths then attending the Mission School could read and write in their native tongue. In the same year 'Selections from the Old Testament' were also translated to form reading lessons for the native youth.

"In 1837 the first translation of the Gospel of St. Mark was finished.

"At the close of the yearly report ending 1838 the following subjects are alluded to as having occupied his attention—

"1. Specimens of the Language } In print. The copies were then expended.
"2. An Australian Grammar }
"3. The Gospel of St. Luke.
"4. The Gospel of St. Mark.
"5. The Gospel of St. Matthew to the 5th chapter.
"6. A Selection of Prayers for Morning and Evening Service.
"7. A Selection of Reading Lessons from the Old Testament.
"8. The Australian Spelling Book.

"In 1856 (some fifteen years after the close of the Mission) he completed and published his last work—'The Key to the Structure of the Aboriginal Language'—and at the time of his death, in 1859, he had nearly completed the final revision of the Four Gospels, with a view to their publication. At the request of Sir George Grey, who has always taken a lively interest in aboriginal languages, I forwarded the manuscript to him, under the impression that he would have it printed and forward me a copy.

"In the annual report of 1839 allusion is made to the similarity of the aboriginal language with the Cherokee Indian, where specimens of the dual are given; the Cherokee habitual form of the verb agreeing with the modification in the Australian Grammar, page 29. A comparison of dialects is also made of the aborigines at Lake Macquarie, Manila River, Swan River, and King George's Sound.

"Burwood House, March 16. L. E. THRELKELD."

The first institution, at Parramatta, was instituted by Governor Macquarie. Next, we may regard the Rev. Mr. Cartwright's attempt at the Male Orphan School, which was only limited to a few children. One of the girls, under the care of Mrs. Cartwright, made great progress in learning, aspired to music, and was afterwards married to a stockman on Manaro Plains. Some of the boys turned out well.

The Rev. Mr. Threlkeld's mission at Lake Macquarie (see his evidence and brief notice attached); the Church Missionary Society, Wellington Valley; Mr. Watson's Mission of the remnant down the Macquarie; the Moravian Missions and Roman Catholic Missions, Queensland; Sir Richard Bourke's Mission, Melbourne; also the Wesleyan and the Lake Mission there; Missions in Western Australia and Adelaide; Mission by the Rev. Mr. Ridley, Barwon and Namoi; two Missions under Mr. Matthews and the Rev. J. B. Gribble; Tasmanian Aborigines.

"Rev. L. E. Threlkeld, who had been associated with Rev. John Williams, 'the martyr of Erromanga,' in the South Sea mission, commenced a mission among the aborigines at Lake Macquarie, near Newcastle, and continued for eleven years to labour among them. Mr. Threlkeld published a grammar of the language spoken by the aborigines of the Lower Hunter, which constitutes a valuable philological record. A large number of the natives received the elements of education from Mr. Threlkeld, and some of his old catechumens are still to be met with in different parts of the Colony; but no decided and permanent moral change appears to have resulted from his long-continued labours there. Like other tribes in the neighbourhood of colonial settlements, that in the midst of which Mr. Threlkeld carried on his labours rapidly decayed, and left no material for benevolent agencies to work upon. The Revs. Messrs. Watson and Gunther, of the Church of England, for several years conducted a mission for the aborigines in Wellington Vale, the results of which are very similar to those of Mr. Threlkeld's mission. Among the aboriginal shepherds and stockmen scattered over a wide district Mr. Watson's old scholars may be occasionally met with, and their training under his care has at least had the effect of making them more intelligent and useful servants. Mr. Watson accomplished a work of mercy for numerous half-caste children scattered among the tribes in the western and north-western districts. Many of these unhappy children, disowned by their fathers, and liable to be destroyed by their mothers' tribe, having no prospect but an early death or a savage life, were rescued from such a fate by Mr. Watson, and instructed in Christian knowledge and useful art." (See Bishop Broughton's visit and report of this mission; also Bishop Barker's tour.)

Between 1837 and 1844, the Rev. Benjamin Hurst and the Rev. Francis Tuckfield, under the auspices of the Wesleyan Society, started on a mission at Buntingdale, or Colac, near Geelong. They conducted a school at which 100 aboriginal children attended, and trained the adults to farm labour; but the

spiritual good which was their chief aim was not manifest in a decided manner. Hostile attacks by other tribes put a stop to the work, and convinced the missionaries of the necessity of simultaneous and enlarged efforts among all the neighbouring tribes. Rev. William Walker, another Wesleyan Minister, laboured with great zeal for the conversion of the aborigines in the neighbourhood of Bathurst, and some of those brought up under his instructions made an open profession of Christianity and adopted the habits of civilized life. One of them was for years a preacher of the Gospel.

In 1837 a party of nine missionaries, who had been enlisted in the work by Pastor Gossner, of Berlin, were directed, through the exertions of Rev. Dr. Lang, to Australia, and came with their families to Moreton Bay. These missionaries taught the children of the aborigines the English language, the use of the hoe, and other useful arts. Their attempts to instil Christianity into their minds do not appear to have been successful. The lives of the missionaries were repeatedly endangered by the plots of the aborigines to rob and murder them. After some years, having been compelled by the absence of external support to devote their attention to the cultivation of the ground for the support of their families, they gradually abandoned the attempt to evangelize the natives. Two of them, Rev. G. Hansmann and Rev. W. Riquet, have been since labouring successfully for the good of their own countrymen in Victoria. Between 1853 and 1856 the Rev. W. Ridley made several missionary tours to the aborigines on the Namoi, Barwon, and Balonne Rivers, and Moreton Bay; in the course of which he collected and made public information relative to the language and traditional customs of the tribes in those districts. Mr. Ridley addressed to the aborigines, in their native language, elementary instruction in revealed truth; and especially among the Kamilaroi-speaking tribes on the Namoi and Barwon—these instructions were received with attention and thankfulness; no evidence, however, appeared of any permanent good being effected by this brief attempt. In the Colonies of Western Australia, South Australia, and Victoria more successful efforts have been made. In Western Australia the Rev. George King carried on a mission for seven years, 1842 to 1848, the results of which continue to this day. Mr. King devoted his attention chiefly to the children; and during the whole course of the seven years from thirteen to fifteen children were frequently under instruction. Mr. King was obliged to discontinue the mission on account of failing health.

Some of these denizens of the bush have become quite industrious, and not only have they adopted the Christian name and a few outward forms of religion, but by active benevolence, by consistent honesty and industry, by patient resignation and suffering, and calm hope in the hour of death, many of them have, as may be seen by the yearly reports of Mr. Hammond, proved the reality of the change which they professed to have undergone. There has also been a mission carried on up to this time, or till very recently, in the Wimmera District, in the Western Province of Victoria, by Mr. Spieseke and other missionaries connected with the German Moravians, from whom accounts have been received of hopeful success in this work, followed by sad tidings of a fatal epidemic among the tribe. For further information concerning this and the Port Lincoln mission we may refer to the Rev. R. L. C., of Melbourne, who has taken a lively and active interest in the work, and who himself educated and took with him to England an aboriginal boy, Willie Wimmera. A school, opened as a trial establishment, was also managed during several years by the Government at Port Franklin, in Victoria, where the Rev. Mr. Hobarton Carvosso laboured with very great assiduity and some success in the teaching of black children. But there are many thousands of aborigines still, on and beyond the borders of the Colony, and there is yet time for a more enlarged, skilful, and persevering effort to raise their condition by Christian missions; while, in reference to the past, the painful fact cannot be forgotten that many of the white men who first came into contact with the aborigines were far more willing to instruct them in evil than in good—a fact which explains to some extent the indisposition so commonly exhibited to learn anything good. In looking to the future relation of Australian Christianity to the aboriginal race, it cannot be reasonably doubted that if the religion of the colonists should become in them a vital power, regulating and inspiring all their actions, it will speedily overcome all the difficulties which have hitherto obstructed the endeavours made to raise the physical and spiritual condition of the Australian aborigines.

It would occupy too much space to enter into a detailed history of all these attempts to civilize and christianize these people. Both the Rev. Mr. Johnson and the Rev. Mr. Marsden and others had attempted to domesticate some of the children, but after a residence of some time, they returned into the bush but little benefited.

Governor Macquarie established a school in Parramatta, in which several children—twenty-seven girls and thirty-seven boys—were partially educated. This school was removed to Blacktown, where land was set apart for the natives, and inducements held out to both blacks and whites to mass them here. Several were educated so that they could read, write, sing hymns, and do needlework; but the white population pressed around, and after some years of labour it had to be abandoned, the Rev. Mr. Walker removing

to Bathurst to re-establish the school there. The Rev. Mr. Cartwright mixed the boys with the white boys in the school. They worked well together, but a foolish apprehension that the black children communicated disease to the whites caused its discontinuance.

The Rev. Mr. Threlkeld laboured in Lake Macquarie, a beautiful sheet of water and large grant of land having been set apart for them, but its proximity to Newcastle, and gradual dying out of the blacks, extinguished the mission.

The Church Missionary Society, at the instigation of the Rev. Samuel Marsden, established the Wellington mission. The situation was especially suited, and the labourers diligent and efficient, but after a few years the pressure of the white population put an end to the mission there.

The Rev. Mr. Watson gathered up the remnant, and recommenced the mission on his own station down the Macquarie. Bishop Broughton visited that establishment, and was highly gratified with the success and management, but it also died out, I suspect, with the death of Mr. Watson.

The Moravian Mission in Queensland was established by the Rev. Dr. Lang there, settled at Brisbane, but afterwards removed to the Bunya Bunya country, where natives congregate for the fruit of the pine. The salary promised by the Government was withdrawn, and that, with the influx of the squatters and their threats to the natives, caused the breaking up of the mission.

The Roman Catholic Mission was commenced at Stradbroke Island by Archbishop Polding, in 1842, who brought out two Italian priests to establish it, but they soon became tired of the occupation, and retired from the charge.

The mission of Sir R. Bourke to Melbourne, after some trial, had to be given up, owing to rapid pressure of the white population.

The Wesleyan Mission there, after much labour, had likewise to be given up, for a similar reason.

The mission of the Rev. Mr. Ridley, who acquired the language, and itinerated and preached to them, had likewise to be given up. Mr. Ridley has left a valuable work on their language.

Two or three missions were established—one in Western Australia, another near Adelaide; and two others, under Mr. Matthews and the Rev. Mr. Gribble, are now under the consideration of the Government, which has appointed the Honorable G. Thornton, M.L.C., Commissioner, and the Board of Missions, under the Church Synod, so that some hope remains that many, especially children, may be rescued from gradual destruction, hitherto the result of civilized Christianity with them. It may naturally be asked what is the reason of these failures in the attempts which have been made in various portions of New South Wales, Victoria, &c. The answer is in the constant encroachment and pressure of the whites and their rapid settlement in an open country, coupled with the helplessness of the natives when brought within their influences, dependent as they are on gratuitous support, and the vices and diseases of the white population which are so fatal to them.

The Government support of missions to 1838 appears to be—

Wellington Valley	£500	0	0
Lake Macquarie	186	0	0 besides land
Moreton Bay	450	0	0
	310	19	2
Port Phillip	534	17	0
Provisions and clothing	440	17	11
Wesleyan—Port Phillip	600	0	0
General support	£2,691	16	11

In April, 1844, the Society for propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts proposed to Lord Stanley to combine with the Colonial Government for supporting missions and schools for the European and aboriginal population of New South Wales, the Society offering to defray a certain portion of the expense. Four clergymen were to be maintained by the Church Societies on a salary of £250 per annum, and £50 for horse allowance, each; total, £1,200. Expenses to be borne by Government of four additional clergymen as before, £1,200. Two missionaries—one for the whites, and the other for the aboriginal population—were to be placed at each station: at Western Port, two; at Goulburn, two; at Mount Rouse, two; at River Lodden, two. At each station, four schoolmasters. The missionaries at each station were to devote themselves to the white and black population within a reasonable distance.

From the report of the Port Phillip District Committee of the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, the following tables represent the numbers and localities of the white and aboriginal population in and about the Port Phillip District in 1844 :—

WHITE POPULATION IN THE BUSH.

	Mount Rouse.	The Lodden.	The Goulburn.	Dandenong.	Total.
Within Circuits	1,046	1,102	750	290	3,188
Beyond Circuits	270	270	250	167	957
Moving population	250	250	250	250	1,000
Totals	1,566	1,622	1,250	707	
Total British population entirely destitute of religious ordinances					5,145
On purchased lands				1,000	
In villages and farms near town				2,000	
					3,000
Total British population					8,145

ABORIGINAL OR BLACK POPULATION.

	Mount Rouse.	The Lodden.	The Goulburn.	Dandenong.	Total.
At stations	400	300	400	200	1,300
Accessible beyond the limits of occupation	800	800	1,000	.....	2,600
Totals	1,200	1,100	1,400	200	
Total black population					3,900
White population					8,145
					12,045

These proposals were communicated to His Excellency Sir George Gipps, together with a letter from the Immigration Office with the views of the Land Commissioner on the project ; but the result of this truly liberal and Christian proposal seems to have met with no response.

I may here venture to add my own testimony to that of the Rev. Mr. Threlkeld and Mr. Robinson upon this subject, as given in evidence before a Committee of the Legislative Council, in the year 1838 ; also Captain Grey's opinion. I fear Mr. Robinson's evidence is not obtainable ; but the wonderful achievement of that gentleman in accomplishing single-handed what the whole power of the Van Diemen's Land Government could not succeed in with a large military force, backed by the settlers, and at a heavy cost, is one of the noblest triumphs of moral over physical power probably ever accomplished. I have described this in the "Reminiscences of Tasmania."

Examination before the Committee of the Legislative Council, 1838.—*Extracts from the Minutes of Evidence on the Aborigines Question.*

Lieutenant Richard Sadleir, R.N., Liverpool, examined :—

WHEN I first arrived here, in 1826, I was employed on a tour of inquiry as to the state of the aborigines, by order of the Home Government, and under the immediate direction of Mr. Archdeacon Scott.

I proceeded first into Argyle, and examined into the numbers of the tribes, and as to their intercourse with the whites, and the cause of the disputes with them.

From the Murrumbidgee, I struck off to Bathurst, pursuing the same inquiries, and from thence, I went 80 miles below Wellington Valley, on the Macquarie River ; afterwards to the head of Hunter's River, which I traced down to Newcastle.

I had with me only one man, two horses, and a cart.

I sometimes ventured from 30 to 60 miles beyond the stations of the whites, and on one occasion reached a tribe consisting of about 100 persons, at the Cataract, on the Macquarie, who had never seen white people. I made them presents, and was received in a friendly manner, and remained with them for the night.

I had intended to have proceeded further, but was apprehensive of danger in doing so, and therefore returned, accompanied for some distance by the tribe, who, however, would not go to the establishment at Wellington Valley, but took alarm about 9 miles from thence, and left me.

I think it would be dangerous for a single individual to go amongst the native tribes beyond the white settlements. It would be a perilous undertaking, but one which I have already ventured upon

myself, and it is a well-known fact that whites have lived amongst them for years, as in the case of Buckley, and some bushrangers. There would be a difficulty in communicating with any but the tribe whose language had been previously acquired, from the difference of dialect, nor can I conceive that an individual could effect any extensive good by so exposing himself. The only instance I have ever heard of was that of Mr. Robinson, of Van Diemen's Land. It is, however, certain that a small body of Europeans may travel amongst them well armed and maintaining a conciliatory spirit, as in the case of Mr. Eyre and others, in their journeys to South Australia, and also Captain Sturt and Mr. Cunningham. Indeed we see stock stations extended amongst them, where there have been but a very few white persons, and those persons having shown a spirit of conciliation, have not been molested; whereas in other instances, where, in all probability a different spirit had been exhibited, aggression has followed. Impressed, therefore, with this opinion, I wrote to the Moravians to say that I thought their system of missions would be well suited to this people, inviting them to send out a missionary, conceiving that if small bodies of stockmen (men of depraved habits) could venture to reside amongst them, a small community of virtuous people, such as the Moravians, would not only be secure, but likely to effect much good.

Respecting the office of Protectors, if they are persons qualified to fill the office, and Magistrates, I conceive that they may be of great benefit both to the whites and the aborigines, as at present both parties have much reason to complain of the impossibility of obtaining justice; the natives have to endure a variety of wrongs, without any means of redress but by retaliation; and the whites are placed in much the same situation; the consequence is that there ever has been, and must continue to be, a system of reprisal, often leading to the most atrocious acts of violence on both sides; but more especially inexcusable on the part of the whites, who have in several instances practised barbarities on these people, revolting to human nature, which have been overlooked, in consequence of there being no public officer to apprehend and prosecute the parties.

I have known cases of this kind, but not being in the Commission of the Peace, I could not act, but could only content myself with making them known to the Government, who could not adopt measures promptly enough to bring the parties to justice. My opinion is that a Protector (supposing him to be a man of influence and energy), residing on the outskirts of the white population, would prevent a number of the feuds and violences daily taking place between the white and aboriginal population—would preserve order and law amongst the whites themselves—would impress the aborigines with a proper opinion of our character as a people (the very opposite of which is the case now, the aborigines being brought first in contact with the most unprincipled of our countrymen), and would, from their opportunities of observation, be enabled to suggest to Government, from time to time, such measures as would not only prevent that too general feeling of Lynch law, but serve to ameliorate the condition of the aboriginal population, and afford security to the whites themselves.

My own experience convinces me that much of the evil which at present exists may be prevented by the residence of officers on the frontiers, whose peculiar province it would be to ascertain the sources of these evils, and then suggest the means of preventing them.

But I must further add, that I conceive the duties laid down in Lord Glenelg's despatch are in many instances unsuitable to the office of Protectors, being of a missionary character, and that they are likewise too onerous for any one individual to perform. I likewise think the salary for Assistant Protectors too small to ensure men of the proper qualifications, the office being one not only requiring moral character, but likewise men of address and standing in society.

Other expenses besides mere salary will be requisite for the Protectors. They must have either an European or aboriginal police; also, have funds for presents, &c., so that the expense cannot be estimated at less than £500 per annum for each Protector.

I further conceive that a summary of our laws should be translated into the dialects of the aborigines and frequently promulgated amongst them; for as they are subject to our laws, without any voice in framing them, it is but justice that they should be made acquainted with them.

Respecting the removal of the Flinders Island blacks, this appears to be a matter of necessity, as they are dying away rapidly, and must shortly become extinct; therefore justice and humanity require their removal, if the cause or causes of the prevailing fatality cannot be overruled. Wearing English clothing, want of their usual allowance of animal food, situation, nostalgia, or *mal du pays*, may all contribute to this end; some of these causes therefore can be removed, but others are beyond the power of control.

If the necessity for their removal be however admitted, the question whether they ought to be located in Van Diemen's Land or removed here, becomes the next subject of consideration. It appears

from the inquiries I have been able to make, that locating them in Van Diemen's Land would revive the old feelings of hostility and awaken recollections of past violences, and that therefore it would be an impolitic act. The bringing them to this Colony consequently appears to be the only resource left. What their influence would be upon the uncivilized tribes appears to me to be very problematical; and how far it would be possible to preserve them when introduced within the pale of our white population, from the destroying influence of that population, as well as with what feelings of jealousy a foreign tribe may be viewed by the aboriginal natives here, are questions which our present experience would lead us to hesitate coming to any conclusion on.

I conceive, in both these instances, we must depend upon the ability and experience of Mr. Robinson, whose extraordinary success should certainly establish confidence in his plans, and who appears to consider the assistance of some of these natives essential to his success in the wider field of action which this Colony throws open to him.

The expense of the maintenance of these natives should most certainly be borne entirely by the Van Diemen's Land Government, for the benefit of their removal is theirs, and not ours.

In viewing the question of the aborigines, I conceive that justice, mercy, self-interest, and religion all demand of us that expense and exertion should not be spared in attempting something for their amelioration.

In the first place we claim them as our subjects, and bring them under the administration of our laws; therefore, as our subjects, they ought to have protection. While, secondly, as we deprive them of their lands and means of subsistence, in justice we ought to remunerate them. While, thirdly, as a question of humanity, nothing can be more dreadful to contemplate, or more disgraceful to a Christian and civilized nation, than the wholesale destruction which has been going on for the last fifty years, and must continue, unless some plan be devised to prevent it, for the next hundred years. While, fourthly, as a matter of self-interest, it is a strange contradiction of things to be destroying, on the one hand, thousands of our fellow-creatures, who may be made useful members of society; and, on the other hand, in such great want of population as to be pressed to introduce, at considerable expense, races of Pagans but little superior to them, in either their moral or physical powers. Besides which, policy should lead us to adopt measures calculated to encourage the peaceable extension of our territory.

On the score of religion it is not necessary to enlarge, for the command is, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."

A knowledge of their language is essential to preaching the Gospel, and we know that our Divine Master bestowed the gift of tongues on his Apostles. This, therefore, is one of the first things which should occupy the teacher's attention.

In following these views of the question, two things present themselves to our notice:—

1. The measures to be pursued to those aborigines *within* the pale of white population.
2. The measures to be pursued to those *without* the pale of white population.

Those within the pale of white population must, within a very few years, be utterly destroyed, if the most prompt measures be not taken, so much so that I conceive that there is scarce an alternative between coercion and destruction. I would therefore beg to recommend a clause to be introduced into the Vagrant Act, empowering their transportation, under peculiar circumstances, to distant parts of the Colony—say Moreton Bay, Port Phillip, &c.; it being a well-known fact that, when sent to a distance, they can be made to work, and, from their great apprehension of strange tribes, their erratic habits can be restrained.

I have no hesitation in saying, that they would thus be made useful servants; their children would be brought under the full and favourable influence of education; that they may be taught trades, to tend cattle, sheep, &c. The measure should be entered upon cautiously at first, removing the tribes in the vicinity of towns, and then extending its operation in a manner so as not to provoke open hostility on their parts. The numbers of each tribe should be ascertained, and, if possible, the whole tribe should be removed at once.

The children unprovided for, may be placed in the orphan schools, where there have been already several brought up, some of the boys having made good sailors, and some bullock-drivers, &c.

Much may likewise probably be done in removing them by conciliation, insomuch that I am inclined to think the enforcement of the Vagrant Act may be limited to the most vicious characters and those in the neighbourhood of towns; but I look upon it that the removal of those living within the precincts of white population can alone rescue them from destruction, as vice, disease, and want of food are making fearful inroads upon them.

Of those without the pale of white population, measures should be taken to prepare and preserve them from the encroachments of the whites, and I know of none so well calculated to effect this as missionary colonization, alluded to by Mr. Roberts.

These missionary colonies should be placed at 100 miles in advance of the white population, in suitable situations, and large blocks of country should be reserved for the natives, forming territories of refuge for them. The white population pressing upon them would help to force the natives into these reserves; and those portions of land would also prove places for those within the pale of civilization to be either translated or transported to.

These missionary establishments, like those of the Moravians, should embrace within themselves all the means of protection, as well as the means of colonization, and would no doubt be supported to a great extent by the religious community at Home. They may have sheep, cattle, husbandry, trades, &c.

In America and Canada such a principle has been acknowledged as that of reserving portions of land. The Indians have their own places of worship, schools, saw-mills, farms, &c.; also in Upper Canada the Indians on the Grand River are settled on a block of land, and in a state of civilization; and in South America, we are aware that the Jesuits pursued a somewhat similar system of colonization, with marked success.

That much can be done by moral and religious influence alone on savages, we have the evidence of William Penn, of the Missionary Societies, amongst the Esquimaux, Hottentots, &c.; and though hitherto, the progress of civilization has proved the destruction of savage nations, yet this is no proof that such is the decree of Providence, but rather, that the system of colonization has hitherto been unjust, selfish, and unchristian.

The expense of all this machinery is a matter of importance, though in comparison with the destruction of life, the demoralizing influence of the present state of things, it scarcely deserves attention; yet, to provide for this, I would venture to propose what I conceive would not be felt as a very heavy tax: that the rent of lands be doubled, from £1 per section to £2; that the minimum price of land sold be advanced 6d. or 1s. per acre; that town allotments in the interior be raised £1 each; that the penalty on drunkards be increased from 5s. to 10s. or £1, according to the circumstances of the individuals.

The natives ought to be compensated out of the land fund, the land being their property until usurped by us; likewise, those crimes most destructive to them, such as drunkenness, &c., should be heavily taxed, with the hope to check them. Persons selling them spirits may be likewise fined.

The whole amount required would not in all probability exceed £10,000, with aid from Home, and if we deduct from thence, the destruction and insecurity of life and property, the expense which from time to time has been incurred by the hostility of the natives, the necessity of a police force on the outskirts, which has been computed at the increased expense of £15,000 this year, the actual increase of expense would be but very small.

As many prejudices prevail to the injury of this people, and many arguments have been advanced against their moral and intellectual qualifications, it may be well briefly to remark, that the trials to civilize and christianize them have hitherto been made, without exception, under either mistaken principles or great disadvantages. The idea entertained in establishing the Blacktown School, that the females, being civilized, would be the means of civilizing the male population, still savage, went upon a principle directly opposed to what our knowledge of the savage character teaches, namely, that the female has scarcely any influence over man in his uncivilized state, and the result proved the absurdity of the theory; for after all the pains, and the proof that the natives are susceptible of at least intellectual if not moral improvement (many having been taught to read, work, draw, and sing, &c.), the act of uniting or marrying them to the unreclaimed natives defeated the objects of the institution, for they were carried into the bush, and there speedily relapsed back again into their savage habits; while, on the other hand, all the establishments (even that recently formed at Port Phillip) have been, by some strange fatality, placed either close to towns or in the very heart of a dense white population,—an oversight most fatal to their success.

That little good has resulted from such attempts, is therefore not to be wondered at, but that these several attempts have not been without their benefit, is a fact too often overlooked; they have proved beyond the possibility of contradiction, that the natives, however despicable they may be in the estimation of phrenologists and others, are capable of intellectual improvement. Sir G. M'Kenzie, a celebrated phrenologist, having received a skull from Patrick Hill, Esq., speaks of their intellectual abilities as by no means despicable. The insurmountable difficulty hitherto has been, not that of teaching them, but that of locating them—their propensity to wander breaking through all restraint; wherefore the necessity of removing them to a distance from their native place.

The charge of laziness, likewise so often preferred, is no more peculiarly applicable to them than to other savages, all of whom are given to extreme indolence, but whose energies are more or less drawn out by climate, physical peculiarity of country, and other circumstances calculated to develop character, which do not exist in this Colony; while the opinion too generally received, that they possess no religious notions or belief, and therefore are not susceptible of moral impressions, is also, I conceive, most unfounded. Their ceremonies, superstitions, and belief of a future state, exclusion of women from many of their rites, and their belief in evil spirits, all tend to show the unreasonableness of such a conclusion.

That the question under consideration involves the destiny of perhaps 100,000 or 200,000 of our fellow-beings, is a serious consideration, and one which should cause us to pause before we venture to abandon them to what must inevitably take place—destruction.

The numbers now within the influence of the white population, embracing Port Phillip and Moreton Bay, cannot be less, I conceive, than from eight to ten thousand souls, for I found within a given space near Wellington Valley, in 1826, nine tribes, consisting of 1,658 souls.

That a dreadful destruction of life has taken place since, there is no doubt; but that still in the interior, within the reach of the white population, a considerable body of natives is to be found, I feel myself borne out by the various inquiries I have made.

The Reverend Lancelot Edward Threlkeld examined :—

I reside at Lake Macquarie, and have done so nearly fourteen years, during which I have been engaged in acquiring a knowledge of the language of the aboriginal natives, and instructing them; for six years of that period, my undertaking was carried on under the auspices of the London Missionary Society; but owing to the heavy expense of the mission, amounting to about £500 per annum for my own support, and that of such natives as I could persuade to remain with me, for the double purpose of obtaining from them a knowledge of their language, and to give me an opportunity of endeavouring to civilize and instruct them, the Society being disappointed in the amount of aid expected from other quarters, and regarding the expense as encroaching too much upon their funds, relinquished the mission; and for nearly two years I was left to my own resources and the assistance of some friends, without other aid, when General Darling obtained the authority of the Secretary of State for an allowance of £150 a year, and £36 in lieu of rations for four convict servants, which has been granted to me during the last eight years.

The mission has thus occasioned an expense to the London Society, for the first six years, of about £3,000; and for the eight following years, to the Colonial Government (at the rate of £186 per annum), of about £1,488, or about £4,488 for the fourteen years, exclusive of my own outlay.

For the probable result of the mission, if pecuniary aid sufficient to carry out my plans had been continued, I beg leave to refer to the opinion of Messrs. Backhouse and Walker, who visited my station, as given in their letter to the Society, dated 21 May, 1836.

The native languages throughout New South Wales are, I feel persuaded, based upon the same origin; but I have found the dialects of various tribes differ from that of those which occupy the country around Lake Macquarie, that is to say, of those tribes occupying the limits bounded by the North Head of Port Jackson, on the south, and Hunter's River on the north, and extending inland about 60 miles, all of which speak the same dialect.

The natives of Port Stephens use a dialect a little different, but not so much as to prevent our understanding each other; but at Patrick's Plains the difference is so great, that we cannot communicate with each other; there are blacks who speak both dialects.

The dialect of the Sydney and Botany Bay natives varies in a slight degree, and in that of those further distant, the difference is such that no communication can be held between them and the blacks inhabiting the district in which I reside.

From information obtained from Mr. Watson, of Wellington Valley, I learn that the language of the tribes of that district is also derived from the same general origin, but their various dialects also differ very much, and the use of any one dialect is very limited.

During the period of my connection with the London Missionary Society, I generally had about three or four tribes resident around me upon 10,000 acres of land, granted in trust for the use of the aborigines; and I have occasionally employed from ten to sixty blacks in burning off timber and clearing the land, at which work they would continue for a fortnight together, being the employment they appeared to like best. Since that period, I have not been able to employ more than half a dozen at a time, having no funds at my disposal for their support.

I have generally found that they would continue at their work for eight or ten days at a time, when some other object called them away, and they remained absent for as many weeks. Two lads whom I was teaching to read and write, in which they had made some progress, remained with me for six months, when they went away, and after an absence of nearly a year returned, and they are now at work at my residence, where they will probably stay until some native custom or report of hostile intention from a neighbouring tribe or tribes will again call them away.

In respect to the office of Protectors, I think too much is expected in the duties which are to devolve on them. I consider a Protector as a legal advocate, to watch over the rights and interests of the natives, and to protect them from aggression, which I think would be sufficient occupation for any individual.

The object contemplated respecting the moral and religious improvement of the natives by instruction, would be more properly the duty of persons appointed specially for that purpose, and would fully occupy their time.

To illustrate the subject, and show the necessity of legal protectors, I state the following circumstance:—I was directed by the Government to send a man of mine to Patrick's Plains, to give evidence respecting the alleged murder of three black women by their own countrymen. I had to attend myself, and the distance I had to travel was 200 miles, which detained me a week. I was informed on the road of a murder at Liverpool Plains, which took place a year before, when, after some depredations committed by the blacks in spearing cattle, a party of stockmen went out, took a black prisoner, tied his arms behind him, and then fastened him to the stirrup of a stockman on horseback; when the party arrived near their respective stations, they separated, leaving the stockman to conduct his prisoner to his hut. The black, when he found they were alone, was reluctant to proceed, and the stockman took his knife from his pocket, stuck the black through the throat, and left him for dead. The black crawled to the station of a gentleman at the Plains, told his tale, and expired. Another instance was mentioned to me, of a stockman who boasted to his master of having killed six or eight blacks with his own hands, when in pursuit of them with his companions; for which his master discharged him. These cases alone, if I had authority to act, would have taken me some months from home, merely to investigate the matter at that distant place.

Thus I am firmly of opinion that a Protector of Aborigines will be fully employed in investigating cases, which are so numerous and shocking to humanity, and in maintaining their civil rights. I am certain that the duties attached to the office of Protector of the Aborigines are more than any single individual can perform.

Mr. Threlkeld advocated the removal of the natives from Flinders Island, and says "I have no hesitation in saying that I think the establishment itself may be beneficial, as an example to the other blacks, who will in all probability visit it."

Captain Grey's opinion.

He states, in his recommendations to Lord John Russell for the treatment of the aboriginal population, that the people are capable of being civilized, but that all the systems hitherto pursued have been erroneous, and that the error lay in treating them as British subjects, in as far as British property was concerned, but in all that related to themselves they have been left to the exercise of their own customs and laws; but as their traditions and laws are peculiar, and such as cannot raise them from a state of barbarity, however it may be intended, and the plea of their being a conquered people may appear plausible, this state of things is inadmissible, and the natives from the moment they become British subjects should be taught, as far as possible, that British law is to supersede their own, for he says, until this is enforced, the natives will ever have at disposal the means within themselves of effectually preventing the civilization of any individual of their tribes, even those who may be disposed to adopt European habits, &c. Capt. Grey then refers, in support of this view, to instances of persons, especially girls betrothed in their infancy, who after adopting European customs have been compelled to relinquish them and to return to a state of barbarism. He likewise shows the effect on the mind of these people when they are punished for offences such as theft, murder, &c., committed upon Europeans, while they are freely permitted to be guilty of those very acts upon themselves.

For the enforcement of law and protection of both races, Capt. Grey recommends the establishment of a mounted police; also, that native evidence, under peculiar restrictions, should be admissible in our Courts of justice. Capt. Grey states some instances of injustice under which natives have laboured in consequence of their evidence not being admissible; also, of their being puzzled as to our forms of law—that when they pleaded guilty they were punished, and when some were induced from the consequences

they saw resulting from this line of conduct to plead not guilty were punished likewise, they became perfectly confounded; further, the natives not being tried by their own people, but by those likely to be prejudiced against them, and relying chiefly upon an ignorant interpreter, he recommends counsel to be provided for them.

The preventives to their civilization Captain Grey sums up as follows:—The irregular demand for their labour, the inadequate payment they often receive for it, not being able to comprehend the variable value of labour regulated by the skill required.

He then proceeds to point out the difficulty of instructing the aboriginal population, showing that it can scarce be expected that individuals would undertake the task; and even if they did, the natives would only be employed in the most menial offices, and that in forming native institutions, and these could be only local and partial; he therefore proposes a scale of remuneration to all who may undertake to instruct these people, arguing that as the expense of introducing labour is already provided for, this plan would occasion but little additional expense in obtaining labour, while a fresh good would arise out of it in converting those who would be otherwise hostile and useless into good subjects.

The disposal of these remunerations to be subject to the following restrictions:—

A deposition before a Magistrate, a certificate from the Government of the District, and a further certificate from the Protector of the Aborigines, as to the residence and attainments of the natives employed, and on whose behalf remuneration has been applied for; thus civilization would proceed (Capt. Grey observes) upon an extensive scale, not being confined to mere institutions or isolated attempts. In densely peopled districts the natives may be collected together, but in the more thinly inhabited districts, as this may be attended with danger, the employment should be of a description not to congregate. Capt. Grey concludes by observing that some of these plans have been already brought into operation in Western Australia; and further, that in the selection of work for these people it must be of a description suitable to their unsettled habits, possessing variety, such as opening out new roads and clearing old ones, some of the party being engaged hunting and fishing so as to provide food for the others; and as remuneration to the natives for these labours, &c., he proposes that any native being constantly employed for three years at the house of a settler should receive a grant of land in the district of which he may be a resident, also a sum of money to be laid out in the stocking of the same; that rewards should be given to those natives who may be content to live with one wife, and who would register the birth of their children; and that some competent person should be employed to instruct some of the native youths so as to fit them for interpreters in Courts of law.

Many of these observations of Capt. Grey are deserving of attention, and, as Lord John Russell in a despatch to Sir George Gipps suggests, appear fit for adoption, subject to such modifications as the varying circumstances of the Colony may suggest; but they have never been acted upon: expense overrules every other consideration.

CHAPTER V.

Aborigines of Victoria—Mr. Westgarth's remarks—Mr. Lloyd's remarks—Buckley's residence among the Aboriginals.

Dr. Leichhardt visited the Moravian Mission in 1843, and said no better persons could be found than the seven families and twenty-one children to establish a colony; a little land surely might be granted them. The Rev. Dr. Lang describes these missionaries as travelling about, and preaching to the settlers; but this mission broke up also. Dr. Leichhardt describes the northern natives as a fine race of men, and the mode of preparing their food as remarkable, especially one poisonous plant.

Sir Richard Bourke had established in Melbourne an Aboriginal Institution, of which the Bishop says, "Some of the boys appear to be acquiring some knowledge already, and of the most elementary truths of religion, which it may be hoped will lead to their future improvement; but there are no apparent signs as yet of any impression having been made upon the adult natives, many of whom are attached to the place, and derive advantage from the stores of provisions which are distributed amongst them; but they have in no respect broken off their savage usages." The time was too short to have expected any such changes. Missions amongst barbarians have generally been slow in effecting results, but this institution, as I told Sir Richard Bourke, in an interview with him, was placed under most disadvantageous circumstances, being too near the white population, who would counteract all religious instruction and vitiate all these unhappy people.

That Sir Richard Bourke felt a great interest in these people is certain. He made a trial of what may be hoped on their behalf, by confining some adult aborigines, who had committed some serious offences, on an island in the Sydney Harbour, placing them under the care of Mr. Langhan, who by this means acquired their language and became acquainted with their habits, and was thus trained to the office of Superintendent of the Port Phillip Institution. But my prognostic became, unfortunately, too true. Had the Institution been more judiciously placed it might have had better results, but it had to be abandoned —the fate of almost all attempts hitherto made on behalf of this unfortunate race.

The rapid increase of white population alone must in a very few years have crushed such an infant Institution, when it increased in 1836 from Batman with a following of 244 persons to, in 1873, 700,472 persons. A Board for the Protection of the Aborigines having been appointed, the following is the report to Parliament:—"The Aborigines of Victoria.—The Board for the Protection of Aborigines in Victoria has submitted a report to Parliament, of which the following are extracts:—'It is a matter for congratulation that the condition of the aborigines in all parts of the Colony is as satisfactory as could be expected, having regard to the habits of this people, and the great difficulty experienced by the local guardians and superintendents of stations in keeping them under control when they are induced by old associations or superstitions, or tempted by the lower class of whites, to wander from the spots where in health they are supplied with good food and suitable clothing, and in sickness tended with the same care as is bestowed on Europeans. For many years the Board has conducted experiments at the several stations, with the object of producing crops that would necessitate neither heavy nor sustained labours—labours that the aborigines as a rule are not fitted to undertake—and which would yield a return sufficient at least to pay for the support of the natives. At Coranderrk a great many different crops have been grown. At one time it was expected that tobacco would yield largely; grain has been grown, fruits of various sorts have been cultivated, and at some expense an attempt was made to establish a dairy. All these, however, failed to give such results as were satisfactory to the Board. It was not until the assistance of Mr. Frederick Search was obtained that any fair prospects presented themselves. He examined the lands at Coranderrk, and recommended that a hop plantation should be established under the care of a competent hop-grower. Owing to his skill and knowledge, and with the assistance of Mr. Burgess—who has proved himself thoroughly competent to manage hop grounds and prepare the produce for market—success has at last

been achieved. The crop sent to market during the season just passed, 15,244 lbs. in weight, has realized good prices. The first lot was sold at auction for 1s. 10½d. per lb., and the condition in which it was presented to buyers elicited the highest praise from experts. The gross sum derived from the season's crop was £1,140 6s. 3d. From this has to be deducted commission, discount, &c., and the wages of the hop-pickers, leaving a net sum of £983 5s. 10d. The cost of the experiment has been small. Next year the results will, it is anticipated, be far more satisfactory. The plantation has been extended, and arrangements will be made for drying the hops rapidly, and for sending them earlier to market. The condition of the aborigines, from the foundation of the Colony, was never as prosperous as at the present time. Useful employments have been found for the adults of both sexes; the children are educated and trained by competent teachers; and the material interests of both the aged and the young are carefully guarded. The wise liberality of the Parliament of Victoria may perhaps induce the Governments of the neighbouring Colonies to enact laws similar to those under which the natives of Victoria are now prosperous, and to provide means for the support of the aboriginal population and for the education of the children.'" I have not been able to learn the result of this experiment so full of promise, but the project was discontinued.

Mr. Westgarth does not appear to be over-attached to these unfortunate people, and considers, with many others, it is the decree of Heaven that they should perish before the civilized population. But this is merely an excuse for the demoralizing influence of civilization, with its multiplied evils, for we have the fact before us in the Sandwich Islands, Tahiti, and where there has been a native society under missionary enterprise, that this was not the case, but that life and morality would be fostered with the advance of civilization under the power of Christianity.

Let us not cast upon Heaven a destruction which is our own, and say they are doomed by Divine decree, where the guilt lies with ourselves.

The native population in 1860 was about 2,000, but in 1859 was computed at from 6,000 to 7,000. The Select Committee assigns the cause of diminution to be drunkenness, and the exposure and consequent disease too often resulting from this vice.

Mr. Westgarth says that in 1861 only thirteen natives were residents within municipal towns; and in the gold districts, in the same year, there were but 147. We may ask who slew the others?—the pestilential vices of the European Christians.

Several efforts have been put forward on behalf of these people, but with little success. The Government in 1838 instituted a protectorate; three years afterwards, they formed a native police force, and in 1846, a native school. During thirteen years, £60,000 was expended without any important results.

The Wesleyans formed a mission at Buntingdale in 1838, where they were partially successful; but, in spite of cottages and gardens, daily employment, and daily food, the blacks returned with renewed relish to their native wilds.

There was also an Anglical Episcopal Mission in 1853, but all alike unsuccessful, with the exception of the Moravians, commenced in 1851, at Lake Boga, near the Murray, removed since to the Wimmera. This district contains about one-third of the population of the Colony. At Cooper's Creek there were about 300, and about 120 more within the neighbourhood, all speaking the same language. Mr. Westgarth winds up his summary by asking what is the destiny of these unfortunate savages, and there can be but little doubt but that the aboriginal race will entirely disappear before civilization at a galop.

Mr. Lloyd describes the rapid destruction of these people. In 1837, the Barrabool Hill tribe mustered upwards of 300 sleek healthy blacks. In 1853, his second visit, he met only nine gins and one sickly infant. On inquiring what had become of them, the answer was, "All dead, all dead," and they chanted the following sorrowful dirge: "The stranger white man come in his great swimming corong and landed with his dedabul-boulganas (large animals), and his anaki boulganas (little animals). He came with his boom-booms (double guns), his miam-miams (tents), blankets, and tomahawks; and the dedabul ummageet (great white stranger) took away the long-inherited hunting-grounds of the poor Barrabool coolies and their children, &c., &c." Then having worked themselves into a frenzy, they, in wild tones, shaking their heads and holding up their hands in bitter sorrow, exclaimed, "Coolie! coolie! coolie! Now where are your fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters? Dead, all gone! dead!" In broken English they then said, "Never mind Mitter Looyed, tir, by-'n'-by all dem blackfella come back whitefella like it you." They seemed to think that they had discovered the reality of their belief in a resurrection or transmigration. Only nine women, seven men, and one child out of 300 remained. How fearful the account! The sheep-farmers destroyed their game and their support. The law of the man-slayer prevailed here. Mr. Lloyd gives a painful history of one black who had been speared. One dark night, the dog barked the

alarm, the avenger had traced out his victim and drove a spear through him and killed him. Mr. Lloyd gives another of the poetic laments:—

The land's rightful owners, now wretched and poor,
Beg their morsels of food at their white brother's door;
Those hunters who carolled so blythely at morn,
Now wander dejected, rejected, forlorn.
To their fathers the best and the bravest have gone,
And dark-eyed Zitella sits weeping alone—
And dark-eyed Zitella sits weeping alone!

Thus the aboriginal natives melted away like snow before the sun; from no congenial heat, but from the practices of inhuman selfishness.

What a contrast the European settlement in 1858! Scarce a black in existence for 3 miles, while the white population numbered 488,769 souls, with 4,000,000 sheep, 400,000 head of cattle, 184,000 horses, with imports and exports of £14,000,000 and £13,000,000 respectively, on the graveyard of the aborigines.

The earth was never intended to be kept waste, but the evil is as to the way of settling it—this is the perplexing question.

One of the singular circumstances of a European of the name of Buckley living with these aboriginals for a long period is worthy of mention here. Buckley enlisted as a soldier, but was transported for having in his possession a parcel of stolen clothes, which a female had asked him to take charge of. He was sent to Westport, and with two others effected his escape from the ship, and after wandering about the bush nearly starved, he fell in with a family of the aborigines, with whom he lived a month or two, but being desirous of reaching Sydney, he left them and wandered to the Yan Yean, where Melbourne now stands; from thence he wandered to Geelong, where he met a tribe of blacks, who were much astonished to see him, but treated him with kindness, and took him with them to the Barwon River, where they, 200 blacks, viewed him with much astonishment. The blacks supposed he had been a black, changed to white—a supposition very general. They treated him kindly and gave him a wife, but fearing jealousy, he transferred her to another man. Shortly afterwards, he and one of his companions, long separated, met, but this man behaved so badly towards the women, that Buckley insisted on his leaving the tribe, which he did, and he heard afterwards that he was dead. Buckley lived some years with the Geelong tribe, and acquired their language, always impressing on them that he had been a blackfellow, so as to secure his safety. He says, "Having the best hut, and a good fire, the children congregated about me, and I told them of English ships, tools, and wars, &c., to which both adults and children listened with wonder, but they did not like the idea that I should leave them. On their missing me once, when I went to wash, they made great search, and when they found me, an old man burst into tears, and rejoiced at the discovery. Their numbers had greatly decreased, owing to their wars and cruelties. Their expeditions are generally in the night; men, women, and children are then murdered wholesale. I often reflected on the goodness of Providence in preserving me, but I did not venture to instruct them, fearing that they would injure me; they do not think of a superintending Providence."

They believe, he says, in two spirits, whom they treat with great respect. One of these they believe resides in a certain marsh, and is the author of all their songs; he communicates by his songs, and these songs are circulated through the tribes, and they have them new every year. The other spirit they believe has charge of the pole that props up the sky, and they stand in dread lest the sky should fall down and destroy them. Just before the Europeans came to Port Phillip, in 1836, there was much conversation about this spirit—that he had sent a message to the effect that in order to repair the sky-props, he needed immediately some tomahawks, which were to be made out of the carts used by the sealers at Western Port. On this report, the natives went down to Western Port and stole a cart, such as the sealers used, and made tomahawk handles out of the spokes of the wheels.

Although Buckley had heard that the whalers now visited Western Port, he had become so reconciled to his way of living, that he lost all desire to return to civilization, and feared meeting with any of the white people.

He became such an adept at fishing, that he supplied not only his own tribe but others with food. The tribe he lived with were cannibals. They ate the flesh of enemies they had slain, not to satisfy hunger, but from a belief that they obtained some particular virtue thereby; but some were content with rubbing the fat into their bodies.

Promiscuous intercourse was common, and the husband often consented to it, and then beat his wife for submitting to it.

They warned their children from going where the dead were buried; and when an infant they loved died, they placed the body in a hollow tree until it had shrunk up so that they could carry it about. The same practice exists in the north.

Their principal food is the wombat, an animal that burrows, which they kill by thrusting a boy feet foremost into the hole, who, when reaching the animal, pushes it to the end of the hole, and then makes a noise so that the men above may mark the spot, and make an entrance for the purpose of seizing the animal. The porcupine is another dainty, roasted on the fire; the flesh is excellent.

About eight years before the settlement at Port Phillip, some Europeans had gone up the river in a boat, landed, and left a tomahawk behind them. Buckley was much agitated at the news.

When the European settlers with Mr. Batman arrived, Buckley did not discover himself for some time, as he had no desire to leave the blacks. He, however, suddenly appearing to some horsemen with his spears and opossum cloak, and being a very large man, astonished the whites by his visit. For some time he could not endure European clothing. He was appointed by the Governor as overseer of the blacks at the mission institution, at a salary of £60 per annum, having received his freedom, but never appeared happy. He afterwards was appointed as constable at Hobart Town, where he died. It appears he had lived nearly thirty years in that savage condition.

CHAPTER VI.

Aboriginal Friends' Association—Mission to Lake Alexandrina—Rev. Mr. Binney's remarks—Extract from Mr. Foster—The Bishop of Adelaide's visit to the Native Institution—Report of the Committee of the Legislature—Evidence of the Bishop—The Chief Protector—The Right Rev. Dr. Hale's Mission—The Poonindee Mission—The Queensland Mission—The Maloga and Warangesda Missions—The Government appointments—The Church of England Board of Missions—The Queen's Instructions—The assistance rendered to the Aborigines by the Government.

In 1859, the Aboriginal Friends' Association of Adelaide determined to establish an institution for the instruction and evangelization of the lake tribes, and having engaged the Rev. G. Taplin as their missionary, he selected a peninsula formed by Lake Alexandrina, Lake Albert, and the Coorong, a spot isolated and separated from European settlements by 15 miles of water. This was a favourite resort of the natives.

Mr. Taplin encamped amongst the natives for some time while his house was building, and observed there was a mixture of two tribes. The one tribe was tall, with small features and straight hair; while the other had coarse features, clumsy limbs, and curly hair. The former proved more intelligent than the other. One of the natives having killed another in a fray, a shepherd's opinion was that he ought to be hanged, although the death was occasioned by the law of revenge, and the man considered that the heathenish practice should be put down, and they be made Christians. "Surely," said he, "it is our duty to make Christians of them. I say hang them."

Mr. Taplin commenced divine worship amongst them. They believed in a God called Nurundere, who was a deified blackfellow of gigantic vices. The natives however attended while the missionary went through the "Peep o' Day," and "Line upon Line," and such productions as met their capacity.

They had not mixed with Europeans, and when the clock struck, they were alarmed and ran away.

At first Mr. Taplin visited their camp and talked to them, and then provided employment for them at fencing, and found a market for their fish, but the old men at first opposed these measures, jealous lest they should lose their influence. The Government granted supplies of flour and stores, while, to check infanticide, tea and sugar were given to the mother, until the infant was twelve months old.

The first death that occurred, the corpse was placed upright in the hut, filling the air with pestilence, while the women were smeared with filth and ashes, and set up a wailing, and the old men basted the corpse with bunches of feathers, dipped in grease.

On parties from a distance visiting the place, loud wailing took place, the women throwing themselves on the ground, crying out, "Your friend is gone; he will speak to you no more."

They were told the dead would rise again. They started, were troubled, and cried "No."

On the Sabbath, they crowded to attend worship, and paid much attention. One of them asked, "How do we know that the Bible is God's book? Whitefellow tell us plenty of lies."

The first indication of any religious impression was, a woman dying sent for the missionary to read to her "out of the very good book." This was the first glimmering of light.

The missionary, in his attendance on the sick and dying, saw all stages of darkness of mind, from horror to some cases of calm Christian composure, while the prayers were listened to with solemnity and thanks. On his telling one that she must die, the response of another old woman was, "Well, let us eat plenty of flour; let us eat, drink, for to-morrow we may die." Quite an epicurean trait of reasoning.

One young man, who first embraced the Gospel, declared he would not grease himself or paint himself with red ochre, and that he would eat with the women. This gave great offence, and they threatened

to kill him, but he remained firm, and became a useful man, but early died of consumption. The congregations were at first strangely dressed—some with blankets, others with skins, some again with vests, and sometimes they wore long coats.

In 1860 the school-house was built and teaching commenced. The children were naked, and wild like monkeys, climbing the rafters and over the walls, but good-tempered. They, however, were washed and had their hair cut, which met with much opposition.

After a time the children listened to the Scriptures, and much impression was made upon their mind. Order was now secured as to school hours and working hours. On Sunday there was service twice a day and Sabbath school, which consisted of 63 boys and 65 girls. There were 23 boys and 20 girls boarders.

As the young men embraced religion and cast off heathenism, the old men became incensed, and resorted to assassination to uphold their power. Captain Jack is described as a prominent character—courageous and fearless, but rapacious. He, however, attached himself to the mission, and was very useful in subduing conflicts. His objection to Christianity was, that he had two wives—one lame and helpless, the other the mother of two children—and did not know which to divorce. "Which of them must I give up?" No doubt this was a great difficulty.

Several instances of Christians' deaths are mentioned; in fact, these people felt the rescue Christianity afforded from the misery of the life they led, and thus were convinced of its value.

One of the great difficulties was the fights. There were ceremonial and funeral fights, and casual fights. The routine of the school would be going on as usual when the news of a fight would be brought. Off would go all the children, servants, and labourers to the battle-field. Perhaps they would be going to bed, when there was a shout and yell and a blaze, and then a general scrimmage would commence. One battle lasted for six days.

Very few were killed in these fights, but many were badly wounded. Fighting, however, gradually passed away, and religion took its place. A Bible class was formed. Some adults were baptised—forty-one natives; of these, three relapsed into heathenism.

2nd January, 1866.—The Lord's Supper was administered. Seven formed the first communion, but the Church had increased to fifty-three members; there were thirty-three natives and twenty whites.

The next advance was that of marriage solemnized with Christian rites. The missionary not being legally empowered to marry, and his church and congregation being of a mixed character, the native marriages were not recognized by law, so that when a Christian native had his wife forced away from him by the heathen blacks, he had no redress; but this was afterwards arranged by the missionaries being appointed registrars. The heathen blacks tried to counteract this. An instance of this kind soon arose: Laelinyeri had been legally married to Charlotte. On this, a party of blacks came down the Murray River to the station, and encamped, pretending a friendly visit, especially to the newly-married couple. Suddenly they seized Charlotte by force in the absence of her husband, and carried her off rapidly to an island on the lower lake, about 10 miles from the station. There they defied the husband, and declared they would give her away to another man. The missionary, with the husband and others, crossed in a boat, and found Charlotte sitting under a bush, having escaped. On landing, the missionary was confronted by some sixty blacks drawn up, armed with spears, and looking fierce. He sent for his gun, and the other two men. He told Charlotte to follow him, which she did; and just as they were embarking, Jack the Fisherman jumped out of the ranks, swearing and jumping, and calling on the other blacks to come to the rescue, but not a man moved. Having sent Charlotte on board the cutter, the missionary walked up to the blacks and had a friendly chat with them, and, after staying half an hour, they sailed for home. This bold attempt put an end to any further interference, except in another case, when a young man married a young woman in defiance of the native custom. His father and mother declared they would murder them both, but all ended in threats, and they ultimately became reconciled to the young couple.

The missionaries now entered upon cultivation and sheep-farming, civilization going hand-in-hand with the Gospel. The sales of produce were soon increased. In 1866, £198 17s. 4d.; 1867, £73 10s. 4d.; 1868, £98 12s. 9d.; 1869, £314 17s. 6d.; 1870, £501 9s. 8d.; 1871, £332 17s. 1d.; 1872, £276 13s. 10d.; 1873, £841 3s. 1d. The produce account was very fluctuating, owing to the seasons.

In 1865, the South Australian Government gave a lease of 730 acres to the Institution. The Christian natives now began to build cottages for themselves. Two stone cottages were first built and thatched, out of their savings. Mrs. Smith, of Dunesk, a friend of the late missionary, Mr. Reid, who was drowned, sent out £40, to be divided between the two converts, the first of Mr. Reid's labours.

The project of building a place of worship was now set on foot by the natives. £30 was raised, while Mrs. Smith sent out £50, and £100 for cottages; and, with the help of friends from Adelaide, the chapel was built, at a cost of £148. More cottages were built. The town was called Reid Town, in commemoration of the missionary. They had a native stonemason, but the demand for houses exceeded the means of construction.

Their Christianity led to Christian marriages, Christian worship, Christian homes, and Christian burial. Those who commenced as children, grew up to men and women, and became heads of families. "Some," says the missionary, "passed away to rest, who came to them painted savages. Many death-beds could be described, where natives died in a sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

The contrast between savage life and a Christian life was here exhibited in the strongest light. The night corroboree, with the songs and chants and beating time, with rolling eyes and gleaming teeth, the stamping, beating, brandishing of weapons, and wild excitement, like demons, compared with the sound of the hymn and song in the native deacon's cottage. The parties gathered for Saturday evening prayer-meeting; even the school children in their sleeping-room singing Lyte's beautiful hymn—

"Abide with me; fast falls the even-tide"—

surely displays most fully the power of the Gospel over the minds of the hitherto hopeless beings; that they are redeemable from savage life; that those who labour for them, labour not in vain in the Lord. A few extracts here, from visitors, are confirmatory of these statements, preceded by the observations of the Rev. Mr. Binney, a visitor to the colonies.

It is satisfactory to record any sympathy for this ill-used race, and to find, however only partial have been the efforts made for their reclamation, yet that something has been done, and that the early prejudice against them has been considerably abated; in fact, from intercourse with them and with the Indians of North America, I consider, although they are inferior, yet they possess much talent, great affection, uncommon quickness of perception, and capacity for improvement.

On the writer's arrival in New South Wales in 1826, at a public meeting it was declared by men of position that the blackfellow was not a human being, and that there was no more guilt in shooting him than in shooting a native dog. Many cruelties were consequently perpetrated on them, although they were shielded by the Government.

A public breakfast was given to the Rev. Mr. Binney, at Adelaide, previous to his departure, and, in his address of thanks, he stated that he, in his simplicity, coming from England, prayed for the aborigines, prayed for the persecuted natives of the land which we had come to take. It twice happened that a minister said, "I was surprised yet pleased to hear prayer for the aborigines; I have never heard it before; we seem to have got into a state of apathy about them, and given them up as hopeless. So that even the Christian Church had forgotten them before God, and considered them to be a doomed people like the Canaanites of old."

Mr. B. then drew a vivid picture of the great change which had been effected since the introduction of Europeans to the displacement of the aboriginal population.

"In travelling about the thought struck me, looking at this magnificent country, all this was, little more than twenty years ago, the run of the savage, his trail and his lair. Here, amongst these hills and these plains, amidst these woods, the savage ran and caught his game, erected his wurleys, lay down for the night, passed on without a hand to grasp, or any eye to see, or an understanding to develop, or intelligent faculty to conjecture the meaning of the mystic character, written everywhere upon God's earth and sky around him. Here he had been living for ages on this magnificent property as it were, but unable to see it, without a hand to touch it, or an understanding to modify it, or to work it into form of utility and enjoyment. He had been so for ages, and he would have remained so, for I do not believe that degraded man himself ever rose to even the first step of civilization.

"Although I could not but feel a pang for the disappearance of the natives, I thought it right that you should take possession of the property, and with your hearts and hands directed by your intelligence, use the rich materials of the earth which God has given you."

This lucid and poetical passage in the speech suggests much reflection. That the land should be occupied and turned to account there is no question, but as the savage is helpless to raise himself, we ask, is the Church guiltless in leaving him for ages in this condition?

Mr. Foster, from whose work I quote, says it was a special instruction of the Home Government, on the establishment of South Australia, that the aborigines should be properly cared for, and for that

purpose a Chief Inspector was appointed at Adelaide, and a Sub-Inspector in the country districts. Aboriginal reserves were made at various places for the natives, and supplies of flour and blankets, &c., were distributed periodically, schools were established and missionary efforts were entered upon, and have been continued up to the present time with, in some cases, gratifying results. The Government did their duty so far, but all these efforts failed as to a general effect, and were only partial, owing to their nomadic habits, undomestic life, and pulmonary complaints, to which must be added European vices and diseases.

Missionary enterprise was dead in the Church, and she failed to discharge her obligation. Any change effected was not by her missions, but by civilization, which carried with it the seeds of death and destruction. New diseases, as lately at the Fijis, where 35,000 have perished by measles, but still worse, the avarice of men in introducing intoxicating drinks, and the lust of men in violating the law of chastity, and the destruction of native food, have been a fearful consequence. Verily, say what we may, as a Christian people, instead of benefiting the race we have destroyed them, as a man told Mr. Binnie—he had lived amongst them many years—"that the last man of the tribe died the week before last."

Four missionaries from Dresden arrived in the Colony in 1838 and 1842, Messrs. Teechelmann, Klose, Meyer, and Schürmann, so that missions were commenced at Adelaide and 12 miles south of Adelaide, at Port Lincoln, and Encounter Bay; and at Walker's Villa was established a Sunday-school, numerously attended by native children, in which Governor Grey took a great interest.

At Mr. Klose's school, fourteen children could read polysyllables, fourteen more were in addition, three in subtraction, nine in multiplication, and two in division. Most of the children could repeat the Lord's Prayer and Ten Commandments, and narrate the history of the Creation, the fall of our first parents, and other portions of the Old and New Testament. A few could write by dictation, many knew geography, the boundaries and divisions of the earth, proving their ability, and that they are not such demented beings as has been too generally represented. But this progress was discouraged, and that by a portion of the Press, who ridiculed these efforts as worthless for all practical purposes, and as the jargon of the missionaries, and that, if the report of the Protectors were true, they were more deeply versed in the holy mysteries than the Bench of Bishops, by a long chalk.

However, they were not forsaken. The native institutions at Poonindee, at Port Lincoln, under the Church of England, and the native institution at Lake Alexandrina, under the auspices of the Aboriginal Friends' Association, still exist. Of these I will have to make some further mention.

The Poonindee Mission was founded in 1850 by Archdeacon Hale, now Bishop of Brisbane, who invested largely his private means, and isolated himself to carry out this undertaking. He purchased a number of sheep and cattle, and ultimately made the station self-supporting, the Government setting aside 24,000 acres of land, as a reserve.

After six years' labour, he was succeeded in 1856 by Dr. Hammond. The Government at first rendered pecuniary assistance, but afterwards withdrew it, as the enterprise was rather of a private nature, and no returns had been furnished to justify its continuance.

In 1858, there were under his tuition eleven married couples, nine unmarried boys, and two unmarried girls, making a total of fifty persons. They had 6,000 sheep, 250 head of cattle, and 35 horses; but the finances of the mission were in an unsatisfactory condition.

The Bishop of Adelaide, on his visit in 1858, was much pleased with the mission. There was a village of aborigines, living happily together, cultivating and providing for their own support, not neglecting their spiritual interests, but worshipping God, cheerful and content. There was a good woolshed, a carpenter's shop, with tools, and grinding-mill, brick-kiln, stockyard, and dairy.

The Bishop says, "God has indeed blessed the labours of that good, self-denying man, the Bishop of Perth. What difficulties he must have had to contend with, freaks of temper, &c."

The Point M'Cleary Institution was under the care of Mr. Taplin, a devoted missionary. In 1862, there was a Sabbath service performed there, attended by forty-three worshippers. The boys looked very smart in their new jumpers of blue serge, and clean moleskin trousers, and serge green caps. The service was conducted in the aboriginal language. Praise, prayer, and reading the Scriptures, and a short address finished the worship. The singing was good, and joined in by the whole congregation. At that time there were 150 natives at the station—47 males and 58 females. The number of children at school was 25. According to Dr. Walker's report, there were 425 persons.

Mr. Taplin expressed himself greatly encouraged by the feeling for spiritual things, so much so, that he was warranted in baptizing some of them and their household.

This cheering statement had its counterpoise—that the mortality amongst the blacks was considerable. More children had died amongst them within the last twelve months, than for the three previous years. A large number were infants, and out of thirty-six children who left the school in 1856,

six had died. Many adults had died also—twenty-one during the year, of those who had come to the station for medicine and comforts. Numbers died from influenza. It is well to be able to relate that these unfortunate beings had been cared for in their distress.

The report of a Committee of the Legislature in 1860 stated, amongst other things of interest, that the following were amongst the causes of their decrease:—1st. Infanticide to a limited extent; 2nd. Introduction of European diseases, especially aggravated by syphilis; 3rd. Introduction of intoxicating liquors, in despite of existing law; 4th. Promiscuous intercourse of the sexes between themselves and Europeans; 5th. Disproportion of the sexes.

It is singular that some of these reasons are found to operate in the same way to diminish the population of the Sandwich Islands.

The Chief Protector was armed with additional powers to try and check these evils, to pay periodical visits, and to hold Courts for dispensing justice summarily.

The Bishop of Adelaide, having been examined before the Committee, stated his belief in their capacity to understand Christianity, but not the metaphysical difficulties; that the natives had never been known to be drunk at the Poonindee Station, during the whole time of Mr. Hale being in charge, although they went with the drays, and ran into the township. He further stated that he had faith in the conversion of the natives; he had attended them in their dying moments, and believed, in many instances, that they were converted.

Mr. Moorhouse, who had been seventeen years Chief Protector, stated his doubts of their attaining knowledge beyond a certain point, although in two cases he witnessed evidences of their conversion, when dying. Several natives were examined, and gave very sensible answers to questions. "We like Port Lincoln because we are away from the old blacks. Tell why? Because we don't like to be wicked. Are they wicked? Yes, fighting and doing anything, robbing, swearing, and drinking." Several questions they would not answer, especially those relating to the dead.

Some severe affrays took place in the northern district through destitution, the long-continued drought having deprived them of means of support. They committed depredations on the settlers' sheep and cattle.

The estimated population within 60 miles was as follows:—

In the year	1841 ...	650 natives
"	1842 ...	630 "
"	1843 ...	560 "
"	1844 ...	550 "
"	1845 ...	520 "
"	1854 ...	230 "
"	1855 ...	210 "
"	1856 ...	180 "

From all the centres of population they disappeared, forcing on us the melancholy reflection that in a few years the very existence of the original possessors of the land will be amongst the traditions of the past.

It will be seen by the accompanying sketch of Port Lincoln, and the extract attached, that the South Australian Government has taken up the cause of the aborigines with much zeal, granting money and land for this object. It is to be hoped that some of these unfortunate beings will be rescued from the doom of total extinction, which many have long consigned them to.

In February, 1876, the mission to Lake Condah was commenced. The report of this mission, under the care of the Rev. H. Stable, is very encouraging. The men having returned from shearing, a new branch of labour, they, together with the women and children, attended church, morning and evening, and service on Sabbath regularly. There were some under religious feelings, but the general want of feeling towards the Gospel was very evident. The children attended school, and had made progress, and the neighbouring free-selectors attended Divine worship.

There were thirty-two men, twenty women, seventeen boys, and twenty-three girls, in all ninety-two natives on the station. The men had been engaged in cleaning, growing hops and arrowroot, and stripping bark. There were 255 head of cattle attached to the mission, by which milk and butter were supplied. The next testimony is from the official visitors, 1876. "My wife and self dropped down upon the mission station to breakfast. No human beings appeared. There were eighteen dogs of various sizes, colours, and ages to greet us. The chapel service had just closed, and the congregation streamed out from the place of worship.

"The only idle persons were one decrepid old man, and a white-haired woman. The men were putting up a strong fence of rails and posts, and did sixteen panels a day. Lime-burning had been introduced, by which they were enabled to whitewash their houses.

"The children in the choir were sixteen girls and eleven boys, and they have a brass band in progress. The men enjoy cricket as a pastime, and the school is progressing. To some of these poor creatures the mission is like a paradise."

The subjoined brief account of Poonindee mission, originated by the Right Rev. Dr. Hale, who for years devoted himself to the aborigines' cause, as well as Mrs. Hale, will show how capable these people are of civilization under Christian culture.

The Rev. R.L.K. thus describes his visit in 1874:—"After a toilsome ride and wading through much scrub, we reached the station. It was pleasant, too, to chat with the married women about the age and the number of the teeth, &c., of their babies, and to stroke the little heads. They were as black as you please, but evidently perfectly clean and wholesome. I was also introduced to a little boy, about eleven years of age, the first boy in the Colony of Victoria who had passed the examination required by the late Government regulations, and whom dear Mr. H. evidently took a pleasure in addressing as 'a man, by Act of Parliament.'

"The picnic party consisted of about forty-five blacks of different ages. About forty more were enjoying their holiday elsewhere. Several were on the river fishing. One I afterwards met in her own house. On our return to the station, I visited the different buildings—the church, with its harmonium, at which one of the black women (an importation from the institution at Adelaide) presides—the barracks, where the unmarried sleep—the school, as well as the common garden, which, unlike some gardens, was wholly free from weeds. But what I think pleased me most was the house of one of the married couples. The only one at home was the wife, a half-caste (such are generally the most difficult to deal with), who had been very wild when she first came. When I saw her, she was evidently in 'her right mind,' and was also, as her kind instructors said, giving every evidence of genuine piety, 'sitting at the feet of Jesus.' Her house was a model of neatness and order. The garden at the back was in good keeping, a fine crop of arrowroot bearing testimony to careful cultivation. As I returned from the garden through the house, I was attracted by some photographs hanging on the fire-place, and going to examine them, I found a collecting card, inviting subscriptions for the Presbyterian mission vessel. (The station is supported by the Presbyterian Church, though the missionaries themselves are Moravians.) The good woman seemed much pleased when my brother, who had now joined me, put down his name, with mine, for a small contribution. It was to this cottage that Mr. Trollope was taken, when he visited Raumiac. 'Oh,' said he, 'this is the show cottage. I want to see another.' He went into the next, but the woman there was sick; so he went on to the third. 'Ah,' he said, 'I see they are all alike. I am quite satisfied.'

"There are about forty-five blacks constantly resident at Raumiac, and about forty men not yet regularly attached to it. They belong to several different tribes, speaking different dialects; but they are all taught in English.

"They are contributing to the maintenance of the station by their herd of cattle and their cultivation, principally of arrowroot. It is hoped, ere long, the station may become self-supporting. The amusement of an evening is generally chess, at which the blacks are great proficients.

"I did not see Mr. Hagenauer's assistant. He was away with his family on a fishing excursion, the day being a holiday.

"Mr. Hagenauer and his wife seem eminently qualified for their work. It was really refreshing to hear the terms of Christian affection in which Mrs. H. spoke of her charge. I cannot doubt that love has been a very important instrument in the success which has attended her own and her husband's efforts to rescue some of those wandering sheep, and fit them to sing the praises of our common Redeemer. To Him shall be all the glory.

"We returned as we had come—the canoe, the marsh, the thistle, the leaps, &c., &c.—and reached our hospitable quarters at Clydebank at about 8 p.m. The next morning, after welcoming the New Year, in a glass of 'Poor man's wine' (a good old Scotch custom, as I was informed), we started homewards, and reached Nambrok in the afternoon, after a hot, dusty drive, agreeably interrupted by a lunch at Mr. W. Pearson's.

"February 26, 1874. R.L.K."

The following reports, which were laid upon the table of the Diocesan Synod of Adelaide at the opening of the Session in 1873, will, we think, prove interesting to our readers, as showing that the despised aborigines of Australia are not altogether beyond the reach of Christian care and kindness.

Annual Report of Mr. Hawkes to his Co-trustees, 1873.

The year past has been signalized by an event causing great joy to the natives and all persons associated with the institution, being the visit of the reverend founder of the Poonindie Native Institution, the Right Reverend Matthew Hale, Bishop of Perth, Western Australia, who arrived at the scene of his former labours after an absence of sixteen years, accompanied by the Bishop of Adelaide, in November last. On this occasion the natives took the opportunity of presenting a beautiful silver tea-service to Bishop Hale, as a token of their love and esteem.

The result of the inspection by the Bishops was embodied in a pamphlet, entitled "A Visit to Poonindie," written at the Mission House, on 22 November, 1872, giving a short history of the foundation, trials, and final success of the native establishment. Five hundred copies have been published for general distribution.

On 31st March last there were at the mission station, in residence, eighty-six natives.

I am thankful to be able to say that we have had no cases of diphtheria at the mission. The general health of the natives has been good; cases of slight cold or sore throat are promptly and carefully attended to. Mr. Hammond's thorough knowledge of the native habit and constitution enables him to check sickness at an early stage by his able and judicious treatment.

The balance-sheet showed a profit for the year of £826 19s. 3d.

The stock at the station on 31st March last consists of 9,490 sheep, valued at 5s. each; 130 head of cattle, at 60s. each, including two well-bred bulls, Gaylard and Canowie; 25 horses, valued at £5 each; 20 pigs, best Berkshire breed, valued at 20s. each; the total value of which is £2,909 15s. The lambing last season was on an average of 92 per cent. There will be at least 1,500 sheep to sell before next lambing, after making every allowance for rations, &c. All land farmed at Poonindie to present time is 332 acres; grubbed, cleared, ploughed, and now lying in fallow as virgin soil, 60 acres; being grubbed, cleared and ploughed this year as fallow for sowing with wheat next year, 60 acres; land under crop with wheat in January, 1873, 180 acres; land under crop for hay in January, 1873, 30 acres. We have no land sown with artificial grasses, but we intend to try some kinds next year. There are 215 acres of land under cultivation this year, including hay and lucerne crops. Next year about 75 acres of new land will be added to the cultivation, and a part of the land in fallow will be brought into use again.

I am glad to give my testimony to the zeal and interest shown by Mr. Holden and Mr. W. Newland in their respective positions for the welfare of the natives and the institution; also, to Mrs. Holden for her kind and ready help, and to Mr. Hammond for his valuable services as medical officer.

It is my intention to provide for the natives the means of learning useful trades. As our numbers increase we shall find the importance of having persons on the station who can supply boots and shoes, and execute blacksmiths' and carpenters' work of the best kind.

I congratulate my co-trustees on the result of the past year's operations.

G. W. HAWKES,
Acting Trustee.

Dear Sir, Poonindie Native Institution, Port Lincoln, 9 June, 1873.

I beg, in accordance with your request, to forward a brief report in reference to the wurley natives of Port Lincoln District, who from time to time seek aid and shelter at this institution.

I would state in this report I make no reference to those natives who have settled down with us from this district, who get constant employment, rations, and wages from the institution.

On referring to my books, I find the wurley natives have received cash payments for work done on the station during (say) the last fifteen months, one hundred pounds eight shillings and fivepence (£100 8s. 5d.), and during the same period they received by rations and clothes one hundred and eighty-two pounds nine shillings and eightpence (£182 9s. 8d.), making a total of two hundred and eighty-two pounds eighteen shillings and one penny (£282 18s. 1d.)

If you should ask the question—"What do the wurley natives do with this ready cash?" They spend it in clothes at Port Lincoln, and in each case that has come under my notice they have spent the money judiciously.

I must not omit to mention the repeated relief the institution has given to the wurley natives in times of sickness, such as oatmeal, sago, arrowroot; in short, everything that is recommeded by our medical officer. They receive constant medical attendance from Dr. Hammond, at the cost of the institution.

Many cases I might refer to where the poor sick wurley natives have been brought from a distance for the comforts and attention received at Poonindie. One man is now in the institution who has been ill for over twelve months. He is unable to work; in fact, for weeks he is confined to his bed.

When a wurley native dies he is placed in a coffin and buried in our cemetery, which you know is fenced and well cared for.

I beg to state we at all times hold out every inducement to the wurley natives, so that they may look upon Poonindie Institution as their home. From time to time, first one, and then another of them leaves the camp life and joins the institution permanently.

In conclusion, I have but to say, whenever the wurley natives are with us they attend the services in our little church. Their conduct is good throughout the district, so much so that there has not been a single wurley native had to appear at Port Lincoln Court for over five years, either for drunkenness or anything else.

R. W. HOLDEN,
Superintendent of Poonindie Native Institution.

The following extract on the Aboriginal Mission Station, at Poonindie, is from the recent work of the Misses Florence and Rosamond Hill—"What we saw in Australia":—

"Early in the history of South Australia, a school for the aborigines was established in Adelaide, and continued in operation for some years. The pupils displayed much aptness for elementary knowledge, but it was found that, on quitting school, they did not take to any settled occupation. Most of them returned to their wild life, while the few who hung about the town were shiftless and destitute. The present Bishop of Perth, Dr. Hale, was, at that time, Archdeacon of Adelaide. Taking great interest in the native school, and deeply lamenting its failure to reclaim its pupils from savagery, he cast about for some permanent method of civilizing them. He resolved to form them into an agricultural community, and to establish them in a district, remote from the evils he feared. The form of government was to be patriarchal, and Christianity its guiding spirit. Besides aiding it with his fortune and influence, he resolved, with generous self-devotion, to be himself the pastor of this humble flock.

"In September, 1850, Dr. Hale, bringing with him eleven aboriginals, five married couples and a single man, who had all been educated at this school in Adelaide, settled on the banks of the Tod, where the present little village gradually arose.

"Here a run with about 5,000 sheep was purchased by the Archdeacon. Government added an extensive tract of land, forming an aboriginal reserve, and the Colonial Treasury and the S. P. G. made important contributions to the funds. Under the direction of skilled white workmen, some of the natives erected the present buildings, while others were being instructed in the various duties of the farm. A native school which had existed for some years in the district, under a German missionary, being amalgamated with Poonindie, increased the number of inmates, while individuals were from time to time persuaded to leave their tribes, and join the mission. In spite of numerous deaths during its early existence, the population exceeded sixty when the Archdeacon left, and had reached almost a hundred at the time of our visit, many infants having been born of late years, while the deaths have much diminished.

"The ex-scholars from Adelaide formed the nucleus of an educated class, and one of these, Conwillan, was able, when the Archdeacon was absent, to conduct service in the mission church with such propriety, that white settlers in the neighbourhood used regularly to attend. A day school for the children was soon established, classes were formed for the women, and the men and older boys who are at work during the day attend a night school. The necessity for amusements was not forgotten; music was encouraged. Some of the young men lead the singing at church with their flutes, while the tones of the violin and concertina are not unfamiliar in the settlement. Occasionally there is dancing, and harmless indoor games are indulged in. Cricket seems for many years to have occupied as prominent a position as at Harrow or Eton. Drink is strictly forbidden. No drink, of course, can be obtained in the village, but we believe no Poonindie native has been known to break the rule, when sent to the township on errands.

"Besides the permanent inhabitants of the station, we heard of 'wurley natives,' who, while retaining their ordinary mode of life, still hang about the mission, sometimes, we believe, attending school and church. The Poonindie estate now contains 12,000 acres."

A Government reserve of 113 acres has been granted for an Institution for the Aborigines near Mackay, Queensland.

A school-house has been built 30 ft. by 12 ft., and a Protector's quarters also, and furniture provided. The work has been chiefly done by the natives. The scholars are taught to labour—to burn lime, and draw wood and water.

The adult natives get employment from the settlers around, and they plant the sweet potato and supply fish.

We hope that this small attempt may increase and rescue many of this race from destruction. The Government has since befriended the mission, and Bishop Hale, who is still their friend, by resolution of the General Synod, took primary charge of it.

The Warangesda mission was commenced by Mr. Gribble, (now ordained), chiefly on his own resources and with the help of his wife. He erected buildings, and fenced ground for cultivation. The chief object seems to be to rescue the young females from impending ruin, and in this he has been successful, so much so that the numbers were so great as to press upon him, beyond his means of support. The history of some of these young females is full of interest; how they have accommodated themselves to discipline and domestic life. But Mr. Gribble could not meet the urgent demands, and was obliged therefore to refuse admittance. The school was accepted by the State as a State school, was afforded help, and contributions were made from various sources to the amount of £671 7s. 2d.

"This mission has become a church mission, but it is doubtful whether the Government can render help under the withdrawal of State aid, it being now a denominational institution. There appears to be more than 80 blacks on the books of the mission. 600 acres have been obtained from the Government, and 400 more have been promised."—*Extracted from the report of the Board of Missions.*

The Maloga mission is under the management of Mr. Matthews and his wife. Quoting from the report of 1878:—Last report our numbers were comparatively small, but a considerable increase has been made since. The aborigines at the mission have been principally employed in cutting timber for the purpose of erecting huts for themselves. Some have made fair progress in carpenter's work. They assemble round the fire in winter to hear "Uncle Tom's Cabin" read to them. Mrs. Matthews and Miss Prane attend the Sunday school. A number of blacks from the bush were present at the evening services.

A picnic was held on the Queen's Birthday, the children and adults playing rounders, racing, skipping, and indulging in lots of swinging. They lit a bonfire and fired salutes in honor of Her Majesty.

All the young men are working vigorously, fencing and hut-building. A poor old lubra named Molly is dying in the camp; we send her medical comforts. Received various remittances; total, £1 0s. 6d.

Dan and Susannah, the first married couple, were glad to return with us, and a half-caste girl Lizzie. The old blacks were opposed to our taking the children.

Harriet wrote her first letter to-day to a lady in Melbourne. She was proud of her first literary effort. To-night we sat round the fire, and sang for two hours without intermission.

Reached Ulapa home-station. A good number of children desire to go with us. Eleven young people made up their minds to return with us.

A number of young men left for shearing, although 12 miles away. Most of them walk back to Sunday service.

Jemmy, half-caste, manifested faith in Christ. He had been very troublesome; he is now all day singing hymns. A great change of character. Eight of the young men have now experienced a change. They sat down with us at the Lord's table.

The children are approaching proficiency in spelling, arithmetic, and writing. They also know upwards of forty tunes.

Our Government grant of £400 is nearly exhausted; we are therefore obliged to limit our expenses. Several old people left to obtain fish, but shortly afterwards, the last payment of £400 from the Government came, as well as flour, sugar, and rice, but it seems that will only meet present wants.

The marriage customs of the blacks caused some altercation when three couples presented themselves for marriage, but the objections were overruled, although they went so far as to threaten to burn down the huts, and fifteen blacks came down the river to interfere about the marriage; however, they became pacified. There are ten young and married with us now, and there are thirty-eight aborigines in the camp. Our income for the month has been £4 4s. 6d. We have passed through years of trial.

In perusing the report, it is wonderful how supplies came from various quarters, unsolicited, just in time to relieve their wants. They lived by faith.

From these extracts we learn that the employment and the working of the institution is the practical success of the power of religion. The mission is still making its way, and an influential committee has been formed in Sydney to promote its interests.

The other missions in Victoria and South Australia I have already described. We see, after all the failures, that the cause is not hopeless.

First, we must not be satisfied with civilization. Religion can alone change the native. The Ethiopian cannot change his skin, but God can change the heart. Civilization will follow religion. Next, the missions must be secluded from towns and white population. Lastly, the land fund is a legitimate source of provision. We have possessed their lands, and therefore should compensate from that source.

Her Majesty, in her Instructions to the Governor, has expressed herself—"That you do by all lawful means prevent and restrain all violence, &c., against them, and take such measures as may appear necessary for the further conversion of them to the Christian faith, and their advancement to civilization."

The Government has taken up the question and appointed the Honorable G. Thornton, Esq., M.L.C., Aboriginal Protector, while the Church of England Synod has appointed a Board of Missions, including the Aboriginal Mission. May we not hope for some success?

There is, besides, the New South Wales Aboriginal Protection Association of which His Excellency Lord Augustus Loftus, G.C.B., is Patron, the Honorable Sir John Robertson, K.C.M.G., President, together with the Honorable W. J. Foster, M.P., Vice-President, and an influential Council.

A penalty is imposed on publicans who sell liquor to them. They are supplied with blankets, at a cost of £3,300 annually. The coast tribes are provided with fishing-boats and tackle to the amount of £51. In Sydney they are supplied with food and clothing from time to time, amounting to £350; and throughout the Colony with medical attendance and medicine. They receive passages on railways free. Two schools have been established, and assistance has been given to Societies on their behalf. Thus they have not been left utterly uncared for.

CHAPTER VII.

The last of the Sovereigns of the Sydney Tribe "King Bungaree"—His son.

My acquaintance with His Majesty was very short. As was his usual habit, he visited the ship "Thames" in which I arrived in the Colony. His sable Majesty, in his native barge, a bark canoe, presented himself to make the usual inquiries as to the name of the captain, and to inspect the steward's pantry, receiving tribute of various articles of food and raiment; and although he was adorned with a cocked hat and brass plate, I could not help contrasting, to his disadvantage, His Majesty's appearance with that of the North-American chieftains with whom I had been in the habit of mixing; however, years of drunkenness and some starvation no doubt had had their effect in emaciating his frame—the blessings which civilization has bestowed upon the unfortunate aboriginal population.

The following spirited sketch is copied from the *S. M. Herald*, being an extract from Dickens' *All the Year Round*, evidently the production of an Australian:—

There are few old Australian colonists to whom the name of Bungaree is not familiar, but I conceive it right that the whole world should know something of this departed monarch, and of his habits and peculiarities. Honored as I was by his favour, politely greeted as I always was whenever I met His Majesty in the streets of Sydney, flattered as I was when he invited me occasionally to accompany him in his boat to "go kedge fiss," I consider myself as well qualified to become his biographer, as was Mr. Boswell to write the life of Doctor Johnson, or Lord John Russell that of Thomas Moore.

King Bungaree and myself were contemporaries; but there was a vast difference between our ages. When I first knew him he was an old man, over sixty, and I a boy of twelve. It would be false to say that I cannot account for the great liking the king always had for me, for the truth is I was in the habit of lending him small sums of money, bread and meat, and not unfrequently a glass of rum. Many a time have I slyly visited the larder and the decanters on the sideboard, to minister to the wants of the monarch. I used the word "lend," because the king never said "give." It was invariably "len' it half a dump" (7½d.), "len' it glass o' grog," "len' it loaf o' bread," "len' it ole shirt." It is needless, perhaps, to state that, although in some respects the memory of King Bungaree was as extraordinary as that of the late King George the Third, he was utterly oblivious of the extent of his obligations, so far as repayment was concerned.

In person, King Bungaree was about 5 feet 8 inches high, not very stout and not very thin, except as to his legs, which were mere spindles. His countenance was benignant to the last degree, and there was a kind and humorous sparkle in his eye (especially when it was lighted up by liquor) which was, to say the least of it, very cheerful to behold.

King Bungaree's dress consisted of the cocked hat and full-dress coat of a general officer or colonel, an old shirt, and—that was all. I never saw him in pantaloons, or shoes, or stockings. Once, I remember, he wore a worsted sock on his left foot, but that was in consequence of having wounded himself by treading on a broken bottle.

As the king was a person of irregular habits, he generally slept, as well as fished, in his clothes, and his tailor's bill would not have been enormous, even if he had had a tailor; but, as he "borrowed" his uniform, as well as his money, bread, and rum, his finances were in no way embarrassed. Every new Governor, from Governor Macquarie down to Governor Gipps (during whose administration Bungaree died), supplied

him with an old cocked-hat and full-dress coat; and almost every colonel commanding a regiment instantly complied when his Majesty pronounced these words, "Len' it cock-'at—len' it coat—len' it ole shirt." Around his neck was suspended, by a brass chain, a brass plate. On this plate, which was shaped like a half-moon, were engraven in large letters the words, "Bungaree, King of the Blacks." On the plate there was also engraven the arms of the Colony of New South Wales—an emu and a kangaroo.

In point of intelligence and natural ability, King Bungaree was far from deficient. He was, in truth, a clever man, and not only did he understand all that was said to him in English, but he spoke the language so as to be completely understood, except when his articulation was impaired by the too copious use of ardent spirits, or other fermented liquors.

His Majesty changed his manners every five years; or rather, they were changed with every Administration. Bungaree, like many of the aborigines of New South Wales, was an amazing mimic. The action, the voice, the bearing, the attitude, the walk of *any* man, he could personate with astonishing minuteness. It mattered not whether it was the Attorney-General stating a case to a Jury, the Chief Justice sentencing a culprit to be hanged, a colonel drilling a regiment in the barrack-square, a Jew bargaining for old clothes, a drunken sailor resisting the efforts of the police to quiet him—King Bungaree could, in mere dumb show, act the scene in such a way as to give you a perfect idea of it. Now, as the Governor, for the time-being, was the first and most important person in the Colony, it was from that functionary that King Bungaree took his cue, and, after having seen the Governor several times and talked to him, Bungaree would adopt His Excellency's manner of speech and bearing to the full extent of his wonderful power. When I first knew Bungaree, General Darling was Governor of New South Wales. Bungaree then walked the streets with his arms folded across his breast, his body erect, his pace slow and measured, with something of a military swagger in it, and the only salute he vouchsafed was a dignified, but very slight, inclination of his head. Even when His Majesty was so intoxicated that he could not walk straight, it was impossible not to recognize the faithfulness of the copy to the original. His mode of speech, too, was curt, and somewhat abrupt. Even the words "Len it glass o' grog" came forth rather in the tone of a command than of a request. But when General Darling left, and General Bourke became his successor, how very different was the demeanour and the deportment of King Bungaree! He walked briskly up George-street, with his left hand on his hip and his right arm moving to and fro, took off his cocked-hat periodically in recognition of salutes (most of them imaginary), and when he neared the guard-house at the bottom of Church Hill, he would raise his right hand in the air and shake it, as a signal to the sentry not to turn out the guard to present arms to him.

The reader will have gleaned that King Bungaree was not temperate in his habits. Candour compels me to say that he was by no means particular as to the nature of his beverage. The only liquid to which he had seemingly any aversion was pure water. Rum, gin, brandy, wine, beer, chili vinegar, mushroom catsup, or "bull," he would take in any quantity from any person who could be prevailed upon to "lend" it to him; and, unfortunately, in order to get rid of His Majesty, the supply, in many instances, immediately followed the demand, and the king was too often to be seen stretched at full length on a dust-heap near the wharves, fast asleep and covered by myriads of flies, his cocked-hat doing the duty of a pillow, except when some little boy tore out the crown, and then pulled it over the king's ankles, putting him, in fact, in felt stocks. So strong was this monarch's passion for drink, that I am perfectly satisfied that he would, at any moment, have abdicated his sovereignty for an old sugar-mat, wherewith to make "bull," although he would never have renounced his right to the title of "King of the Blacks," or that brass plate, which he regarded as his "patent."

With the cares of State, Bungaree never troubled himself. His sovereignty, to all intents and purposes, was a matter of sound and of mere form. His subjects never treated him with respect or obedience. His tyranny, in the strictly classical acceptation of the term, was confined simply to his queens, five in number. These ladies were all much younger than the king, and were named, respectively, "Onion," "Boatman," "Broomstick," "Askabout," and "Pincher." These names, of course, were not given to them in their baptism (whatever may have been the aboriginal character of that rite), but were dictated, most probably, by the caprice of some of King Bungaree's European advisers, on the various occasions of his consulting them on the point, and "borrowing" something of which he fancied he stood in need. Whether the queens were much attached to the monarch or the monarch to them, I cannot venture to say, nor can I form an opinion whether they bore the king company in his inebriation out of courtesy, or from a natural desire to drink; but this I can state, with the positiveness of a biographer who derives his sources of information from personal knowledge, that I never saw their Majesties (the queens) sober, when His Majesty King Bungaree was drunk. The dress of these royal ladies was exceedingly grotesque. With the exception of a faded satin slip, an old bedgown, or a flannel petticoat, whatever beauty King

Bungaree's queens possessed was, in every sense of the word, in its unadornment "adorned the most." The only "foreign aid of ornament" that even Onion, the most fastidious of them, as regarded personal appearance, ever resorted to, was a short clay pipe intertwined with her hair, which, in point of colour and fineness, bore a strong resemblance to the tail or mane of an unbroken, unhandled, bay colt.

I have mentioned that I sometimes, when a boy, accepted the invitations of King Bungaree to go out with him in his boat to "kedge fiss." His was a very old boat, a "loan" from Governor Macquarie, who cultivated Bungaree's acquaintance, if not Bungaree himself; and upon all these occasions the queens used to pull the rickety craft, while the king sat in the stern-sheets, and steered. The queens, by turns, not only pulled the oars (only two) of the boat, but when the anchor—a large piece of stone tied to an old rope—was let go, they baited the hooks, threw over the lines, and caught the bream and yellowtails, with which the harbour abounded in those days. Bungaree, meanwhile, sat still, smoked his pipe, and occasionally gave an approving nod or a kind word to the wife who hooked the fish fastest. When out in his boat, during Sir Richard Bourke's administration, King Bungaree bore a stronger resemblance to Charles the Second than to any other monarch of whom I have read in history. He was cheerful, merry, facetious, gallant (except as to pulling and fishing), and amorous, without anything like coarseness, in his outbreaks of affection. Fish constituted King Bungaree's coin. The harbour of Port Jackson was his treasure-chest. When a sufficient quantity had been caught to purchase a loaf or two, and enough brown sugar to make a bucketful of "bull," the anchor was weighed, and the boat rowed to shore. Fresh fish for tea was always marketable, and the queens had never any difficulty in disposing of them at the public or private houses, receiving in return whatever articles they required to supply their own and the king's immediate wants.

I must here record a little anecdote of King Bungaree. When His Majesty's ships, the "Warspite," the "Success," frigate, and some smaller craft anchored in Sydney, Bungaree went on board all these vessels, to welcome to his dominions the various commanders. The Commodore, Sir James Brisbane, having heard of King Bungaree, and being informed of his approach, gave the order that he should be received with all the honors and formality accorded to persons of royal blood, save the firing a salute and manning the yards. The officers, who entered into the joke, were all assembled on the quarter-deck; the First Lieutenant stood at the gangway, the Commodore, in his full-dress coat and cocked-hat, took his place at the capstan, the boatswain piped the side in the shrillest ear-piercing tones, and the drums and fifes made music to the air of "God save the King!" The moment King Bungaree placed his foot on the "Warspite's" well-holystoned planks, the Commodore uncovered his venerable head, and placing his cocked-hat beneath his left arm, with admirably acted humility, advanced, and offered King Bungaree his right hand. The king, who was then wearing his coat buttoned up to the neck, *à la* Sir Ralph Darling, received the homage which was paid him by the Commodore, with just the amount of formal *empressement* that the Governor himself would have exhibited, under the circumstance of being similarly greeted. Having bowed, rather stiffly, to each of the officers on the quarter-deck, and having cast an approving though cold glance at the guns, the hammock-nettings, and the rigging, King Bungaree condescended to inquire the Commodore's name. "My name is Brisbane," said the Commodore, meekly. Bungaree, for at least two minutes, surveyed the Commodore from head to foot, with a contemptuous expression of countenance. He had known one Brisbane (Sir Thomas), who had only lately left the Colony, which he had governed for five years. That there could be two Brisbanes—that the world was big enough to hold two—King Bungaree could not believe. At length His Majesty spoke as follows, "What you mean, sa? You Brisbane, sa? What for you, capping of big ship like this, sa, tell King Bungaree one big lie, sa? I know Brisbane, sa. He great frien'-o'-mine, sa. He len' me this cock-hat, sa, this coat, sa, this shirt, sa. No, sa; not this shirt, sa. King Bungaree never tell a lie, sa. Capping Crotty, of 3rd Buffs, sa, len' me this shirt, sa." Captain Crotty was not a very tall man, and the garment to which Bungaree last alluded scarcely reached the monarch's knees. "No, sa; you are not Governor Brisbane, sa. I show these gennelmen Governor Brisbane, sa." Divesting himself, for the nonce, of the airs and manners of Sir Ralph Darling, Bungaree put on those of Sir Thomas Brisbane, walked the deck, spoke to several of the officers, and, taking a telescope from the hand of the signal-midshipman of the day, looked through it into the heavens, and exclaimed, "Ah!" Sir Thomas Brisbane was a great astronomer, and while in New South Wales had been constantly star-gazing. The Commodore was so struck with King Bungaree's imitation of his own first cousin, that he stood aghast; while the officers, unable any longer to preserve their gravity, indulged in a hearty peal of laughter.

"No, sa," resumed Bungaree, addressing the Commodore, and acting General Darling, "you *not* Brisbane. But you very good man, I dessay. Never mind, I forgive you. I now feel very thirsty. Len' it glass o' grog." Several glasses of the ship's rum, well diluted with water, were "lent" to His Majesty, and several pipes of tobacco. After remaining about an hour on board the "Warspite," Bungaree was

piped over the side, taking with him "loans" to the extent of five old shirts, a handkerchief full of biscuit, and a cold leg of mutton. A marine officer offered to "lend" him an old coat; but, after examining the loan, and discovering that it did not belong to an officer entitled to two epaulettes, Bungaree shook his head, and remarked that it "would not do." But, going to the gangway, he threw the garment down into his boat, in which his queens were sitting. Onion picked up the old red coat, and, as the day was rather cold, put it on, and wore it in the streets of Sydney habitually.

[The writer having been sent to England to be *civilized* and *educated*, proceeds to give a humorous description of his translation from the wilds of Australia to the wonders of the Old Country; and as his expatriation lasted for seven years, to perfect his education at Oxford, or Cambridge, he lost sight of Bungaree for some considerable time.]

However, before the expiration of our sentence of seven years, we all became not only reconciled to Old England, its sports, its institutions, and sensible of its manifold advantages over those of any other portion of the earth; but when we had taken our degrees, and had been (in consideration, seemingly, of abjuring the Pope) invested with black gowns and white horsehair wigs, we left her shores and our friends with something like regret. After a passage of one hundred and nine days, I again placed my foot on the land of my birth. But, oh! what a change was everywhere observable! A change, according to my idea, very much for the worse. The ships in the harbour, instead of numbering only ten or eleven, numbered upwards of forty or fifty. The streets were crowded with emigrants of both sexes, and of the lowest order of the people, who, under the "bounty system," had been swept out of the streets of London, Dublin, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and minor cities or towns. Old buildings, many of them weather-boarded houses, which had been familiar to my sight from childhood, had been pulled down, and on their sites were erected rows of shops or merchants' warehouses. So vast had been the tide of emigration to Australia, so busy had been the population during the term of my exile, that I scarcely recognized my native land.

I had not been in Sydney more than three days when, to my great joy, I espied at a distance the cocked-hat and old red coat of poor old King Bungaree. He was coming up George-street. His gait was very shaky, but it was still Bungaree's gait. When I met him, I took off my hat and saluted him. He peered into my face a few seconds, and then, recollecting me, offered me his hand, shook mine rather coldly, and said rapidly, "Oh! well, what can I do for you? I very busy now; no time to spare; talk to you some other day; yes, yes, good morning." This change in Bungaree, which I could not at the moment account for, pained me. I thought that, amidst all the changes, observable in every direction, Bungaree at least would have remained himself. However, notwithstanding His Majesty's remark that he wished to get rid of me, he entered into conversation, and presently, in his old confidential way, said, "Len' it a sisspence." I complied, and requesting him to call upon me soon, at my mother's house, bade him "good-day." He was then alone. None of his queens were with him. But I had no time to ask him many questions, for I was on my way to Government House, to pay my respects to Sir George Gipps, and deliver a packet which had been entrusted to my care. Whether His Excellency had not looked at my card, or whether he had mistaken me for some one else, I don't know; but I had scarcely made my bow, when I was greeted with, "Oh! well, what can I do for you? I am very busy just now, have not a single moment to spare; talk to you some other day. Yes, yes, I am now off to the Council. Good morning."

I had never seen Sir George before, but I instantly recognized my altered King Bungaree. This anecdote, a few weeks afterwards, reached Sir George's ears through a lady, and he was not a little amused by it.

On the following day, at 10 a.m., His Majesty, King Bungaree, was announced. I received him in the back yard, for my mother would never allow him to come into the house. He was, on this occasion, accompanied by two of his queens, "Broomstick" and "Pincher." Having "lent" the king and each of the queens a "glass o' rum," I proceeded to interrogate him.

"Well, King Bungaree," I said, "where's 'Onion,' and the other queens, 'Boatman' and 'Ask-about?'" "Onion's dead," he replied. "Two emigrant mans get drunk, and kill her with brickbat on top o' rocks. Boatman's got leg broke and can't walk, and Ask-about stop along with her on North Shore, to len' it bread and drink o' water."

"Who lent you that coat?" "One colonel up in Barrack-square."

"Has not the Governor lent you a coat?" "Not yet; but he len' it by-and-by. At present he only len' it, 'Very busy now; yes, yes; good morning.'"

"What do you think of Sir George Gipps?" "When that my frien' Doctor Lang write a book about all the gubbernors, he one day met it in Domain, and len' it half a dump. He then laugh and say,

'King Bungaree, what you think of Gubbernor Bourke?' and I say to him, 'Stop a bit. He no yet leave the colney. When he go, then I tell you, master.' Gubbernor Gipps only just come. Stop till he go, then I speak."

Doctor Lang, in his admirable work, the History of New South Wales, relates this in his preface or concluding chapter, observing that he took King Bungaree's hint, and reserved Sir Richard Bourke's Administration for some future edition.

King Bungaree (after swallowing another "loan"), in reply to my questions, said that when the tribe to which he belonged first beheld the big ships, some thought they were sea monsters; others that they were gigantic birds, and the sails were their wings; while many declared that they were a mixture of gigantic fish and gigantic bird, and that the boats which were towed astern were their young ones. He heightened his description by *acting* the consternation of the tribe on that occasion. He told me they were too much terrified to offer any hostile demonstrations, and that when they first heard the report of a musket, and of a ship's gun, they fancied those weapons were living agents of the white man; that where the town of Sydney was situated, kangaroos formerly abounded, and that these animals were seldom speared or interfered with; that fish and oysters and the native fruits were their chief articles of food, and that animals—the kangaroo and opossum—were killed only to supply the little amount of clothing then required amongst them; that the use of the hook and line was unknown until the establishment of the Colony; and that a spear, constructed for the especial purpose, was the only means they had of taking fish in the shallow waters of the bays. The deep-sea fish—the "schnapper," the "king-fish," the "grounder," and the rock cod—were beyond their reach. Mullet, whiting, and mackerel, which came in large shoals within range of the spear, were the only species they had tasted. Sometimes a shark, which had followed the smaller fish into the shallow water, and swam with his fins above the surface, would fall a victim to the spear.

Each tribe rarely numbered more than fifty or sixty, and the chief was, by right, the oldest man in it. When they increased and multiplied beyond that number, fifty or sixty, there was a new tribe formed, and they occupied a distinct tract of land, to which they were required to confine themselves. This tract of land rarely exceeded an area of 40 miles in extent. Strange to say, the tribes beyond Parramatta did not understand the language of the Sydney (Woolloomooloo) tribe. The tribes on the north shore had no communication with the tribes on the south shore, except when they invaded each other—which was seldom—and did battle. On these occasions they swam the harbour, carrying their spears, waddies (clubs), boomerangs, and shields on their heads. The object of these invasions was to plunder each other of women. King Bungaree denied that they were cannibals; but admitted that they roasted and *tasted* the enemies whom they slew in battle. The waddies and spears of the different tribes were not exactly alike in make, but the boomerang was of uniform construction; and I know, of my own personal experience subsequently acquired, that amongst all the savage tribes of New Holland, the use of the boomerang is universal. Sir Thomas Mitchell, late Surveyor-General of Australia, and a very able mathematician, when he first saw the flight of a boomerang, and examined the weapon, exclaimed, "The savage who invented this, in whatever time, was gifted by the Creator with a knowledge which He has withheld from civilized man." And, writing of the boomerang propeller, Sir Thomas says, "That rotary motion can be communicated to an instrument, acting as a screw, so as to be sustained in air, without causing that fluid to recede, is suggested by the flight of the boomerang, a missile which few in this country can have seen used, or seen at all. This is a thin flat weapon, shaped somewhat like a new moon, but not so pointed at the cusps, and more resembling in the middle an elbow than an arc, being about two feet long, two inches broad, seldom so much as a quarter of an inch thick, and made of hard, heavy wood. The natives of Australia throw this to great distances, and to great heights in the air, imparting to it two sorts of motion, one of which is direct, the other rotary, by which last the missile revolves round its own centre of gravity, having a twist into the plane of a very fine screw. The effect of this almost imperceptible screw on air, all who have been witnesses to a boomerang's flight will remember. To those who have not, we can only say that the rotary motion survives the direct impetus with which the weapon is made to ascend, so as to make it screw its way back to the very spot from whence it was thrown, thus enabling mere gravitation to undo all the effect of the thrower's arm in sending it upwards."

When I was a boy, Bungaree had been a matter of mere amusement to me. Now I was a man, he was an object of interest; able as he was to remember the first big ships that entered Sydney harbour, when the penal settlement was founded; the sensations of the tribe to which he, then a boy, belonged when they beheld them; and the terror which prevailed when the savage, for the first time, saw the face and clothed form of the white man. He had often talked to me of these and other such matters; but I was then too young to take any interest in his discourse, further than what related to the best bays to fish in, or the localities in which "five-corners," "ground berries," and "gollions" (native fruits) were most

plentiful. As for fish, even if I had had now any desire to catch them, I could not have done it in any of the bays of Sydney harbour. Like the kangaroo and the emu, they had retreated beyond the bounds of civilized and busy life. They were now only to be caught in the bays *outside* "the Heads." As to the native fruits I have mentioned, I doubt whether I could have obtained a quart within five miles of Sydney, had I offered five guineas for it.

The children, male and female, of the aborigines were taught, or rather made, to swim by being put into deep water soon after they were born. As swimmers and divers, I do not think the blacks of New South Wales were superior to the Arabs at Aden, or the Cingalese at Ceylon, but they were certainly equal to them. A captain of a ship in the harbour of Port Jackson once lost a case of claret overboard—a six-dozen case. The ship was anchored in eight fathoms of water. Four blacks dived down and brought it up, each man holding a corner of the chest on the palm of his left hand. Incredible as it may seem, they were under the surface of the stream for more than three minutes. I can remember one day, when out with King Bungaree in his boat, losing a penknife with which I was cutting bait on the gunwale. Queen Onion cried out, "I get it!" and, dropping from the boat's bow in her bedgown, she lifted her hands and went down like a stone or a shot. After being lost to sight for at least a minute and a half, up she came, like a bundle of old clothes, with the penknife in her mouth. We were then fishing off Garden Island, where the water is very deep. I doubt if there were less than fifteen fathoms under our keel.

The power of "tracking" was still left to old King Bungaree and his tribe, but they rarely or never exercised it. Their savage and simple natures had been contaminated and corrupted by their more civilized fellow-creatures, and their whole thoughts seemed to be centered in how they could most speedily become intoxicated and sleep off its effects. Bread and rum, Bungaree said, were at first distasteful to his palate; but after a while "he liked 'em berry much, and did not care for nothing else." King Bungaree was the only *old* aboriginal I ever saw in the vicinity of Sydney. Drink and its effects destroyed the majority of both sexes long before they attained the prime of life. How the race continued to be propagated within 50 miles of Sydney, even when I last left the Colony, in 1843, was more than I could understand. It was otherwise, however, in the far distant interior. Some of the wild tribes in the squatting districts (where rum and tobacco were too precious to be given to the blacks, either out of freak or a misplaced generosity) were as fine specimens of the human shape as any sculptor could desire as models. In addition to the elegance of their forms, their eyes were brilliant and piercing, their teeth white as snow, their agility superhuman, and their love of innocent mirth perfectly childlike.

Of King Bungaree's principles and opinions I scarcely know what to say; nor even, as his biographer, am I particularly anxious to dilate on the subject. But I may mention that he one day confessed to me that, of all the Governors who ever swayed the destinies of New South Wales, General Macquarie was the greatest man. On probing him for his reasons, I discovered that the kind-hearted old officer, whom he held in such respect and veneration, was his greatest creditor. The General, according to His Majesty's account (and I believe him implicitly), had "lent" him more cocked-hats, more coats, more shirts, more loaves of bread, and more glasses of grog, than any other ruler in Australia; and, further, he told me it was General Macquarie who "lent" him that brass plate which he wore for so many, many years, and which was no doubt found on His Majesty's breast when he breathed his last.

The writer does not give any account of the king's death and burial. It seems that he died on Garden Island, that a coffin was made for his remains at the dock-yard, and that the interment took place with his wife Gooseberry in an orchard at Ryde. Whether any memorial remains I am not aware, but a stone was placed over his place of sepulture.

We have Bungaree, not as king, but as the humble attendant of Flinders. Flinders represents the scarcity of provisions. The price of fresh meat was so exorbitant that he could not purchase it for his crew. He paid £3 for a sheep, 30 or 40 lbs. weight; pork, 9d. per lb.; 9d. for pollard; Indian corn, 5s. a bushel. What a change has taken place. Now we are exporting meat to England, and at one time boiling down much cattle and sheep, merely for their fat.

Flinders observes, in preparing for his voyage:—"Bungaree, the intelligent native who had accompanied me three years before in my voyage to the north, was selected again, together with a youth named Nambare. I had before experienced much advantage from the presence of a native from Port Jackson, in bringing about a friendly intercourse with the natives on the other parts of the coast. Bungaree the worthy, a brave fellow who sailed with me in the 'Norfolk,' volunteered again; and the other was Nambare, a good-natured lad, of whom Colonel Collins has made mention in his account of New South Wales." I presume this youth must have been the well-known Bungaree, of immortal memory.

The following memoir will supply further particulars of this chieftain's son:—A Mr. Coxen, who had been very kind to Bungaree, adopted his son, whom he called after his father, and sent him to school with his own sons to the Normal Institution, one of the leading schools of the Colony, in Sydney, of which Mr. Gordon was head-master, thereby giving him the same chance as any European, mixing as he did on an equality with other boys, and receiving the same attention to his studies and habits. He was a boarder with some ninety others, and was, in fact, treated as any young gentleman ought to be. He was not clever mentally, for after six years he only reached the rule of three; could not understand Euclid or foreign languages, but was clever at any manipulations with the pen or pencil. He wrote a beautiful hand, but his spelling was defective. He was clever at all games requiring physical activity, but strange withal, he was exceedingly lazy. He was quick to learn by rote, but did not quite understand all he learned by it. As a specimen of his race he was rather small, and not so quick as many others would have been, had they had the same advantages. He was sent to England to college, but the cold weather and his laziness caused ill health. He returned to the Colonies, and like all his race who have no tribe (having been brought up among white children), he took to stock-riding, occasionally surprising some newly-arrived squatter by exhibiting his writing and knowledge of cyphering. The last heard of him is that he is like any other bushman, making a cheque and knocking it down at the grog shops. It will be easy to guess what will be his end.

CHAPTER VIII.

The aboriginal Jackey Jackey.

THIS native accompanied the expedition of Mr. Kennedy from Rockingham Bay to Cape York, in 1848, one of the most calamitous attempts at discovery on record, except perhaps Leichhardt's.

The expedition was over-equipped with twenty-eight horses, three carts, 100 sheep, and ample supplies of all sorts—more like an expedition for settlement than a mere exploring party.

They landed at Rockingham Bay, thirteen in number. Jackey was a native of Patrick's Plains, and proved himself intelligent, faithful, and trustworthy throughout this very disastrous expedition, in which all but two perished besides Jackey Jackey, who survived after he had faithfully led on the expedition, and, as we shall see by the sequel, watched over Kennedy's dying moments.

After landing, they pursued their way through swamps and mangrove bush, through which they had to cut their way to make a passage for their sheep, &c. At length they had to abandon their carts and heavy luggage. Jackey Jackey always in the front, the natives proving hostile, they reached a native camp, quite a village, the gunyahs neatly built, of a conical form, about 5½ feet diameter, 6 feet high, substantial, to keep out the rain, with stone ovens for baking, &c., much superior to the usual huts, indicating a better class of natives, but not less ferocious.

The party were now reduced to killing their horses, lean and miserable as they were, seldom meeting any game or fish, and they were attacked by sickness, and the sheep fell away. Their situation became each day more critical, and it became necessary to appoint an advance party to try and reach Cape York. Thus they parted at Weymouth Bay, Kennedy and his party pushing on, leaving eight of their party there, a few of the horses and other stores to subsist on; the object being to reach Cape York, and there to meet a vessel in waiting, and so relieve them.

The party here were left under Mr. Carron, the botanist, to whom we are chiefly indebted for the sequel of this unfortunate expedition. Six of the men died, leaving Carron and another, who had been wounded, to be mercifully delivered when at the very extremities of existence. Such was their extremity that, the kangaroo dog being very weak, they killed him, and lived on him two days. The natives, they say, were a much finer race than they had yet seen.

Three more of the party were left behind at Pudding-pan Hill, they being unable to travel, while Jackey Jackey and Mr. Kennedy pressed forward until they came in sight of Port Albany, Kennedy stating to Jackey Jackey "A ship is there—you see that island there." Thus close to deliverance, it was here Kennedy met his death. A party of natives surrounded them, and Kennedy was wounded by a spear in the back. Jackey pulled out the spear and fired at the blacks, wounding one of them. The blacks speared Kennedy in the leg and then in the right side; Jackey cut the spear out. The horses got speared also, and became unmanageable. "Mr. Kennedy became stupid through his wounds, and I carried him into the scrub. He said 'Don't carry me a good way.' I asked him, 'Are you well now?' He replied, 'I don't care for the spear-wound in my leg, but for the wounds in my side and back; I am bad inside.' I told him blackfellows always die when they are speared in the back. 'Mr. Kennedy, are you going to leave me?' He said, 'Yes, my boy, I am going to leave you; you take my books to the captain, but not the big ones; the Governor will give you anything for them.' Then I tied up the papers, and Mr. K. said, 'Give me paper and I will write,' but he fell back and died. I cried a good deal until I got well, that was about an hour, and then I buried him—covered him over with logs and grass, and my shirt and trousers. I then went on. Sometimes I had to walk in the water; then through scrub. Many spears were thrown at me. At length I reached Port Albany, where I was recognized by the captain of the waiting vessel."

Having related the death of poor Kennedy, the vessel was immediately got under weigh, and proceeded to where the three men had been left, but were unsuccessful in their search. Found a canoe with a cloak in it, and other cloaks of the natives; therefore concluded that the three unfortunate men had been murdered. They therefore sped their way to the relief of Mr. Carron and his party, Weymouth Bay, where they rescued Messrs. Carron and Goddard, the only survivors of that party. These two men were unable to move without assistance, and had despaired of relief. They had seen a vessel standing into the bay, and made signals, but she altered her course, and so all hope of rescue was given up. The discovery of these two men is well described. Jackey Jackey led the party. After landing he was very tired. At last he exclaimed, "I see camp." Well done, Jackey. Suddenly he exclaimed, "I see two whitefellows sit down in camp." When they came up to them they were two of the most pitiable beings possible. They were the only two left of the eight; six had perished. Jackey Jackey said, "You see the blackfellow there; you leave the tent and go to the vessel as fast as you can." The captain went into the tent to try and remove some things, but Jackey Jackey said, "You leave him tent everything altogether; get the two whitefellows into the boat quickly." They took, however, some important things, and then started in the boat. Carron's legs were terribly swollen. The vessel then proceeded to Sydney.

The Government despatched Captain Simpson in the "Freak," with Jackey Jackey as a guide, to recover the journals and papers of poor Kennedy. Search was made along the coast for the three men, but unavailingly. The pillaged camp was found, with books and everything scattered about. They found the remains of Walsh and Niblet, who were unburied; these they buried. They only found in the search along the coast a leather pistol-holster, marked 37. Jackey was confident that these three men had been murdered. The next object was to recover Kennedy's journals and papers. In this Jackey Jackey displayed his usual intelligence. On their track he pointed out the place where he had left the saddle-bags, but these could not be found; but a sextant and horizon-glass were found. Jackey told the party to look out for broken spears, and shortly they found the place where Kennedy told Jackey not to carry him any farther; also the place where Jackey had washed his wounds, and where he had given Jackey his instructions about his papers. The sextant and some other scientific things were found. The party found the papers and diary, but not Kennedy's grave. Poor Jackey was very quiet, and felt deeply through the day, and tears started from his eyes when searching for the remains, while his feelings against the natives were very bitter. The papers had been pulled out of the tree, probably by a rat, and were somewhat injured.

"I cannot close my extracts without mentioning the exemplary conduct of Jackey Jackey. I have always found him quiet, obliging, and very respectful. When on shore he was very attentive, and his mind fixed on one object. The sagacity and knowledge he displayed were astonishing. When he found the place we were in search of he was never flushed, but quiet and unobtrusive. He was much concerned at not being able to find the remains of his master, to whom he was sincerely attached.

J. B. Simpson,
Master of the 'Freak.'"

The melancholy condition to which Mr. Carron, the botanist, and Goddard were reduced, and their delivery, is well described by the survivor. "Six weeks," he says, "had expired since Mr. Kennedy left us. Our shot was all but expended. This morning we ate the two pigeons and boiled the tea-leaves. Lap, the sheep-dog, remained our only companion, and him we determined to kill, however poor; but a native now advanced and gave me a piece of dirty paper. This was a note from Captain Dodson, then in the bay. Joy filled our minds, and I gave the native an answer, but he threw it away and joined the other natives, probably to murder us. Just then I saw Captain Dodson and Dr. Vallack and Jackey approaching, with a man named Barrett, who had been wounded a few days before. I was reduced almost to a skeleton; the elbow-bone of my right arm was through the skin; the bone of my hip also; my legs were swollen enormously; I was carried to the boat."

He then describes the few things he saved. Here it was he heard of the tragic death of poor Kennedy. It would ill become me to add anything to the artless narrative of the faithful and true-hearted Jackey, who, having tended Kennedy's last moments and closed his eyes, was perhaps the most interested bewailer of his unhappy fate. The character throughout of Jackey Jackey is one of fidelity, sympathy, and affectionate endurance, seldom equalled; while he must be regarded as not only the guide, but the untiring deliverer of the remnant of the party.

All I can learn of Jackey Jackey's subsequent history is, that on his arrival in Sydney, the Government presented him with a brass plate and inscription, which I understand is now in the Museum. He returned to his tribe, Patrick's Plains, where he died of consumption. Thus came to an early grave this noble-minded man, whom, for fidelity and affection under severe trials, few white men could excel.

CHAPTER IX.

Tasmania—The Blacks—Mr. G. A. Robinson—The capture and transportation of the Aborigines to Flinders Island—Their gradual decay and extinction—Lalla Rookh, the last native.

TASMAN had discovered the island of Tasmania and given it the name of Van Diemen's Land, after the Governor of Batavia, by whom he had been commissioned to explore the "Great South Land."

The next visitor was a Frenchman, named Captain Marion du Fresne, who on landing was assailed with showers of stones and spears, and retaliated by volleys of musketry, which killed and wounded several natives. This was the first blood shed, never to be forgotten by the natives. The celebrated discoverer Captain Cook visited the island in 1777. He and Captain Bligh left pigs, vines, oranges, apples, plums, onions, and potatoes, to which Captain Furneaux made additions.

Captain Cook describes the natives—their women naked, their bodies marked with scars, there heads partially shaved; they lived like beasts. No doubt their condition was very miserable, but it was made more so by European contact.

Even Flinders' interview with the natives was unfortunate; while Captain De Surville, who anchored in Doubtless Bay, and was received by crowds of natives, who supplied them with food and water, and treated their sick with tenderness, nevertheless, repaid their services with cruelty, under the suspicion that they had stolen a boat. The chief Paginni, having been invited on board, was placed in irons. They then burnt down the village and carried the chief to sea, who died of a broken heart. De Surville, afterwards, was drowned in the surf when landing at Callao in 1791. Thus, unfortunately, the very first visit of the European was a visitation of blood, while the introduction of large bodies of criminals added crime and disease to their wretchedness.

From these causes arose an undying hatred on the part of natives to Europeans; in fact, nothing short of a guerilla war.

Government sought to conciliate and benefit these people, and no doubt much was done, but with very unsatisfactory results.

From the diary of the Rev. Robert Knopwood we learn that our people went to their camp, probably by way of reprisal, and attacked the natives at Burke's house, where a large body of natives had assembled and were, in pursuit of kangaroo, shooting with spears. Mistaking this for a war attack, an inexperienced officer ordered the soldiers to fire into them, and numbers were wounded and slain. This led to fearful consequences.

Shortly afterwards two Europeans were put to death by the natives, and the attack was attributed by the Governor in his proclamation, 1813, to the frequent ill-treatment by the bushrangers.

Another calamitous event took place. The natives came into town, under the leadership of a prisoner named Campbell, who cohabited with a native woman; they were kindly received by the Government, and many presents were bestowed on them; the children associated and played with the white children, but the conduct of the bushrangers to the native women led to serious consequences. "Bad men," they said, "had stolen their piccaninnies."

In 1816 it is recorded that the natives now manifested much hostility to the up-country settlers, killing and driving away their cattle. Quarrels arose between them and the stockmen. Spears were exchanged for the more deadly fire of musketry. The natives now entered on a marauding warfare, stopped drays and travellers, and made regular attacks on the huts.

The Lieut.-Governor issued a proclamation in which he enumerated the ill-treatment sometimes received—that they killed the men and pursued the women and compelled them to abandon their children; and still more horrible, the editor of a Wellington paper said, "We have ourselves heard old hands

declare it was not an uncommon practice to shoot them to supply food for their dogs." Females were not only the object of their lust, but of their barbarity. The lash and the chain were the harsh expedients of their savage love.

Lemon, one of the leaders of the bushrangers, fearing that the natives would disclose their retreats, bound them to trees and used them as targets. These barbarities led to numerous murders of the whites; but certainly the whites, even the soldiers, who cast one of their infants into the flames, and a bushranger who cut off the head of a woman's husband, strung it round her neck, and made her walk before him, could not be exceeded in atrocious conduct by the barbarians.

Mr. Bonwick, in his narrative, sums up the determination of the blacks to scatter blood, conflagration, death, and ruin throughout every district of the Colony; so, for some time afterwards, blood was freely shed, and homesteads were doomed to the flames. Inquests were held daily, and country property had fallen in value to zero.

A Government proclamation was issued in 1826 referring to these outrages, and giving instructions how to act, but all these proclamations, however well intended, were no better than waste paper.

The savage, unrelenting and revengeful, proceeded at once to the great black war. Two natives were captured and executed, while some thirty-seven other persons were sentenced to death at the same Sessions. It was proposed to give up one district to the blacks, but this could not be accomplished, as they could not be confined to any boundary.

Black Tom was catechised by the Governor, and replied, "Your stock-keepers kill plenty of blacks." "But," said the Governor, "you kill men, women, and children." "White men kill plenty of men, women, and piecaninny." "We want to be friendly to you." Tom, laughing, said, "All the same as white man, you catch it and kill it." On hearing the proclamation read, Tom, laughing, said, "You make proclamation, ha, ha, ha! I never see that foolish. When he see dat he can't read, who tell him?" "You tell him, Tom." "No, me like see you tell him yourself. He soon spear me."

Here is a savage not destitute of human intellect. The Governor must have felt that he met more than his match.

As the blacks could not read, as Tom said, sign-boards were put up exhibiting blacks spearing whites, and then hanging to a tree; the Governor, with a cocked-hat and uniform, with soldiers superintending; white women nursing black babies. How the blacks must have been convulsed with fun, and turned all into a corroboree!

Then came the Line scheme. Captain Welsh and Mr. G. A. Robinson succeeded even at this early period in opening friendly intercourse with one tribe, but this seems to have been objected to, as not driving the natives far enough away.

We must now introduce some noted characters, Mosquito, and Black Jack, his colleague. The former was a native of New Holland, of great physical powers, vigorous intellect, and of indomitable will. The other, Jack, was able to read and write. When taking to the bush, he exclaimed, "I'll kill all the whites"; and Mosquito had associated with convicts in New South Wales, and adopted all their vices of drinking and swearing. An associate of Mosquito's, known by the settlers as Bulldog, and he cruelly ill-used and then murdered a woman; then ripped up the body of the woman to destroy the infant. For want of evidence they were simply transported—Mosquito to Van Diemen's Land in 1813. He was there employed to track bushrangers, a kind of blood-hound, but the constables, his associates, became jealous of his skill; he was therefore sent away to Hobart Town; and there became head and leader of the mob, who hung about the town. He lived with several women, whom he employed for various purposes, but one Gooseberry, a superior woman, was his chief wife. He murdered her in a fit of jealousy. The monster cut off the breasts of one of his gins, because she would suckle her infant against his will. He sent his blacks to rob and slaughter. He and his people kept the land in a state of terror. They spared neither age nor sex, while it was impossible to catch them in the trackless wilderness. He induced a native civilized lad to join his party, but he was soon captured and sentenced to Macquarie Harbour, the Tasmanian hell, but escaped, and was afterwards employed by the Government as a black tracker.

The outrages of these men were terrible, and a party of soldiers and officers was formed to destroy them. In their search they came upon a black party, stole on them at night, fired into them volleys, and killed and wounded several. A sergeant seized a child, saying, "If you are not mischievous now, you will be," and dashed the child's brains out against a tree. Both parties became alike ferocious. Mosquito was captured at length, being badly wounded, and, with Black Jack, tried at Hobart Town. Mosquito was found guilty, Black Jack not guilty, but the latter was tried on a second charge of murder, and both were

sentenced to death. They pleaded to be sent to a penal settlement, but in vain—they were both executed. The chaplain who attended (the Rev. W. Bedford) exhorted them to pray. Black Jack exclaimed, "Pray yourself; I am too b——y frightened to pray." After this example of justice, many natives came into town to implore pardon. The black war however went on, so that, during the temporary absence of the husbands the quick-eyed natives stole down the chimneys or through the other entrances of the houses, murdered all within, and plundered the places. On the husband's return he found his home a slaughter-house. No one was safe, and at length it was felt that something of a general character must be done.

Two or three persons—including the celebrated Batman, who first passed over to Port Phillip and settled in that portion of New South Wales—went out with a party for a year, captured several natives and shot some; also the names of Robertson, Jorgenson, Hopkins, Eldon, Grant, and others, must be mentioned as adventurers in the cause, who took the field, but all in vain. Within six years 121 outrages of the blacks were recorded in Oaklands district alone; twenty-one inquests upon murdered persons were held between 1827 and 1830; some women in self-defence took the musket and beat the attacking parties off, although they attempted to fire the houses.

Another proclamation was issued, offering rewards for the capture of offenders, but, in spite of 3,000 armed persons forming a cordon not more than sixty yards apart, the natives escaped. An occasional cry was heard from the sentinels, "Look out, look out." Every man seized his gun and rushed forward, while the General galloped up, shouting, "What is the matter?" "Don't know; there has been a breaking of sticks in that scrub." "Fire, fire, fire." A poor frightened cow rushed out, occasioning peals of laughter. The Governor was facetiously called Colonel George Black-string. They captured two natives only; the rest had escaped in a fog. The army broke up, and the people were in no way relieved from their danger.

It was at this critical time that Mr. Robinson, a mechanic, made an application to be permitted to go forth, unarmed, and by peaceful means attempt to induce the natives to surrender. He was of course derided, called a madman, a fool; but, although he had a little family depending on him, he could not abandon his self-imposed duty. The state of the natives was such that they lived worse than dogs, and were deprived of food. Their gins were debauched by the cruel white men. The black visitors to Tasmania had treated the natives with great cruelty. Military and civil had been in the field from the 4th of October to 26th November, but the attempt entirely failed. The expense was near £50,000; some say £70,000.

Mr. Robinson proposed a plan of conciliation—to make a visit first to Port Davey, and become known to the other tribes. He obtained a long-boat, but this was wrecked. He carried no arms, but took with him two natives, and set off at 12 o'clock at night with these guides to cross the country, and the next morning the whole tribe joined him. This was in 1830. He placed thirty-four natives on Swan Island, and having been supplied with a cutter, he visited the islands, and rescued many women from the sealers, who used them brutally, flogging them if they did not cook properly.

Next, he removed the Big River tribe and the Oyster Bay tribes to Gun-carriage Island. On approaching these tribes, they ran down the hill with spears, shouting. His party fled, and he alone confronted these exasperated savages. They had known that he was the black-fellows' friend, and so became pacified. On one occasion only he fled, and was saved by an old woman, who towed him over the river on a log.

Mr. J. Bonwick's description of one interview is too lucid to pass over.

The leader Robinson had ventured under the shadow of the Frenchman's Gap, 5,000 feet high, in the uninhabited district of the western interior. There he met the last tribe, and the most dangerous of the natives. He had with him his stripling son, M'Geary, Stanfield, and an Hawaiian Islander.

The stout-looking but handsome chief, Montpeliata, glared at them and grasped his spear, 18 feet long; while fifteen powerful men, with their spears and waddies, filled with all the hate and loathing for white men which such a war had excited, were ill restrained by the voice and gesture of their head. They rattled their spears, shouted their war-cry, and menaced the mission party. The women kept in rear, each carrying a bundle of spears, and 150 dogs growled at the intruders.

It was a moment of trial to the stoutest nerves. The whites trembled, and the friendly natives were about to fly. One word from that stern chief and they would have been transfixed with spears. "I think," whispered McGeary, "we shall soon be in the resurrection." "I think we shall," replied Robinson.

The chief advancing, shouted, "Who are you?" "We are gentlemen," was the reply. "Where are your guns?" "We have none." Still suspicious, although astonished, the chief inquired, "Where are your piccaninnies (pistols)?" "We have none." There was then a pause. The chief, seeing some blacks belonging to the white party running away, shouted, "Come back!" This was the first gleam of hope. Meanwhile some of the courageous female guides had glided round and were holding quiet earnest con-

verse with their wilder sisters. The great chief now walked to the rear to confer with the old women. The whole party waited with suspense for the result, on which their lives depended. In a few minutes the women threw up their hands three times, as a token of peace. Down fell the spears, and the impulsive natives rushed forward to embrace relatives and friends, while the chiefs grasped each other's hands in brotherly embrace. It was a jubilee of joy. A feast followed, and a corroboree closed the eventful day. Well may Robinson say this was the happiest evening of his life.

These poor people had fought for the soil; numbers had perished. They had resisted 3,500 men well armed, but pacific measures had subdued them: a noble victory of moral influence. The tribe had yielded as friends, not captives. They delivered up sixteen stand of arms taken from bushrangers, together with their spears; the latter were returned to them.

Robinson marched his friends to Bothwell. The inhabitants were terrified, until he assured them that there was nothing to fear. After a night's rest he proceeded to Hobart Town, where he was greeted with shouts of triumph and of welcome. Portraits were taken; the muse was awakened to commemorate the bloodless victory; and then followed an entertainment at Government House.

In January, 1835, vessels were provided to convey them to Flinders Island. This island is 40 miles long by 12 to 18 miles wide. Here everything possible was done for them. As to religious and other instruction, a Quakers' deputation which visited the island describes the state of society:—"A large party of native women took tea with us at the Commandant's. After tea they washed up the tea things, and put everything in order. The catechist has translated into one of their dialects a large portion of the first three chapters of Genesis. They are daily instructed by the catechist." Dr. Ross gives a sketch of these people:—The females superintend the domestic matters. Each family has a hut, windows, chairs, and tables manufactured by themselves of the timber of the island, and they send to Launceston skins of kangaroos and birds, and in exchange obtain useful articles. They cultivate one large garden, moving the hoe to one of their melodies, and have cleared a road several miles into the interior. An aboriginal fund has been established, a Police Court to settle differences, and a market formed for sale of articles. Mr. Robinson gives a sermon entirely composed by one of them.

But, alas, fearful mortality reduced the number down to fifty persons, and they were fast disappearing, not from want of attention, but they suffered much from nostalgia, and sighed after their country, which they could see not very far off. They were consequently removed to Oyster Cove; twelve men, twenty-two women and ten children. This place is but a few miles from Hobart Town; it had been a penal settlement. In time, the new settlement seemed to thrive. Mr. Clarke, the catechist, wrote to say—they are now comfortable; have a full supply of provisions; are able to till their gardens; sow beans and potatoes; and the women can all make their own clothes, cook their food, and make the houses comfortable, and are contented. But both Mr. and Mrs. Clarke died, and the place became the dark valley of death. In 1854, there remained only three men, eleven women, and two boys, at a cost of £2,000 per annum to the Colony; the place became a ruin; the unfortunate people were supplied with spirits—became drunken and abandoned. The Governor often visited the station, as well as Lady Denison, and brought them up to town in their carriages; but all in vain, their doom was cast.

Their condition was pitifully described by Mary Ann, a half-caste, wife of Walter:—"We had souls in Flinders, but we have none here; there we were looked after, here we are thrown into the scum of society; they have brought us amongst the scum of the earth (alluding to convicts); it would be better if some one came and read to us, and prayed with us; we are tempted to drink; nobody cares for us." The Bishop had appointed a clergyman, but he was unpopular.

"Mary Ann's description of poor Clarke's death is very affecting:—"With grief for the loss of his wife and the degradation of the people, he took to his bed of death. Then," said the faithful creature, weeping, "Father Clarke died. I attended him, along with his daughter, night and day. All the people wanted to do something; all loved him; and he talked and prayed with us, and told me what to read. He had the room full of us, and bade us good-bye. He did love us." The writer had to comfort her. She shook her head mournfully, and with bitterness replied, "No one cares for the native's soul, now Father Clarke is gone." Soon Mary Ann and Walter followed.

The description of this couple and their fate is truly affecting. Walter was engaged in conveying the mail from Huron to Hobart Town. They lived in a three-roomed cottage. Mary Ann had it very neat, clean, and gave guests a welcome. The floor was covered with a carpet, the walls decorated with pictures, and the Bible and other books lay on the table. Melancholy to think, both this man and wife became victims to drink; he was drowned, and she, a noble woman, was soon cut off by intemperance. One solitary man and one woman remained, King Billy and his wife.

The last public appearance of the king was at the Governor's Ball, at Government House, accompanied by three aboriginal females.

In 1868, he accompanied the Duke of Edinburgh to Hobart Town, in a blue suit of clothes, with gold lace round his hat, walking proudly with the Duke, as one possessing royal blood; but he was seldom sober. He also perished. He took to the sea and became a celebrated whaler, but on getting his wages, £12 13s., he commenced drinking, and died of cholera. He was followed to the grave by a large concourse of people, mostly sailors. There still remained one woman, Lalla Rookh.

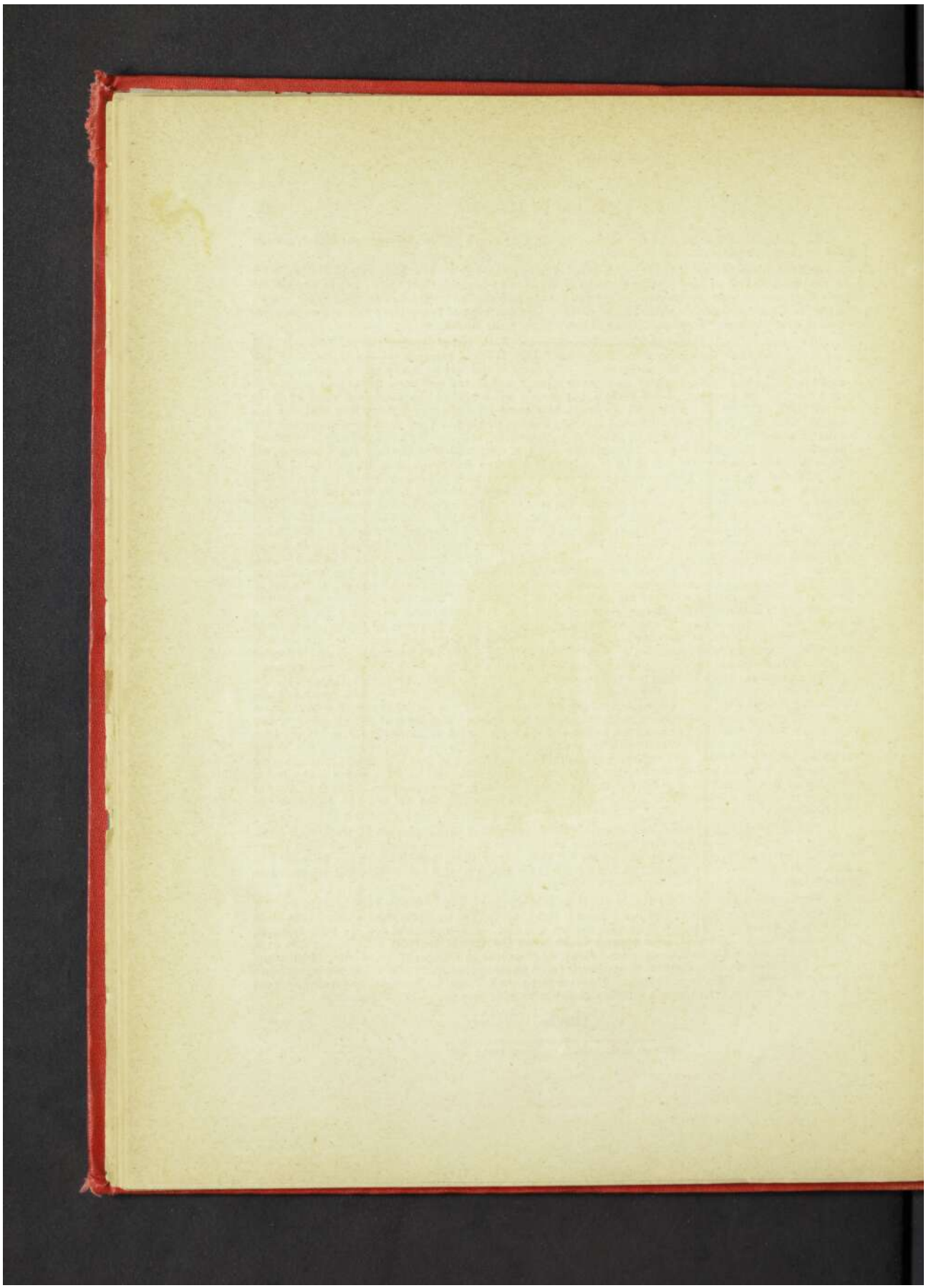
Truganina, or Lalla Rookh, as she was sometimes called, the last of the aborigines of Tasmania, died on the 8th instant (says the *Hobart Town Mercury*, of May, 1876) of paralysis, at the residence of her protectress, Mrs. Dandridge, in Macquarie-street. The death of this last scion of a once numerous race is an event in the history of Tasmania of no common interest, and it may well serve to "point a moral and adorn a tale" on the question of the gradual but certain extinction of the aboriginal races of these southern lands. Of Truganina we shall no doubt hear many interesting narratives, now that she has departed this world, but at present we must content ourselves with a few brief facts concerning her life and death, leaving it to others, who have leisure and opportunity, to favour the public with more extended notices respecting her. That she was a queen is an admitted fact, and that she had five husbands, all kings, is generally known. The last of these partners of her joys and sorrows was the celebrated King Billy, who died in March, 1869, and was the sole remaining male representative of the Tasmanian aboriginals. It is a singular fact that Truganina assisted "Black Robinson" in his efforts to induce the few natives, then alive, to place themselves under the care of the Government. She accompanied "Black Robinson" on a visit to the natives, distributing presents of various kinds; and when they paid a second visit they were warmly received, and the natives eventually consented to be taken care of by the State. Truganina has seen them all die. She could tell many very exciting stories of her life, and used to amuse those friends who visited her with relating them. At one time, with other natives, she was in Victoria, then known as Port Phillip. A murder was committed, and though she always said she was innocent, she and another woman and some males were sentenced to be hanged. Fortunately for her, she had saved a lady and two children from the fury of the blacks on one occasion, and this coming to the ears of the authorities, her life was spared. Twenty years ago, when Mr. Dandridge, who succeeded Dr. Milligan, took charge of the Oyster Cove Aboriginal Station, there were sixteen survivors of the race, including Truganina, who belonged to the Bruni Island tribe. Fifteen of them died during the life of Mr. Dandridge. Nearly three years ago he, with his wife and family, removed to Hobart Town, bringing Truganina with them, and the citizens soon became familiar with the form of Her Majesty. She appeared at public gatherings on several occasions, and frequently went out for walks, always in charge of some member of the family with which she lived. Her short, stout figure, red turban, and dusky features were known far and wide, and always attracted great attention. She was partial to conversation, and was always willing to give such information as was within her knowledge. The death of Mr. Dandridge, two years ago, was the occasion of great sorrow to her, and she never ceased to mourn his loss. Since then she has been under the care of Mrs. Dandridge, the Government having for many years granted £60 per annum for her maintenance. She suffered a good deal from bad health of late. Though sometimes very weak, she always rallied, and promised to live many years. Within the last ten days, however, she had a presentiment that she was going to die, but it did not seem to give her great concern. She passed away as peacefully as a child, and though she was about seventy-three years old, she did not look half that age after her death.

One of the aborigines pathetically describes the destruction of the people:—"All blackfellow gone. All this my country. A very pretty place; many piccaninnies run about; plenty of blackfellow there; corroboree; great fight; all cause about only me tell now. Poor them, tumble down all; bury her like a lady. Put her in coffin like English. I feel a lump in my throat when I talk of her, but bury her like a lady, master."

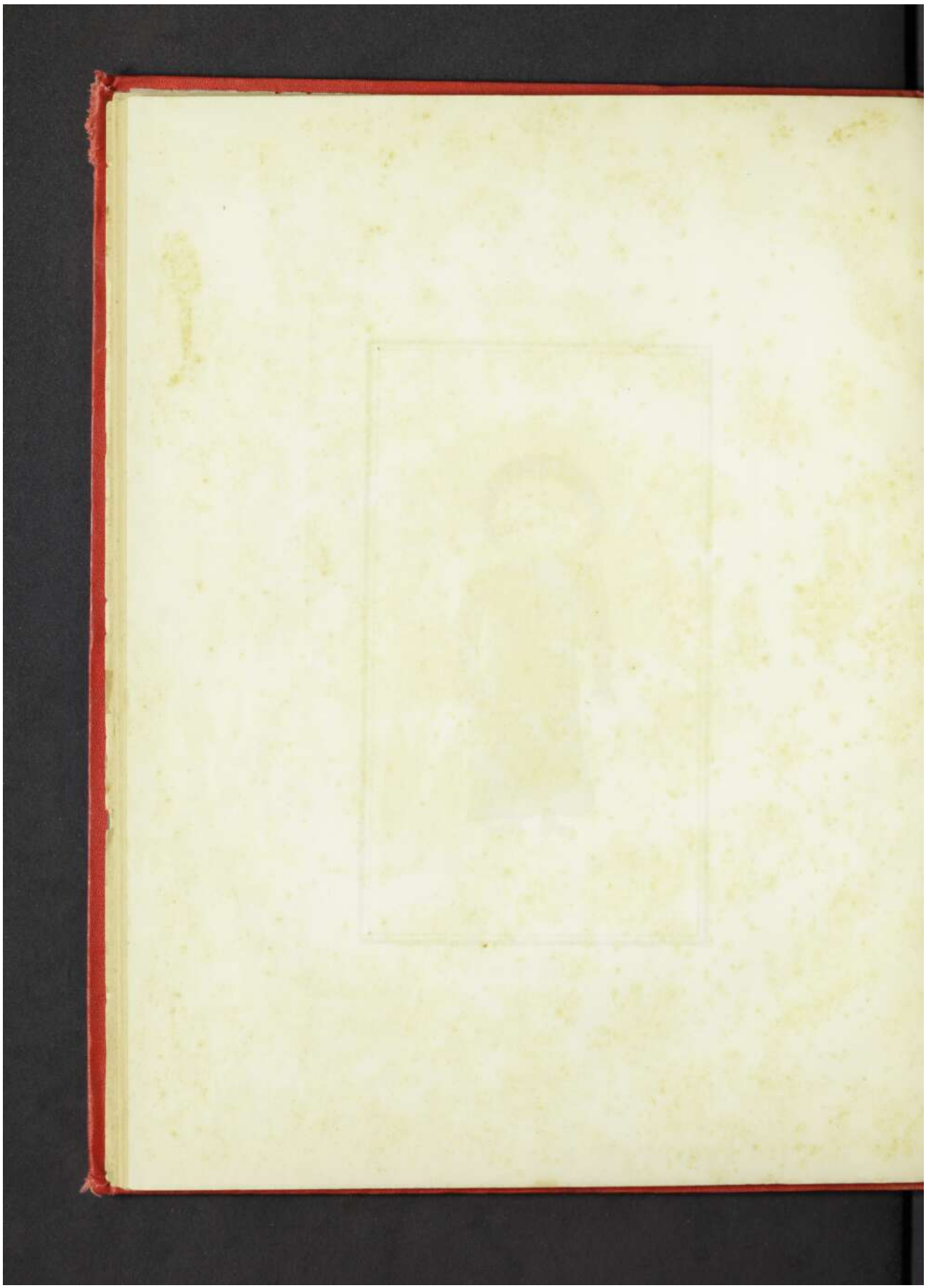
Mr. Howitt says we actually turned out these inhabitants of Van Diemen's Land because we saw it was a goodly heritage; and our best justification is that if we did not transport them we must burn them out with our liquid fire, and poison them with disease and vice. It is a powerful and, in some respects, a mysterious history. The only hope appears to be when the Gospel precedes colonization, but even then, if the tide sets in too soon, destruction follows. Let us look to European Christianity. How many so-called Christians are little better than savages, for with all the appliances by which they are surrounded, the law only restrains them from violence. However many the failures, yet the capacity for advancement of these people renders it no longer a question of doubt whether they are no better than dogs.

[Sketches.]

Sydney: Thomas Richards, Government Printer.—1883



CAVE FIGURE



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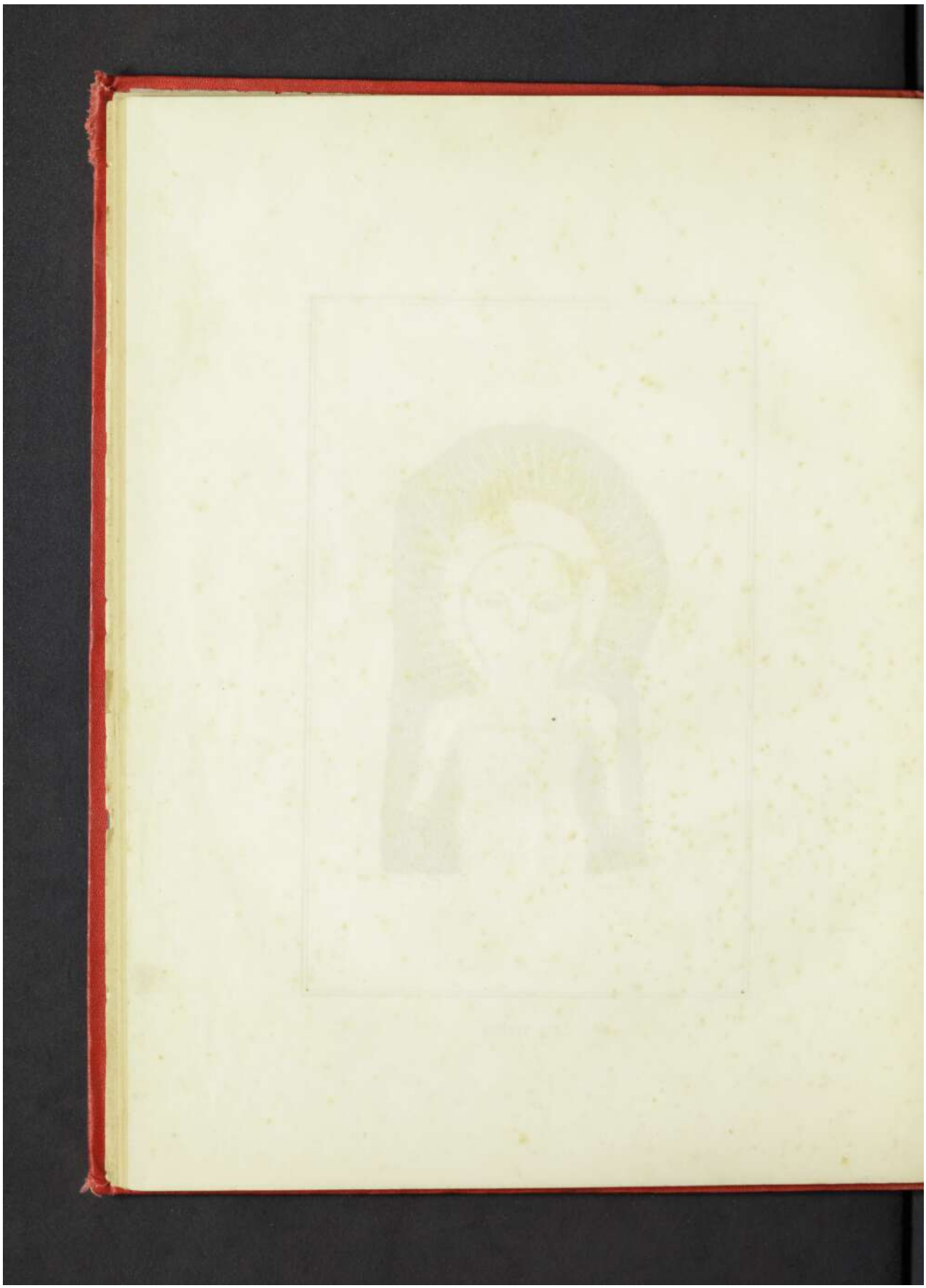
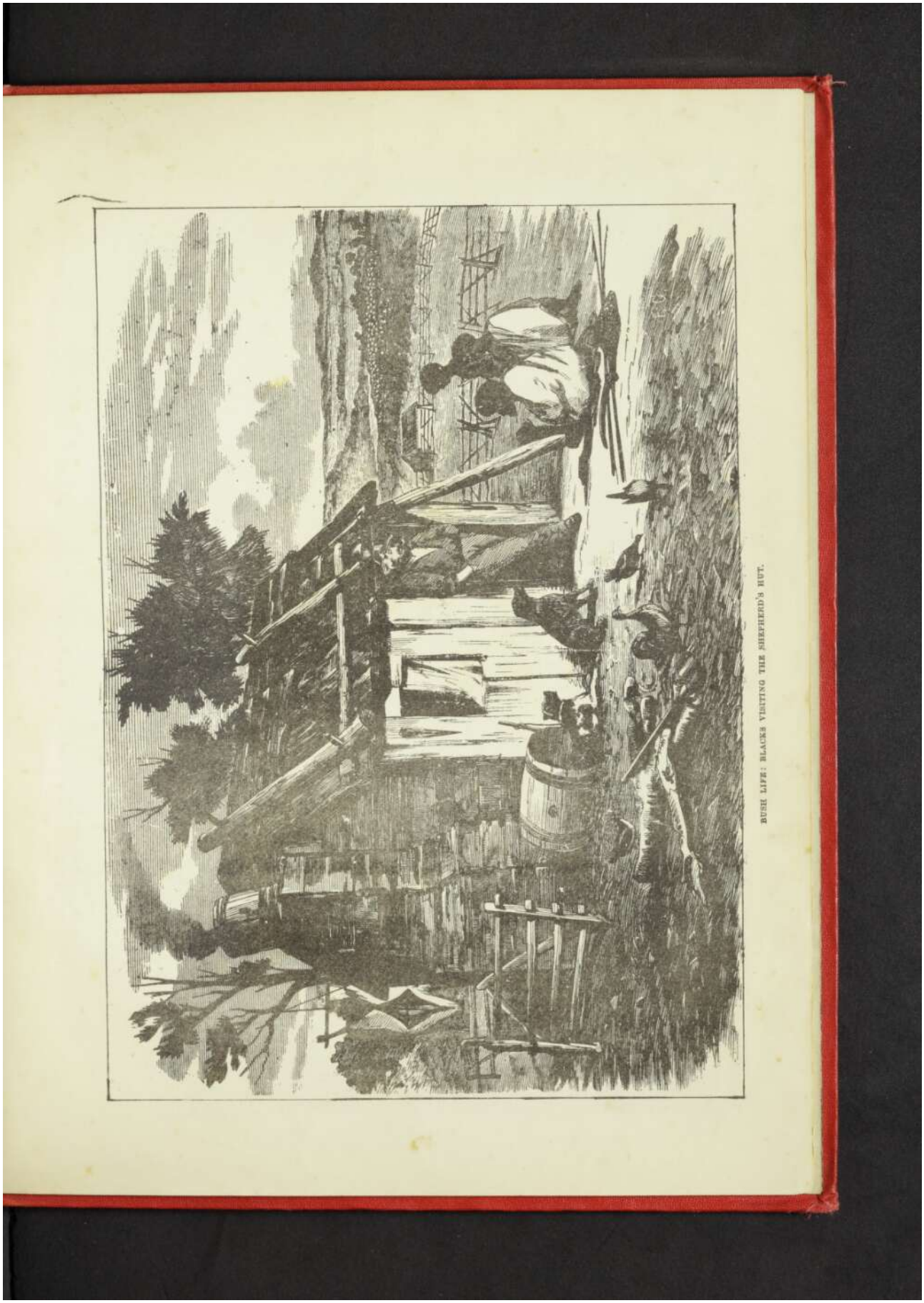
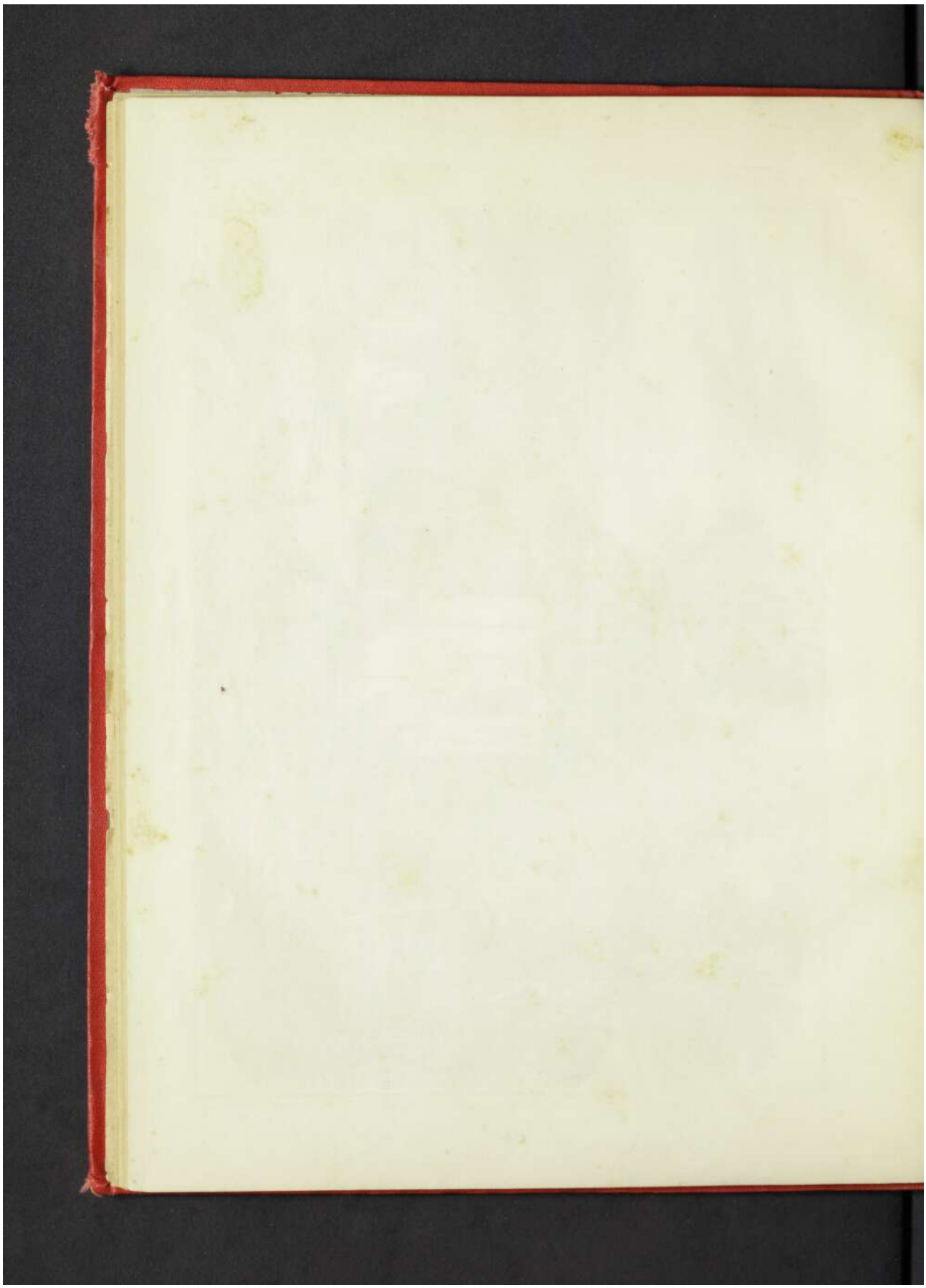
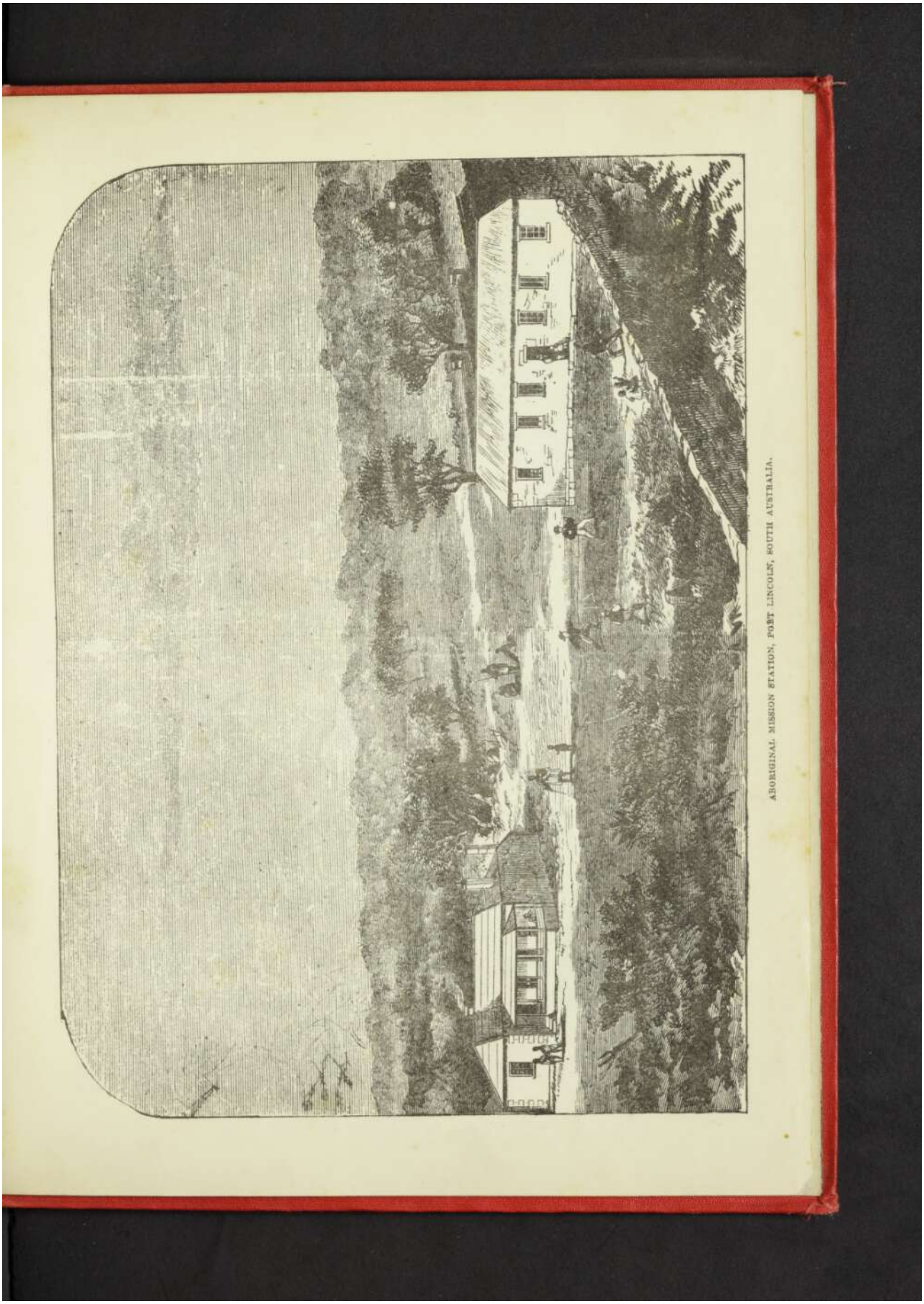


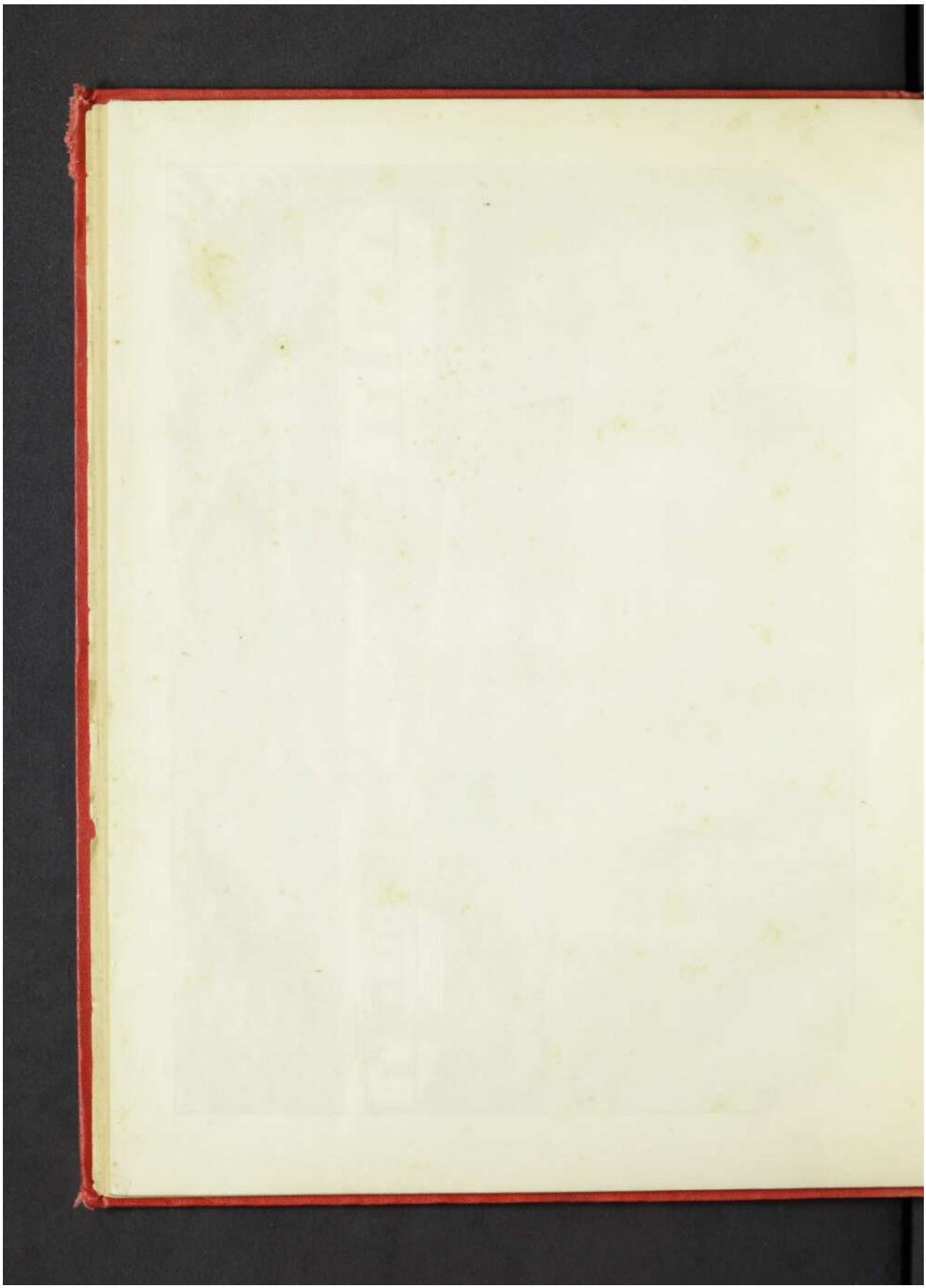


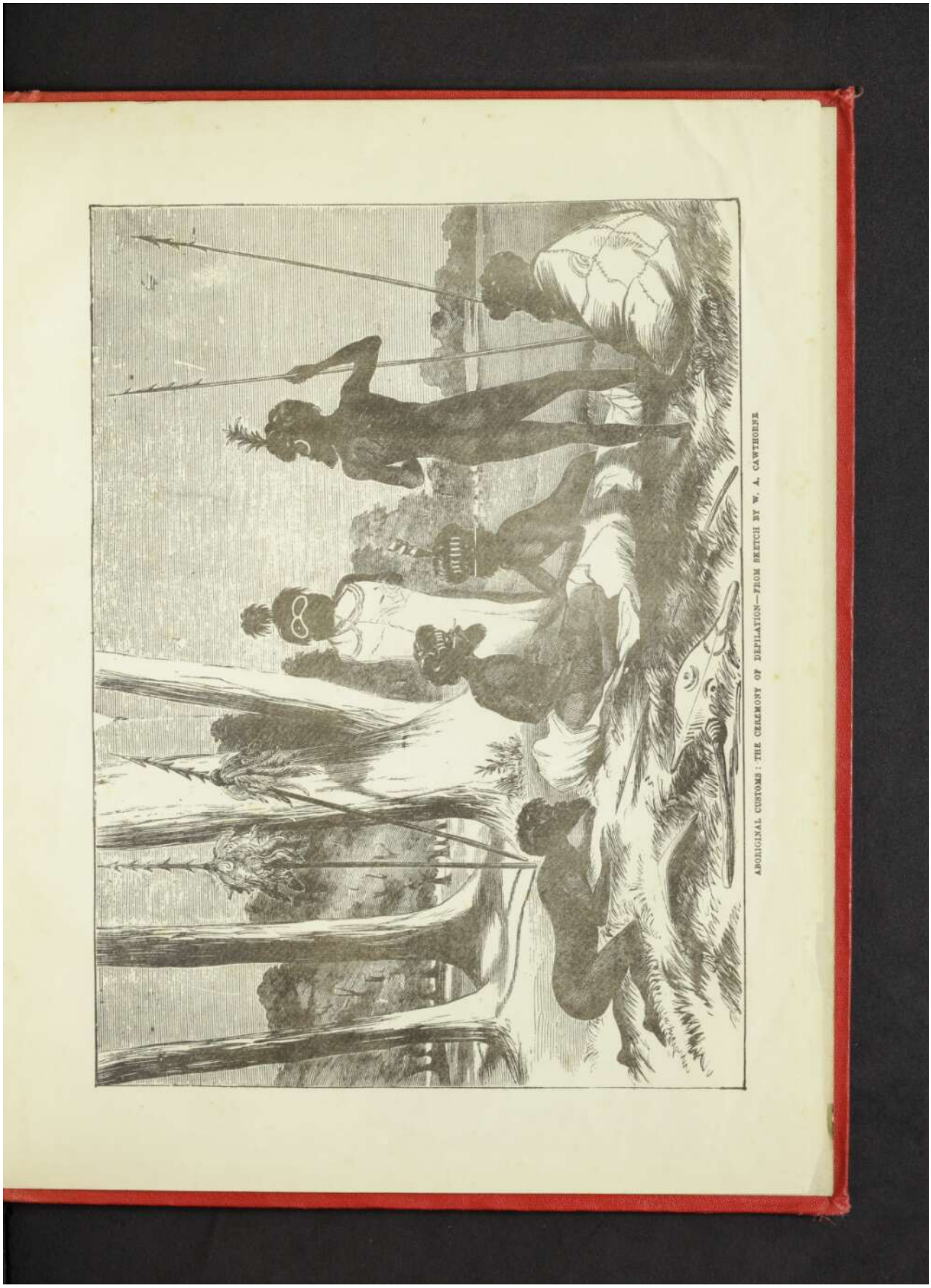
BUSH LIFE: BLACKS VISITING THE SHEPHERD'S HUT.



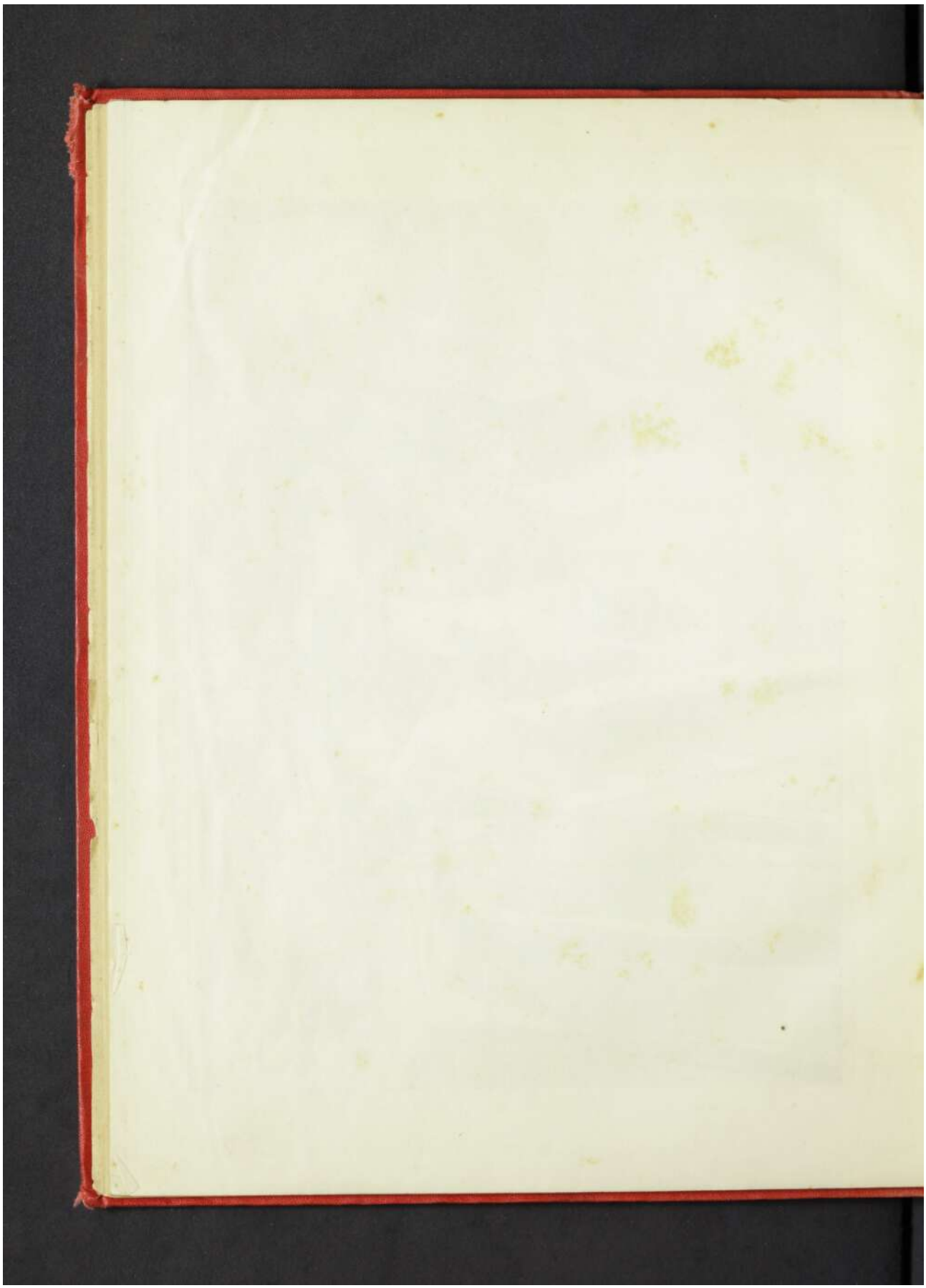


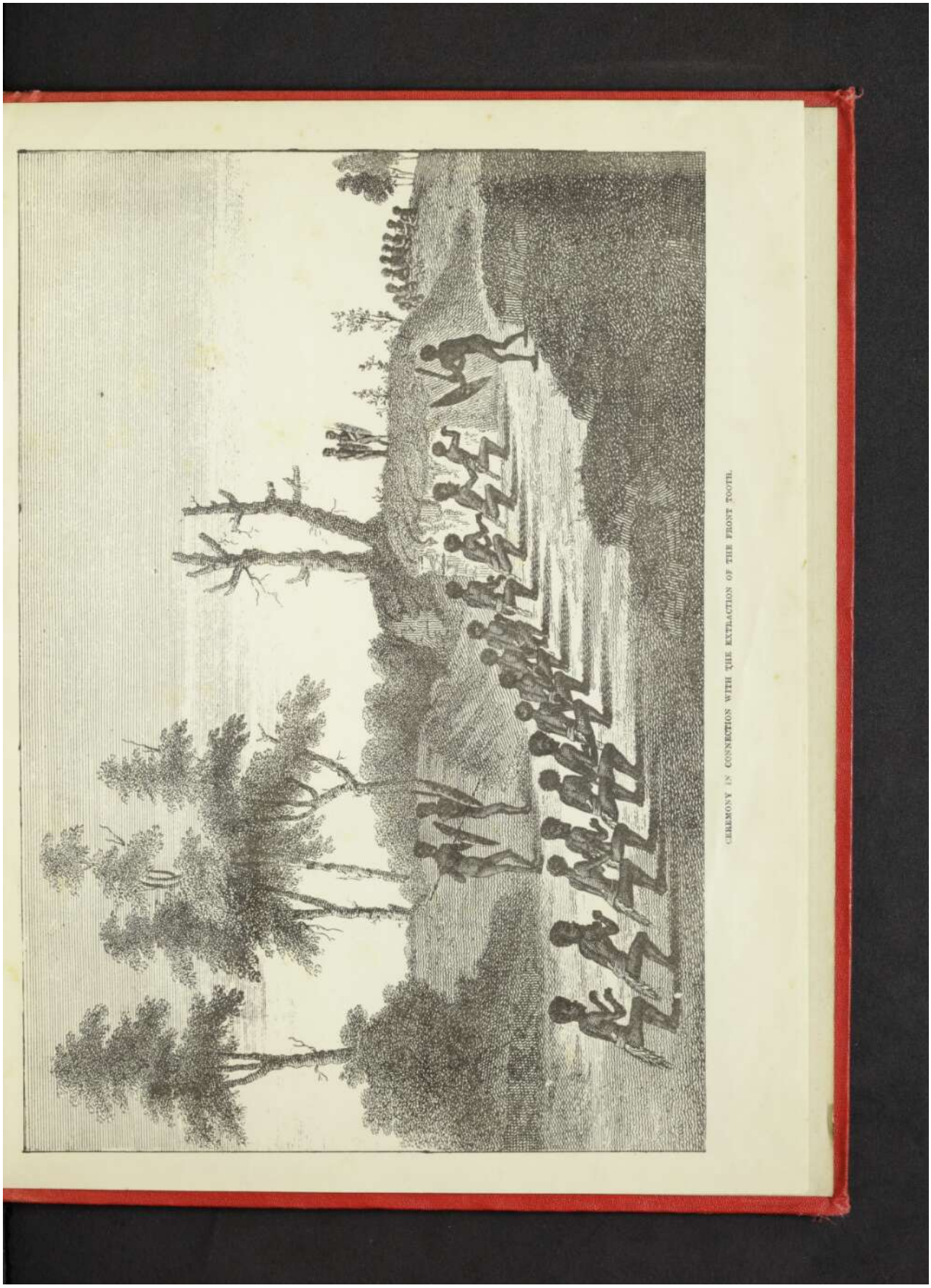
ABORIGINAL MISSION STATION, PORT LINCOLN, SOUTH AUSTRALIA.



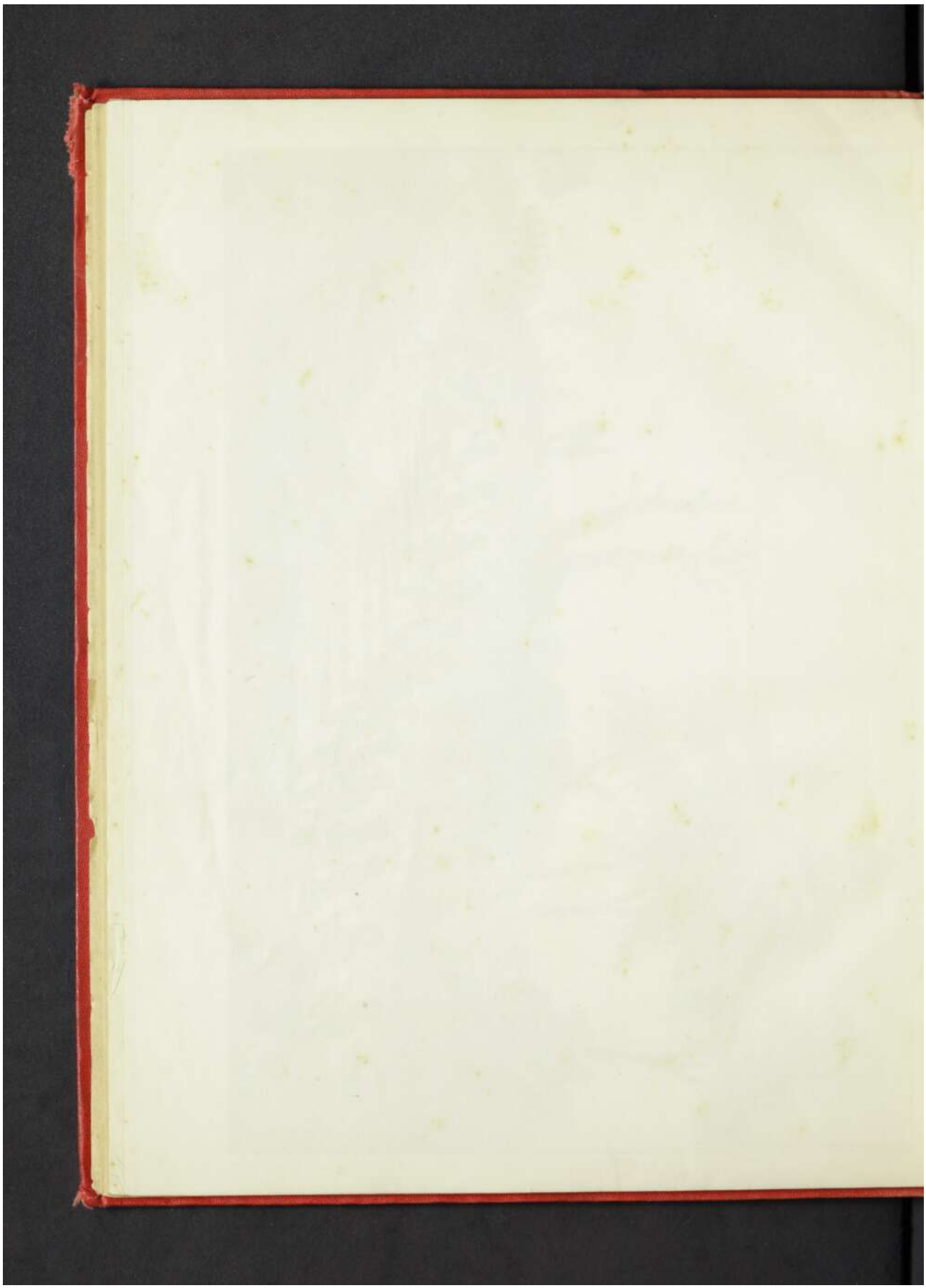


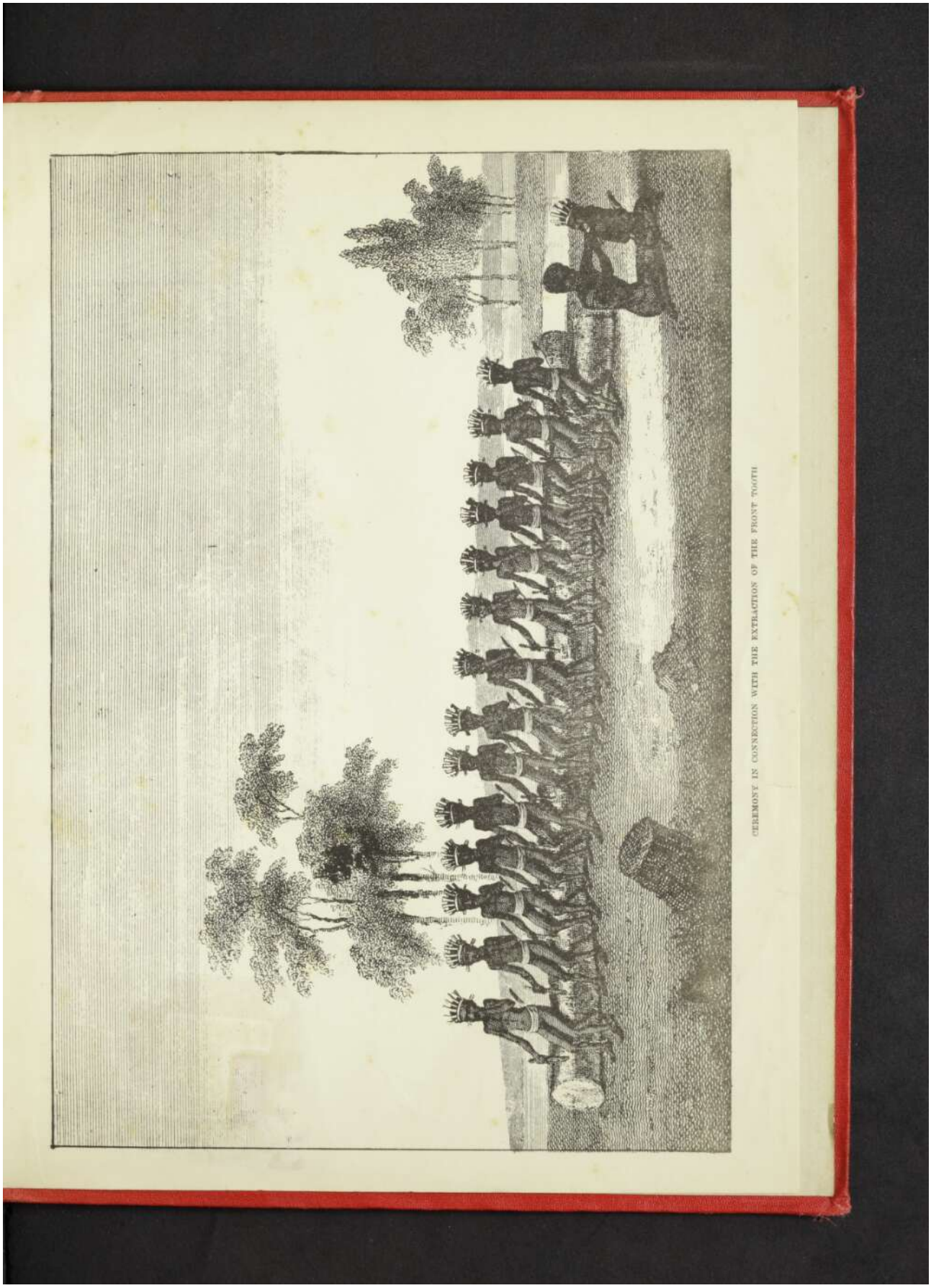
ABORIGINAL CUSTOMS: THE CEREMONY OF DEPILATION—FROM SKETCH BY W. A. CAWTHORNE





CEREMONY IN CONNECTION WITH THE EXTRACTION OF THE FRONT TOOTH.





CEREMONY IN CONNECTION WITH THE EXTRACTION OF THE FRONT TOOTH