



J. H. Leopold Gillmann

PAST AND PRESENT
AUSTRALIAN LIFE,

BEING FOR THE MOST PART

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES,

WITH

STORIES OF THE FIRST EXPLORERS, CONVICTS,
BLACKS, AND BUSH-RANGERS OF AUSTRALIA;
AND A SHORT HISTORICAL SKETCH OF
THE COLONIES, THEIR PROGRESS
AND PRESENT CONDITION.

BY

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HUNDRED YEARS AGO AND NOW!

Few predictions (writes a correspondent of the *Standard*) have been more emphatically fulfilled than the following, to which the Centenary of Australia now in progress, gives, as it seems to me, a startling interest. I copy it from a broadside in my possession, dated in MS. (by Dr. Leysen), 1789. The lines are by Dr. Darwin, and they have probably been published in another shape. It is somewhat remarkable that they should, a hundred years ago, have been thought of sufficient interest to be printed in broadside form :—

Where Sydney Cove her lucid bosom swells,
Courts her young navies and the storm repels;
High on a rock amid the troubled air
Hope stood sublime, and waved her golden hair;
Calm'd with her rosy smile the tossing deep,
And with sweet accents charm'd the winds to sleep;
To each wild plain she stretched her snowy hand,
High-waving wood and sea-encircled strand,
“Hear me,” she cried, “ye rising realms! record
Time's opening scenes, and Truth's unerring word—
There shall broad streets their stately walls extend,
The circus widen and the crescent bend!
There, ray'd from cities o'er the cultured land,
Shall bright canals and solid roads expand—
There the proud arch, Colossus-like, bestride
Yon glittering streams, and bound the chafing tide;
Embellish'd villas crown the landscape scene,
Farms wave with gold and orchards blush between—
There shall tall spires and dome-capt towers ascend,
And piers and quays their massy structures blend;
While with each breeze approaching vessels glide,
And Northern treasures dance on every tide!”
Then ceased the Nymph—tumultuous echoes roar,
And Jove's loud voice was heard from shore to shore—
Her graceful steps descending pressed the plain,
And Peace and Art and Labour joined the train.

What spacious cities with their spires shall gleam,
Where once the wild dog lapped the lonely stream,
And all but brute and insect life was dumb,
Land of the free, thy kingdom is to come.—*Centennial Ode.*

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PREFACE.

AS one of the oldest free white born natives of Queensland, and the very oldest native Queensland-lander who has taken Holy Orders in the Church of England, I need not offer an apology for the attempt I have made in this small volume to perpetuate my own experiences and reminiscences of Australian life. Having recently, for the first time in my history, visited England, and having been engaged since then in giving platform descriptions of life in the Australian colonies by means of public lectures, I am encouraged by the marked interest which such descriptions have excited, to hope that a more detailed written account will be acceptable to English readers.

The Germans have a proverb to the effect that "behind the hills there are also people" (*Hinter dem Berge sind auch Leute*), and what I would wish to impress upon my English readers is that beyond the ocean over which I have lately travelled there is a large English speaking community, inhabiting the great Australian continent, who may be said to form the nucleus of a Greater Britain in the not distant future, and that to be indifferent to its welfare, aye, to its very existence (as appears to be the case with many people I have met in England,) is as strange as "the cackling" villagers on one side of a hill failing to realize that there are people on

the other side. Before I left Australia, an old friend who had just returned from a visit to England, said to me (speaking of people in England), "They know absolutely nothing about us," and he told the story of a well-educated lady he had met with in a railway carriage who, having heard that he was an Australian, exclaimed, "Oh, dear me, how well you speak English!" This happened not so long ago, but I could hardly have realized the extent of this ignorance about Australia had I not passed through precisely similar experiences since my arrival in England. The wonder of this is all the greater, considering that there is hardly a town in Australia where the near relatives of many English people are not living. But indeed I am not surprised at anything in the way of English ignorance of Australia since, when visiting a village in Derbyshire, I was told that the people there would be glad to hear about the colonies, as some young men from the village had lately gone out to Manitoba. [Manitoba is a territory in British North America, further, practically, from Australia than England.]

It is not perhaps correct to say of all English people that they know absolutely nothing about Australia, for what with the publications of Colonial Governments and the printed information that is circulated by Emigration Agencies, it might be said that every day increases the knowledge, and adds to the interest concerning the new world in the Southern hemisphere. Writing as an Australian, I confess to some feeling of surprise at the evidences of want of interest in Australian affairs by the British public. I notice day after day in the leading journals columns of largely printed telegrams about the

affairs of some remote Eastern State, but I have looked in vain for any information respecting important movements that are now going on in the Australian colonies.

It has become the fashion with some in the colonies to preach a doctrine of entire political separation from the Mother Country; but it may be safely said that the great bulk of Australians are too sensible, putting it on the lowest ground, of the many practical advantages derived from connection with the British Empire to sympathize much with such tendencies. There is no desire that the benefits of imperial connection should be all on one side. Australians are not so conceited as to suppose that they are capable of rendering any important service to England in any great war emergency. When the colony of New South Wales forwarded a contingent of her own soldiers to assist in the Soudan campaign, it was more with the desire of showing sympathy in the struggles of the old country than from any idea that she could help England to any appreciable extent. The late distinguished Australian statesman, the Hon. W. B. Dalley, with whom the idea originated, has been accredited with having been influenced by a shrewd and not altogether disinterested design to advertise the colony, but that was not the idea of Australians at the time; and whatever may be thought of the expediency of the movement itself, there can be no doubt that it was a spontaneous outburst of Australian loyalty which had the effect of bringing the colonies into a little temporary notice in England.

The wonderful progress of the colonies during the

past fifty years; their present commercial importance; their social and political constitutions; and their prospective advantage to the Mother Country, in connection with their practically boundless possibilities for growth and expansion, are subjects which have engaged the attention of some of the leaders of English public opinion. In the following pages I am not ambitious to contribute anything important to such discussions, and wish rather to present some pictures of the early and rough days of Australian life. I have in the first four chapters reproduced in substance some papers written by me for the *Darling Downs Gazette* (a Queensland newspaper) shortly before leaving for England; and as for the rest I have drawn to a large extent from my own experiences and recollections. Altogether I believe I have presented some phases of Australian life that may prove interesting to English readers, especially to those many kind people in different parts of this country who so warmly manifested their appreciation of my endeavours to interest and instruct them when lecturing on Australian topics. I may add that having written these papers for the general reader, I have so far as possible avoided everything in the way of political or sectarian discussion.

J. H. L. ZILLMANN.

EXETER, *May*, 1889.





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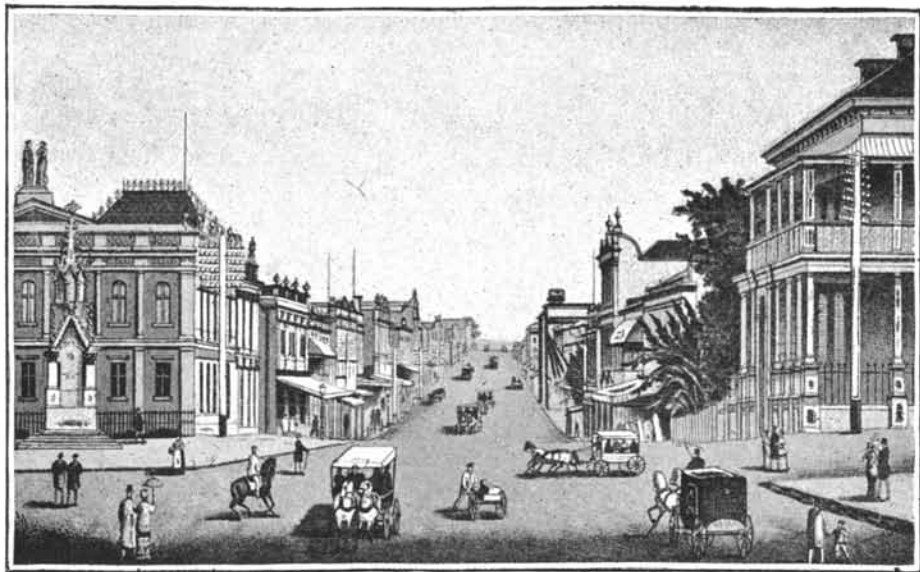
APPENDIX B.

Some information for intending Emigrants.



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QUEEN STREET, BRISBANE.



THE MYSTERY OF THE BLUE MOUNTAINS.

CHAPTER I.

The settlement at Botany Bay.—First attempts to penetrate into the interior of the country.—Serious Drought.—The Colony's necessity her opportunity.—Wonderful changes since.

THE writer of this book regrets that he has not been able to carry the account of Australian exploration down to the expeditions of Leichhardt and those who followed him. He wishes to acknowledge his indebtedness to the writings of others on this great subject of Australian exploration, but his object in these opening chapters has been to produce in a popular and readable form some of the incidents in connection with the earliest attempt at exploring the interior of this continent, which account in books is generally prolix and is often woven in with other and less interesting matter. The story will end with the original settlement on the banks of the river Yarra, where now stands the Queen of Australian capitals—Melbourne, the seventh wonder of the world—and where has just been exhibited for the amazement and

admiration of countless crowds from the Australasian colonies and from every part of the globe the glories of the first century of Australian history.

The first serious attempt to penetrate into the interior of Australia was made by Lieutenant Dawes, who was of the party which constituted the settlement recently formed under Governor Phillip, near where the city of Sydney now stands. Cook's discovery (or rediscovery, the point need not here be discussed,) of Australia had taken place a few years before. As he sailed along the coast of the newly-discovered continent he must have seen the blue range of mountains in the distance, which divided the coast country from the table land of the interior. It was in the year 1788 that Captain Phillip, in charge of an expedition consisting of three men-of-war vessels, six convict ships, and three store ships, with 1,000 souls on board, arrived in Botany Bay with a commission from the British Government to form a settlement on the newly discovered continent, and to assume the position of Governor of the settlement thus formed. Having so far carried out his instructions, and having arranged all the necessary preliminaries for the settlement he investigated the surrounding country, in the course of which he travelled westerly towards the Blue Mountains, but he does not appear to have made a very determined attempt to reach them.

It was not many months after the new settlement had been formed that Lieutenant Dawes with a select party set out to reach the lofty range in the distance, and, if possible, to penetrate beyond. After travelling something like forty or fifty miles over thickly timbered country,

through dense underwood and rugged pathless regions, they were compelled to return, though only about eleven miles from the spurs of the mountains. This may be said to have been the first exploration into the interior of the great Australian continent. Other similar attempts are recorded, all of which were equally fruitless, unless it might have been to show how utterly impassable by ordinary methods of travel was this great dividing range of our Australian continent. Longfellow's description of the summits which in the distance "wedge-like cleave the desert air," but upon being nearer seen and better known are like "gigantic flights of stairs," might be inverted as regards the Blue Mountains. The distant scene presents the appearance of a range that might be easily ascended, but upon a closer view the enchantment is dispelled. Stupendous perpendicular cliffs, in many places several hundreds of feet high, and forming an outline exactly such as might have been caused by the wash of the ocean, here a small inlet, next a bay, then an immense gulf, at the bottom of which (perhaps over 1,000 feet below the elevation of the cliffs above) would be seen green masses of foliage—altogether presented such an appearance as to intimidate the most adventurous spirits.

A seaman of the name of Hacking, who had been absent from the settlement seven days, gave out that he had actually ascended the summit of the range. He reported that he had travelled over eighteen or nineteen ridges beyond the highest elevation, but that he was prevented from proceeding further by the rugged and precipitous character of the country that seemed to stretch away interminably in the same features as that over which

he had passed. At the time his story was doubted, and it was only after others had ascended that it was seen his descriptions were on the whole correct, and that therefore to Hacking must be ascribed the honour of having been the first to ascend the Blue Mountain or Great Australian Dividing Range. Mr. Bass, a surgeon who had come out to the colony in one of the transport ships called the *Reliance*, and whose name is famed in Australian history as the first who carried on exploration in anything like a systematic manner along the coast, also made a desperate and fruitless attempt to ascend this range of mountains, which seemed to stand as a barrier to further exploration, saying as effectually to settlement on one side as the coast line said to the ocean on the other, "Hitherto shall thou come, and no further." Indeed, as late as the year 1802—or fourteen years after the colony had been founded—no successful attempt (unless we accept the story of Hacking, which was not believed in,) had been made to cross the barrier which stood in the way of exploration into the interior, and which was now come to be regarded as inaccessible. In 1802 a Lieutenant Barreiller made an unsuccessful attempt, and two years later a Mr. Caley added one more to the list of baffled endeavours. "The Blue Mountains reared their sandstone escarpments close to Sydney, and with dark chasms and gloomy ravines, defied all passage further,"—so writes the Rev. Tenison Woods in his history of Australian exploration and discovery. Those who have travelled over those regions need not be surprised at the difficulties the first pioneers experienced. The wonder to them

rather is that the mountains were so soon scaled and the rich pastoral and agricultural lands of the western districts made so early available for white settlement.

At length, however, the Blue Mountains were crossed. The settlers had already begun to feel the serious inconveniences of being hemmed in, in a comparatively narrow piece of country between the coast and the range; but to aggravate matters a serious drought set in, grass became scarce, and stock were dying off in every direction. The colony's necessity turned out to be its opportunity. The idea of crossing the range again possessed the minds of some so that, if possible, new pasturage might be obtained for the stock, and they thereby saved them from perishing entirely. Three gentlemen, viz., Lieutenant Lawson, and Messrs. Wentworth and Blaxland, resolved upon making the attempt. In this they were greatly helped by the researches and observations of Sir Thomas Mitchell, then Surveyor-General of the colony. Sir Thomas had only recently made an excursion to the Blue Mountains, and had attempted to solve the mystery of what might be beyond. His descriptions of the strange, but grand and awful scenery which everywhere met his eyes, are still quoted as most graphic, and furnishing as accurate a presentation of the characteristics of the country as may be found anywhere in our colonial literature. The real value, however, of the excursion of Sir Thomas Mitchell to the gentlemen who now were about to make another attempt was in the map which he had sketched, and other calculations that had been made which turned out to be remarkably correct and helpful. Following

up his guidance they discovered a passage through this hitherto impenetrable region. This of itself would have been a sufficient reward for their labours, but when then they saw before them stretching away into the hazy distance verdant valleys and shining streams of clear fresh water, their ecstasy may be better imagined than described. Their return after a month's absence created the most joyous feelings amongst the settlers, and soon after a road was formed, and then commenced the progress of the colony, which has been called "a progress by leaps and bounds."

A new world for adventure and enterprise was now laid open—a practically boundless extent of country, of richness unparalleled by anything that had yet been seen in Australia, was opened at the very feet—or rather, we may say over the very heads of the colonists. "Westward Ho!" was henceforth the motto. Discovery after discovery of new and still richer country was made. The starving cattle from the lowlands were brought to these fertile regions and formed the nucleus for the future wealth of the old pioneer squatters. Soon, likewise, the value of the newly discovered country, in its rich agricultural and pastoral capabilities, was discerned. The result of the discovery of a passage across the Blue Mountains was in every way satisfactory, for not only was an outlet found for the settlers from their limited territory along the coast country (a country not specially adapted for the pastoral pursuits on which they were, at the commencement of colonial history, almost entirely dependent), but the prospect of unlimited resources was

held out before them, and new fields of enterprise for themselves and their descendants were opened up for the future.

Wonderful are the changes which have taken place since the Blue Mountains were first crossed. A railway from Sydney crosses them in a zig-zag fashion—declared to be one of the most wonderful pieces of engineering ingenuity in the world—and terminates at a town called Bourke, more than six hundred miles away from the coast. Along the whole line of railway the country is more or less populated. There are towns like Orange, Bathurst, and Dubbo, with populations of several thousands; and farms, sheep and cattle stations in every direction. In this, the Centenary of the country's history, it would be interesting to compare, or rather to contrast, the state of things at the beginning of the century with what it is now at the close. The Aborigines who were then so numerous, and who scampered away in the greatest terror at the approach of white men on horseback, believing on first view that horse, rider, and all were one complete animal; or who showed fight and made a feeble but futile attempt to resist the encroachment upon their territories, have all but entirely disappeared from the scene. In the far back settlements a few dirty, ragged, and besotted creatures mixed with half-castes are to be found hanging about public-houses. "The forest primeval" has also well nigh disappeared, and in its place are to be seen houses, gardens, crops of grain and cereals, and in many instances the very hedges, shrubberies, and trees of old civilized England. The silence of ages has been broken. The

sleeping beauty of the Australian wilds has been visited by the prince of European civilization, and the kiss of industry has sent a thrill of life and activity throughout the region round until the scene has been transformed from one of dreary and savage desolation to the cheerfulness and animation which attend the cultivation of the earth's soil by man fulfilling his mission in replenishing and subduing the earth.





THE MYSTERY OF THE WESTERN WATER-SHED.

CHAPTER II.

What became of the streams flowing westerly?—Oxley's and Evans's endeavours to solve the problem.—Erroneous impressions.—“An uninhabitable marsh.”—Further explorations.—A most imposing sheet of water.—Another believer in the Inland Lake Theory.—Confirmations in other explorations.—Discovery of Lake Bathurst and Lake George.—Discovery of the Murrumbidgee.—The question of absorbing interest.

THE three gentlemen named in the previous chapter, Messrs. Blaxland, Wentworth, and Lieutenant Lawson, were first made aware that they had actually crossed the Dividing Range when they arrived at a stream which was flowing down a well grassed valley, and which unlike the other streams which they had crossed flowed in a westerly not easterly direction. The problem, *what was on the other side of the Range?* had been the great motive power for the first explorations into the interior. No sooner had that problem been solved than another presented itself:—*What became of the streams flowing westerly?* and this was the great motive power to future explorations. It was

evident on the face of it that these westerly streams could not be the tributaries of a river or rivers which flowed in a continuous westerly course for any great distance, unless there was an inland sea of great magnitude; for the distance to the ocean in a westerly direction (about 3,000 miles) was too great to allow the supposition that they belonged to the waters which emptied themselves on the western side of the continent. The theory of an inland sea seemed very probable, but on the other hand these water-courses might take a trend in a southerly or in a northerly direction and so find their way into some great unexplored river with a direction to the southern or northern coast. Further investigations did not help matters much, for while the two principal streams (called respectively the Lachlan and the Macquarie) both flowed towards the interior, they were very soon found to take slightly different directions, the one slightly diverging in its westerly course towards the south, but the other (the Macquarie) going more to the north.

Two gentlemen, named Oxley and Evans, were amongst the first to explore along the courses of these streams, and the country intervening and adjacent, the result of their observations being the supposition that the Lachlan and Macquarie were not tributaries of the same river, but that they were distinct and separate water-courses, and as it was now discovered flowing in almost opposite directions. The one stream, viz., the Lachlan, was ascertained to take a still more southerly course, and the other, the Macquarie a more decided northerly. During these early explorations of the western water-courses many

interesting discoveries were made of rich country with lands eminently adapted for agricultural or pastoral purposes. The impressions of the first explorers turned out to be in many respects erroneous. First, the idea of the Macquarie and the Lachlan having a junction not very much further down was dispelled. Then the theory of an inland lake or sea was substituted for the supposition of a vast impenetrable and uninhabitable marsh. "It is," says Mr. Oxley, when he had followed the Lachlan as far as he could go, "with infinite pain and regret that I am forced to the conclusion that the interior of this vast country is a marsh and uninhabitable." The Lachlan, as it approaches its junction with the Murrumbidgee (about the discovery of which we shall presently say something), narrows very considerably in its channel and overflows into large lagoons and swamps, forming an immense area of boggy and marshy country, so that one can quite understand how the idea of "a large uninhabitable marsh" would suggest itself. "I think (says Mr. Oxley) that the river is the channel by which the waters rising in those ranges of hills to the westward of Port Jackson, known by the name of the Blue Mountains, and which do not fall into the sea at the sea-coast, are conveyed to those immense inland marshes; its sinuous course causing it to overflow its banks on a much higher level than the present. . . . Its length is, in my opinion, the principal cause of our not finding anything like a stream for the last hundred miles." It may be admitted that this is very fair reasoning, and a good explanation why the Lachlan becomes so insignificant a stream after its flow through so many hundreds of miles of flat country.

It was left, however, for future explorers to dispel the conclusion at which Mr. Oxley had arrived, and to show that not very far from where the Lachlan seems to lose itself in swamps and mud holes is near its junction with a large and deep-flowing river.

Another impression which the first explorers formed, and which was in like manner proved to be erroneous, was that the country through which the Lachlan flowed was from its low character liable to be so frequently overflowed "as to remain for ever uninhabitable and useless for all purposes of civilized man." The fact is that some of the finest pasturages in Australia are to be found along the course of the Lachlan River. It is true that after heavy rains, or the melting of the snows in the mountainous regions, the river does overflow its banks, and the country for many miles, on either side, becomes completely inundated, but the waters soon subside, and though the effects of flood are sometimes very destructive, these are more than compensated for by the beneficial results of the rapid growth of vegetation after the land has been so well saturated. The great drawback in these regions has always been in the protracted droughts to which the inland districts of Australia are frequently liable. The writer has seen this country both in time of flood and drought. One year he saw the whole country covered with water, and then followed a season of great plenty and prosperity. The next year was one of severe drought, in which cattle and sheep perished on every hand—the loss might have been estimated by millions of money. The Government of the colony is now devising extensive schemes of water conservation

for the purposes of irrigation on a large scale, and for such purposes no country in the world could be better adapted, because not only is the land of the most fertile description when it has moisture, but the easiest and cheapest method of irrigation, viz., by gravitation, will be practicable. The country, therefore, of which the first explorer said "it will remain for ever uninhabitable" is soon likely to become possessed of a large population, and will be eminently adapted for the abode of civilized man.

The exploration of the Lachlan was for the time abandoned, but it still remained a matter of uncertainty as to where it actually went, and whether it was connected with other water-courses also remained a matter of speculation. Attention was now devoted to the other principal stream, viz., the Macquarie. The idea that it must have flowed parallel with the Lachlan still obtained, and the explorers accordingly struck out in a north-easterly direction, expecting soon to meet with it. It was given to Mr. Oxley, after encountering many difficulties in making his way across country, to prove that the Macquarie though having its rise in the western water-shed took a decided northern bend and found its way in a vast circuit back to a westerly and south-westerly course. The conclusion arrived at as to the destination of this river turned out to be as erroneous as other impressions which Mr. Oxley and Mr. Evans had formed. The Lachlan, which received no tributaries, and which had been traced into a succession of swamps, was supposed to have lost itself and that it became entirely dispersed in these, but the Macquarie which received numerous tributaries and

became a most imposing sheet of water, as its course was traced further down, was now supposed to empty itself in a great inland lake or sea.

It was in the year 1817, and the beginning of 1818 that Oxley and Evans explored the course of these two streams and up to 1828 their destination still remained a subject of uncertainty. Captain Charles Sturt, who has been described as "probably one of the greatest of Australian explorers," and of whom it is said from the time of his arrival in the colony he took a most earnest interest in everything connected with its geography, became a firm believer in the inland lake theory, and it is affirmed that it became one of the great endeavours of his life to prove it. Arrangements were accordingly made in the year 1828 for Captain Sturt to start on an expedition with the view of following down the course of the Macquarie, and thereby, if possible, settle the question in which he had become so deeply interested himself, and about which the colonists in general had now become more than merely curious.

The discoveries hitherto made had all given confirmation to this theory of an inland lake. Two or three years before Sturt started on his expedition, Captain Currie and Brigadier-General Ovens had made some explorations into the southern and south-eastern parts of the colony, during which they discovered a river also with a westerly flow, the native name of which was the Murrumbidgee. The credit of this discovery should be given to a Mr. Hamilton Hume, who became one of Sturt's party, and who had already distinguished himself as an explorer. He had, at the early age of 17, penetrated into the rich

districts south of Berrima (a town on the table-land of New South Wales), and had proceeded beyond and discovered two lakes, which were named Lake Bathurst and Lake George. Both these lakes are situated on a table-land over 2,000 feet above the level of the sea, and are magnificent sheets of water, the latter being about 20 miles in length, and in places from 4 to 5 miles in width. This is one of the largest inland lakes in Australia. It is a sort of a clay pan and only becomes empty by evaporation, and that after long and severe droughts. The writer has driven along the banks of Lake George on a clear bright summer's morning when a stiff breeze was blowing, and the sight of the blue water in the distance, the crested waves, and the spray beating against the shore made it difficult to imagine that the ocean was more than 200 miles away.

It was while following up Mr. Hume's discoveries and exploring the country further south that the two gentlemen above-named came across the Murrumbidgee river. Shortly after this Hume in company with a Mr. Hovell made their way across the lofty mountain range (the Australian Alps or Snowy Mountains as they are familiarly called) in which the Murrumbidgee takes its rise, and found their way into the fertile lowlands, which now form some of the rich agricultural and pastoral districts of the northern parts of Victoria, and then proceeding further west they discovered the greatest of Australian rivers, the Murray, about which something more will shortly be said. Other streams far north beyond the Macquarie, and flowing if not quite parallel with it yet for the most

part in the same direction, had been discovered by Oxley and Evans. But, so far, nothing was known beyond the mere fact that such and such streams and rivers had been discovered, all flowing towards the interior of the continent. *But what became of them?* This was a question now of all-absorbing interest to the colonists generally.

Sir Ralph Darling, who was then Governor of the colony, determined to do what he could to answer this question, and with that view chose Captain Sturt as the leader of an expedition to clear up the mystery as to what was the ultimate destination of the Macquarie. The manner in which this expedition was prosecuted and its successful issue will form the subject for the next chapter.





THE MYSTERY OF THE WESTERN WATER-SHED SOLVED.

CHAPTER III.

*Another exploring expedition.—Natives.—Immediate results.—
A more imposing stream than any hitherto discovered.—
The Darling.—A cry of amazement.—Parched up plains.
—Provisions run out.—Return journey.—The problem still
unsolved.—Sturt's final and successful attempt.—Discovery
of the Murray, the father of the Australian waters.*

THE expedition appointed by Governor Darling, of which mention was made at the close of the last chapter, consisted (besides its leader, Captain Sturt) of Mr. Hamilton Hume, two soldiers, and six convicts. As it has already been pointed out, the special object of the expedition was to determine the ultimate destination of the Macquarie, and by that means, if possible, solve the problem of what became of the western water-courses—for as it has been already intimated, it was felt that the discovery of the destination of the Macquarie would clear up the whole mystery for all the rivers having a westerly flow. The expedition set out with a full determination not to return until this object had been accomplished.

Soon after passing the furthest point reached by previous explorers, a great many natives were met with who had evidently never seen the face of a white man before, but with whom friendly relations were established, and who in the early part of the journey, by acting as guides, became of great help to the exploring party. The immediate result of Captain Sturt's journey down the Macquarie was anything but satisfactory, for having proceeded as far as he thought it desirable, he came to the conclusion that the Macquarie terminated in an expansive swamp. Having disposed, as he thought, of the Macquarie, he now determined to search for the Castlereagh (one of the streams north of the Macquarie), to which reference has been made in connection with Oxley's and Evans's expedition. The Castlereagh was not met with, but the discovery of another river (which has immortalized Sturt's name in connection with the history of Australian exploration) was made. This was a broad stream of water, greater in its magnitude and of far more imposing appearance than any of the rivers hitherto discovered. Sturt named it the Darling, in honour of the Governor of the colony, under whose auspices his expedition had been equipped. At the time of reaching the Darling, both horses and men were half famished with thirst, from having passed through an extensive waterless tract of country, and one can easily imagine with what eagerness men and animals would have rushed to the water, but alas, this was not water that could quench their thirst. "Never" (to use the words of Captain Sturt) "shall I forget the cry of amazement, or the look of terror and disappointment, with which they called out to inform me that the

water was so salt as to be unfit to drink." Mr. Hume was, however, we are told, fortunate enough in discovering that evening a water-hole in which, though the water was stagnant, and had become impure from the long dry weather, it was sufficient for immediate wants.

Everybody now knows the commercial value of the Darling—with all its difficulties of navigation, the resources of the interior of Australia could never without it have become so largely developed. But when Sturt first discovered it the country had been suffering from a protracted and dreadful drought. The very blacks were dying off with starvation from the falling off in their game and other food supplies. Along the Darling the tribes were better off, as fish is always plentiful in the western rivers, but many of the larger streams, such as the Macquarie and the Castlereagh, were dry channels—or almost so—that even the usual fish supply in places had failed. It is no wonder therefore that Sturt should have taken a gloomy view of matters. The parched up plains of great extent on either side of the Darling, from which vegetation had entirely disappeared, now suggested to his mind the idea of an inland desert instead of an inland sea. The nauseous and undrinkable waters of the Darling were like "the mocking mirage" to the thirsty traveller, who sees running streams and sparkling fountains with "water—water everywhere, and not a drop to drink."

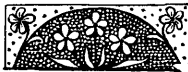
A few days of dreary existence, with provisions run out, and water to be obtained only occasionally in puddles, and in the consistency of thin mud, the travellers set out on their return journey. A discovery of some interest was made prior to this, and that was the

junction of the Castlereagh with the Darling. But the great problem of all had not yet been solved. The rivers running into the interior (at least some of them) had been traced into the Darling, but here was the Darling, a broader, deeper, and more rapid current than any of the others, still flowing towards the interior—*where did it go?* The strange inversion of the order of things in nature at the Antipodes had been noticed by scientific men. The swans were black, not white—the cherries grew with their stones outside, not inside; the trees shed their bark, not their leaves; and there were other things in which the order of nature was completely upside down. But here was the strangest inversion of all. The rivers of other countries always flowed from the interior towards the coast, but here in Australia they appeared to flow from the coast into the interior. Each fresh discovery seemed only to leave the matter in still greater uncertainty. The difficulties of crossing the Blue Mountains, which were undoubtedly great, were as nothing in comparison to that of finding out what became of the western rivers of Australia.

The difficulty, great as it was, was at length surmounted. The brave Sturt, undaunted by his late trying experiences in connection with the discovery of the Darling, made another desperate, and, as the issue proved, successful attempt. He started from Sydney in September, 1829, and was absent for six months. The account of what he accomplished in that period reads more like a story in romance than a literal narrative of what had taken place. Having reached the Murrumbidgee, and finding it impracticable to proceed further by the conveyances of horses and bullocks

which had brought them thus far, he determined to send them back with some of the party, and then to ship the stores in a kind of punt which he had constructed, and with the boat which he had brought with him his plan was to navigate down the stream. The first few days of their journey down the river were anything but a pleasure trip. Natives in their war paint, and armed to the teeth with their rude weapons, made frantic and repeated attempts to intercept their progress. Snags and shoals and rapids were not the least of the dangers which they had to encounter. But in spite of everything Sturt and his party proceeded on their onward course, and after a little more than a week's sailing they passed out of the rapid currents of the Murrumbidgee into the smooth and broad expanse of the river Murray, the father of the Australian rivers. Soon after they had entered on the waters of the Murray, they were delighted in passing the Darling at its junction with the Murray, and thus a completeness was given by this celebrated explorer to his previous discovery of the Darling. Though Hume had, as we have seen, struck the Murray some time before, many hundred miles away in its higher altitudes, when he named it after himself (the Hume), and which name it retained (at least in the districts near where it was first discovered) up to a few years ago, yet to Sturt is the honour due of having first ascertained that it is the great water-course which receives all the westerly streams which had been a puzzle for so long a time. And more, to Sturt is due the honour of having achieved the crowning triumph of Australian explorations in tracing the river Murray to the south coast of Aus-

tralia. Before its entrance into the deep waters of the ocean the Murray passes through a very extensive lake, so shallow that it was hardly possible for Sturt to sail his boat across it. This is the reason why those who had explored the south coast by sea never suspected that this was the point of junction with the sea by any considerable river. The fact that the Murray is not navigable at the mouth has greatly retarded the progress of colonization in Australia, for had there been a good outlet with the ocean, there would have been there now one of the largest cities of the Southern Hemisphere, and from that point population would have spread away into the interior. However, the immediate and important result of Sturt's discovery was that the minds of the colonists, and of scientific men generally were set at rest as regards the problem which had first agitated the minds of Blaxland, Wentworth, and Lawson when they first crossed the Blue Mountains, which so many had since laboured to solve, but which was now settled for all time to come.





FURTHER EXPLORATIONS AND THE BEGINNING OF SETTLEMENT.

CHAPTER IV.

Romance of exploration not yet over.—Fascination of new discoveries.—Allan Cunningham finds his way across apparently impassable ranges.—Immense tracts of good pastoral country.—New England.—The Darling Downs.—Cunningham's gap.—Allan and Richard Cunningham.—Killed by the blacks.—Sir Thomas Mitchell's expeditions into the interior.—His discovery of the real Australian Felix.—Like another Moses from Pisgah's top.—A scene of indescribable grandeur.—Streams and lakes and forests.—The Queen of the Colonies.

AFTER Sturt had solved the problem as to what became of the western water-courses which took their rise in the Blue Mountains and the snowy ranges of the south-west, a good deal of the poetry and romance of early Australian exploration was done away with, but not altogether, for vast regions of undiscovered country where the foot of white man had never trodden remained to excite the imagination and to call forth the enterprize of adventurous spirits. The old proverb which says that *all beyond is magnificent*, has been verified in connection with explorations into the

unknown parts of Australia. There was a charm about the thought of being the first to penetrate into the undiscovered country from which so many travelers never returned. The record of travels into the far interior which in after years lured many on by the fascination of mystery, has in it a greater interest than the story of mere excursions in search of new country for opening up fresh pasturage for stock.

Apart from the subject of scientific curiosity regarding the destination of the westerly water-courses, the main object which the early explorers had in view was the very practical one of finding new directions for the extension of pastoral settlement. Like the fabled treasures of the "Nieblelungen hoard," of which the ancient Teuton dreamed, the rich resources of the distant country not yet reached were for ever stimulating fresh enterprise and research on the part of the early settlers. We may then, in this chapter, glance at some of the earliest discoveries, which resulted in such immediate practical advantages as to bring almost boundless resources of wealth within the reach of the infant colony. The explorations of Oxley and Evans had already done a good deal in that direction. Along the banks of the Lachlan, the Macquarie, the Castlereagh, and the Peel, the country was all, within a comparatively short time, taken up by enterprising squatters. The Wellington valley and the Liverpool plains also promised to become at that particular time of great value.

The name of Allan Cunningham, however, stands out as one of the most successful of the early explorers of Australia, and he was almost the first to make known to

thecolonists the vast extent of rich pastoral lands which duly awaited the arrival of the squatter with his flocks and herds. As the eagle soars away far beyond the flight of all common-place birds of the yard or the farm, so Cunningham left far behind him the researches of other explorers and struck out for distances away from the furthest points reached by others, with a disposition that might have seemed reckless and fool-hardy had he not been so successful in nearly all that he attempted. Beyond the Liverpool plains towards the north-east there towered before the gaze of the explorer a lofty range which appeared to bar all further progress. It was to Cunningham's daring and intrepidity that a pass was discovered over this apparently impassable range, which brought immense tracts of good pastoral country within accessible distance and opened up soon after the lofty and extensive table-lands of the New England district where a climate of nearly English mildness (that gave the district its name) invited the white man to come and settle. Soon after he pushed his way still further north, and crossed rivers which have since been named the Gwyder, the Dumaresque, and the Barwon or Upper Darling.

The most important discovery of this trip was that of the Darling Downs, the name given to the high table-lands of Southern Queensland, which are now traversed by the great inter-colonial railway, but at the time of their discovery were not deemed of great value, because it was thought no practicable route could be found to the recently formed penal establishment on the newly discovered Brisbane river. Cunningham, who had already been successful in finding passes through

ranges which had been considered impassable, was not long in finding a pass across the Dividing Range of Southern Queensland. At a later date, when he visited Brisbane by a sailing vessel, he explored the coast country below the range, and having, from a distance, observed a peculiar looking gap in the mountains he determined to ascertain whether or not through it the range might be crossed. At first he must have been somewhat doubtful about the possibility of doing this, for the gap wended its way between most formidable looking precipices of hundreds of feet high, but by-and-bye it was found quite possible to ascend the range through this pass, which in after years became the road between the coast districts and the interior, and has ever since been known as "Cunningham's Gap."

After the important discoveries with which his name has become famed and associated, Cunningham visited Norfolk Island and returned to Sydney. He afterwards went on a visit to England, and came back to Sydney as Colonial botanist. Owing to ill-health he shortly resigned that position, and in 1838 went on a visit to New Zealand in the French corvette *L'Heroine*. He returned and died in Sydney on the 27th of June, 1839. A monument stands to his memory in the Botanical Gardens, Sydney, but the only monument in Queensland is "a gap!" that bears his name. Richard Cunningham, it may be here mentioned, like his brother Allan, was also a botanist and an explorer. This unfortunate gentleman met with a sad fate a few years after when out exploring with Sir Thomas Mitchell, beyond the Darling. He got astray from his party, and though

his tracks were followed for sixty or seventy miles, and his horse, whip and gloves were found, nothing more was ever seen of him. The information that was obtained from the blacks afterwards was that they met with him, fed and protected him for a time, but the terrible effects of exposure and anxiety had unhinged his mind, and in his ravings they became afraid of him and killed him.

Next to the discoveries of Allan Cunningham, the various expeditions conducted by Sir Thomas Mitchell contributed largely towards extending the area of discovered country suitable for settlement, and opening up new channels for the operations of enterprising colonists. The expedition in connection with which Richard Cunningham met his fate had been preceded by one in the same general direction, and which resulted in nothing very much more important than the discovery of the junction of the Gwyder with the Darling, though it had been accompanied with disaster which brought it to a speedy termination. Two of the party of Sir Thomas Mitchell had been murdered by the blacks, and all the stores and cattle of which they had charge taken away. In fact, the expedition itself might be described as a sort of "wild goose chase." Its object had been to verify the story of a convict who probably had run away in that direction, and then with the view of diverting attention from his own delinquencies, told of a river which the blacks called the Kindur, and which river he said he had traced northerly down to the coast. The story is absurd on the face of it, but at that time when so little was known of the geography of the country,

there was no means for testing its truth, except by a careful investigation. In the expedition which followed, and which had ended so abruptly, Sir Thomas Mitchell added a good deal to a knowledge of the interior. The Bogan (more a creek than a river) was discovered, and its course followed over country that in favourable seasons has proved excellent for sheep and cattle—the apparently interminable plains beyond the Darling were traversed for hundreds of dreary miles, and the Darling was followed until its connection with the Murray as described by Sturt was clearly demonstrated.

But the discoveries which really distinguished Sir Thomas Mitchell as one of the chiefs of Australian exploration, and to which he owes his fame, are those he made in the districts now comprised within the colony of Victoria. On the coast the Hentys had already established themselves at Portland Bay in 1833, and a Mr. Bateman followed soon after by a Mr. Fawkner in 1835 had formed a settlement at Port Phillip on the spot where Melbourne now stands. In the same year when Sir Thomas Mitchell had completed his explorations along the Darling, he made a bold attempt to strike across the country in, for the most part, a southerly direction. Previous to this it may be mentioned he made a journey for some considerable distance in following up the course of the Murray to inspect the country in that direction. For this he was amply repaid, and considers that he had travelled over some of the richest and most beautiful country yet discovered in Australia.

But perhaps in this he was mistaken, for at the commencement of his southerly course he entered upon the

true "Australia Felix." He passed along the spurs of the Grampian range and ascended Mount William, its highest summit, from which like another Moses from Pisgah's height he saw the goodly land, though unlike the great Israelitish leader who died on the verge of Canaan, he was enabled to enter the promised land. Sir Thomas Mitchell was permitted to travel well-nigh through the whole length and breadth of this newly-discovered and fertile country. From that rocky Eyrie amidst the grey crags of Mount William's highest peak, that great Australian explorer looked down upon a scene of indescribable grandeur. Upon the one hand was an immense sea of dense forest, while in the background were the spurs of the rocky Grampian range. Clear deep streams of the fresh water, looking, as it has been put, like strips of the azure above let down to earth, margined or intersected the green foliage of the forest, and mirrored again the beauties of nature around. The level plains, the rising ridges, the promontories and islands of foliage here and there varying the monotony of the large open level space—circular and crescent-like lakes and lagoons, and conical-shaped hills in the distance—in short, the grandeur of the whole scene was such as might have charmed a less poetic temperament than that of Sir Thomas Mitchell; and what must have intensified the charm was the awful solitude which laid a spell of solemn thoughtfulness upon his mind as he for the first time from this lofty height gazed upon the prospect before him and drank in the spirit of scene.

It was appropriate that from such an introduction there should have started the history of Victoria, the Queen of the colonies, or better, the garden of Australia.

“The cabbage garden,” old cynical Sir John Robertson, of New South Wales, once called Victoria, but a garden notwithstanding. Better at any rate “the cabbage garden” than the mere sheep run or cattle paddock. Every successive stage that Sir Thomas Mitchell took after leaving Mount William only increased his admiration for the beautiful country upon which he had entered as a discoverer. He came across certain streams named afterwards the Avon and the Avoca. He travelled along the banks of the Wimmera, crossed its numerous tributaries—went down the valley of the Glenelg described as “one of the most beautiful portions of Australia,” and soon after he reached the valley of the Wannon, certainly quite equal in the charm of its physical features to that of the Glenelg. After a good deal of trouble, Sir Thomas Mitchell found his way down to the Hentys at Portland Bay, where, having rested himself, he began his return journey to Sydney, in the course of which he travelled over the Clunes, the Castlemaine, and the Ovens districts, places hereafter destined to become amongst the richest gold fields of Australia. The excitement that was caused by the news of the discoveries of Sir Thomas Mitchell was great, and the rush to take up country began shortly after. This was the origin of settlement in the Colony of Victoria, and it now stands before the world as a Nationality in itself, able to boast that her metropolis is the seventh city as regards commercial importance in the world; and where now in recognition of Melbourne’s position as the first of Australian cities, an Exhibition, worthy of the capital of Great Britain itself, has just been held to celebrate the first century of Australian history.



GENERAL REMARKS ON THE COUNTRY.

CHAPTER V.

The magnitude of Australasia.—Population of Australia.—Victoria the most remarkable of the colonies.—Discovery of Gold.—The American element in Victoria.—Contrast with New South Wales.—The soil and the climate of Australia.—Hot winds.—Black Thursday in Victoria.—Theories about the hot winds.—A southerly “buster.”—Hot winds act as scavengers.—Queensland free from hot winds.—South Queensland the least changeable of Australian climates.—The climate of North Queensland as bearing upon the sugar industry.—Kanaka labour.—The separation of North Queensland.—The climate of the far west.—Population must remain a crescent.—Future progress.—Imports and exports.—Extension of the railway system.—P.S.—Dr. Dougan Bird on the Climate of Victoria.

THE magnitude of Australia does not seem to be sufficiently realized by English people. We have here at the Antipodes (taking Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand together, which, though nominally three separate countries are virtually one, New Zealand being about three days' fast steaming from Australia and Tasmania only 12 hours), we have here an area of

3,075,406 square miles of land, with hardly one inhabitant to the square mile. Compare that to England, with its 446 inhabitants to the square mile, and to other countries in the civilized world, which come lower down in figures. The lowest is high in comparison to Australia. The present population of the whole of Australasia, comprehending the three countries just named, *i.e.*, Australia proper, New Zealand and Tasmania, is, roughly speaking, between *three and four millions*.* Here we have an extent of territory equal in size to the United States, or to the whole of British North America, more than twenty-six times the size of Great Britain and Ireland, nearly six times as large as India, and only one-fifth smaller than the continent of Europe, and with a population less than the capital of Great Britain.

The most thickly populated of the Australian colonies is Victoria, which has an area of 88,198 square miles, and a population of a little over one million, out of which about 320,000, or more than one-third live in the city of Melbourne. But Victoria is only about one-fourth the area of New South Wales, and only about one-eighth of the whole area of Queensland, whereas the population of Victoria was, only a few years ago, 100,000 more than that of New South Wales, and about four times as large as that of Queensland. And yet in Victoria, the most thickly populated part of Australia, the average of

* In 1881 a careful estimate of population of Australia to each square mile was made, with the following result, omitting small decimals:—Victoria had $10\frac{1}{2}$ inhabitants to the square mile; New South Wales $2\frac{1}{2}$ ditto; Tasmania $4\frac{1}{2}$ ditto; New Zealand $4\frac{1}{2}$ ditto; Queensland $\frac{1}{2}$ (fully) ditto; South Australia $\frac{1}{2}$ (hardly) ditto; Western Australia $\frac{1}{2}$.

population is little above that of 10 or 11 to the square mile. Victoria is the most southern of the group of Australian colonies (though there is a colony occupying more northern latitudes called South Australia), and is situated on the large peninsula which terminates the most southern part of the continent.

It is not my purpose in this book to enter upon the subject of the history of the Australian colonies, otherwise New South Wales, because of its antiquity, should claim the first place, but some information may here be appropriately given respecting Victoria, the most remarkable of the Australian colonies. Victoria remained a dependency of New South Wales, under the name of Port Phillip, from where settlement commenced in 1835, and in 1851 an independent Government was established. The coincidence was wonderful, and appeared like a prophecy or intimation of Providence, *viz.*, that on the very day, July 1st, 1851, that the independent Government of Victoria was established, gold was discovered at a place called Clunes, about 120 miles from Melbourne in the west. This was followed soon after by the rich discoveries at Ballarat and Bendigo, which are now the sites of cities with populations respectively of something like 50,000 and 80,000. It has been said that "Victoria, in a night as it were, was lifted from being an unconsidered nook in an out-of-the-way wilderness, to become a nation among nations, and a power in the world." The most energetic and adventurous spirits from all parts of the world found their way to the colony in search of the precious metal. Many came who had never known anything but poverty before, worked one day, and went

back to England with their tens and even hundreds of thousands. Nothing in fiction or the fabled stories of "The Arabian Nights" could exceed the wonderful accounts of how hundreds and thousands by digging out a few shovelfuls of dirt found themselves "rich" as old Doctor Johnson expressed it "beyond the dreams of avarice."

The gold discoveries gave to Victoria a distinct character amongst the colonies which she retains to this day. The stirring adventurous disposition of the gold mining populations, and the constant excitement in which they lived, being "drunk with gold" as it has been put, caused at first much trouble to the governing powers. The story of "The Eureka Stockade" is one of the most exciting in the annals of colonial history. It tells how an unpopular mining tax was resisted by the diggers, how they armed themselves against the Government, built a stockade, from which they for a time successfully resisted the military forces of the colony, and how the Government offered rewards of £500 for the heads of some of the ringleaders. The late Speaker of the Victorian House of Parliament was one of these, and he was, until a year or two ago, to be seen in his robes of office in his place of honour in the speaker's chair, holding up the stump of his right arm, a memento of his armed resistance to the very powers of which he afterwards became the dignified representative.* Popular sympathy was entirely with the diggers, and those who took part in resisting what was afterwards declared by the highest legal tribunals to be an unconstitutional

* Recent intelligence announces the death of Mr. Peter Lalor, late Speaker of the Victorian House of Parliament.

act, became the heroes and idols of the people. In the course of time the rowdy elements of the gold fields subsided, order was established, an agricultural population settled in the country, many who had made their wealth on the gold fields turned their attention to pastoral pursuits, or invested their capital in business, built beautiful homes, and they or their descendants and representatives are at this very time amongst the leading members of our colonial society.

The American element has entered very largely into the formation of the Victorian population. Amongst the first seekers for gold were great numbers who came from the United States, and these have proved valuable acquisitions to the population of the colony, for the inventiveness of the American genius is proverbial, and it has found ample scope for its exercise under the conditions of a new country. So that while there is a growing assimilation to America all through the colonies, it is especially noticeable in the colony of Victoria. The fiscal policy of that colony is precisely similar to that of the United States, her tariff is based on the principle of protection to native industries, and, whether owing to this or not, it is a fact that the large manufacturing industries of Victoria are on a scale of magnificence that would do credit to any country in the world. Victoria owes much in the first place to her gold discoveries, and in the next place to the fertility of her soil, having at the same time (taking all the year round) the coolest climate in Australia, but she owes the most to the energy and enterprising character of her people. There is a verve and a vigour, and altogether a progressive style about her people which at once strikes

a stranger. In passing from Victoria to New South Wales the contrast is most remarkable. It may not be so striking now as it was a few years ago, for within the last seven or eight years the opportunity of commercial prosperity has come to Sydney, and Victorian firms have established branches there. Victorian capitalists have turned their attention to the opportunities for investing money, and even Victorian journalists have established newspapers in Sydney which have put to shame the literary character of the old Sydney journals. Victoria occupies (and will for many years, in spite of her very limited territory,) the position of *first place among the Australian colonies*.

While the whole of Victoria may be described as fertile, which means that her whole area is fitted either for agriculture or pasture, the other colonies of Australia proper, Queensland, South Australia, New South Wales, and Western Australia vary considerably. This last named colony has an area of 1,000,000 square miles, with a population of a little over 30,000. The fact is, that nearly the whole of that colony is composed of sandy and unwatered wastes. There are tracts of country, such as the Kimberley district, which have lately been opened up, and which may in time (if a water supply can be obtained by artesian wells) turn out good pastoral country. The other three colonies also just named take in immense waterless tracts of country similar to those of Western Australia, but on the other hand they contain a large extent of rich agricultural and pastoral country equal to the best country in Victoria.

The climate for such a large extent of country as that of Australia has a considerable sameness, though diversities, which will be presently pointed out, do exist. New Zealand and Tasmania, like the greater part of Australia, are in semi-tropical latitudes, but they are so completely surrounded with the waters of the Pacific, that they have a climate which is remarkably mild. There are in the mountainous parts of New Zealand regions of perpetual snow. The climate, too, of Australia proper is modified by such circumstances as differences of altitude, distance from the sea-coast, by the rugged or plain features of the country. The greatest variety of climate is to be found in the colony of New South Wales, and that is owing chiefly to the diversified topographical character of its territory. I have lived in two extremes of climate to be found in that colony. In the far west (the levels) there is for weeks in summer-time a temperature of from 90° to 105° , and even so high as from 115° to 120° in the shade, the thermometer frequently not falling more than 8° or 10° at night-time, where it is so hot and dry that Indian maize, which grows luxuriantly in the equally hot but more moist climate of North Queensland, cannot be produced. With all, the climate does not prove so enervating as it often is along the coast, where there is invariably a lower temperature but a moister atmosphere. I have also lived in some of the more elevated districts of the coast range, where I have experienced cold almost equal to that of an English winter, heavy falls of snow causing great destruction of stock being frequent. The heat of summer in these

same elevated districts at times is very severe, owing to the rarified condition of the atmosphere, peculiar to all mountainous country, but the nights are invariably cool and bracing, so that it is quite necessary even in summer-time to use a blanket or some equally thick covering.

One peculiarity of the Australian climate is in the prevalence of hot winds which come from the west, and generally last about three days. They blow one night say with the force of a sirocco, and dust, sand, chips of stone and brick, leaves, pieces of stick and such like *debris* are drifted before the wind as though shot out of a gun. Some very unpleasant experiences might be recounted by most people who have lived for any time in Australia.

Victoria, though, as it has been previously described, the coolest part of Australia (*i.e.*, taking it all through the seasons), is for some reason or other, which meteorologists have hitherto not been able to explain, the more exposed to the full severity of these hot winds. They occur with more or less frequency, but altogether not oftener probably than five or six times in the season. It has also been proved that their severity has greatly diminished of late years, which is owing no doubt to the spread of cultivation and the possibility of bush fires, by which they are greatly intensified, having thereby been done away with. In the early days of Victorian history there are some terrible records of the hot winds and bush fires; birds have been known to fall off the trees dead, dogs, horses, and cattle have lain down and died, and even human beings have had to shut themselves in their houses

and remain perfectly quiet. The old colonists still repeat the most terrible stories of "Black Thursday," when the whole country seemed to be on fire. The flames leaped from tree to tree, across creeks, hills, and gullies, and swept everything away. Teams of bullocks in the yoke, mobs of cattle and horses, and even whole families of human beings in their bush huts were completely destroyed, and the charred bones alone found after the wind and fire had subsided.

There was an old theory that these hot winds were caused by the existence of a hot inland desert, but that has been dissipated by explorers who have proved that there is no such thing as a desert (properly speaking) in the interior of Australia. A more probable account is that which has been given by Mr. Alfred G. Wallace, who has made the Meteorology of Australia a special study, and whose words I will here quote. "They are evidently produced by the sinking down to the surface of that north-westerly current of heated air which is always passing overhead. The exact causes which bring it down cannot be determined, though it evidently depends on the comparative pressure of the atmosphere on the coast and in the interior. When from any causes the north-west wind becomes more extensive and more powerful, or the sea breezes diminish, the former will displace the latter and produce a hot wind till an equilibrium is restored. It is the same wind passing constantly overhead which prevents the condensation of vapour, and is the cause of the almost uninterrupted sunny skies of the Australian summer."

Generally these winds end in what is commonly called a "southerly buster." This is preceded by a lull in the hot wind; then suddenly (as it has been put) it is as though a bladder of cool air were exploded, and the strong cool southerly air drives up with tremendous force. However pleasant the change of temperature may be it is no mere pastime to be caught in a "southerly buster," but the drifting rain which always follows soon sets matters right, allays the dust, and then follows the calm fresh bracing wind which is the more delightful by contrast with the misery through which one has passed for three long dreary days and nights. Scientific men, however, tell us that those hot winds are just what make Australia so healthy a climate—that they act as scavengers, and without them the death rate of the colonies would be alarmingly great.

If this theory be correct, then the beneficial effects of the hot winds must extend far beyond those regions in which they immediately prevail, for in the northern parts of New South Wales and the southern districts of Queensland, which are free from the hot winds, we have a climate quite as healthy as any other part of Australia. I very well remember when still a boy (now more than twenty years ago) I came south to Sydney for the first time. The day after my arrival one of these hot winds commenced, and my longings to go back to the cooler north were quite intense, though that would have been 500 miles nearer the tropical sun. After three days, however, the change was so great in the other direction as to make me anxious to get as near the warmth of a fire as possible. Not so long ago, when residing in the city of Melbourne, I remember

the arrival of a Queenslander who was travelling south in search of a cooler atmosphere. It was during the prevalence of a hot wind. So great was the discomfort of this visitor from Queensland, and so disgusted was he with the dreadful heat that he returned by steamer the next day declaring that Queensland heat was nothing in comparison. Had he remained a day or two longer he would very likely have been found walking about with his overcoat on, or shivering near the fireside and declaiming against the vagaries of the Victorian climate. It has been proved (by the most satisfactory of proofs—Meteorological statistics) that “the least changeable of the zones of climatic influence” in any part of Australia is in the southern districts of Queensland; and in like manner Government vital statistics have shown that they are ahead of other colonies, so far as the healthiness of that part of Australia is concerned.

As you travel towards the far north of Queensland you get into a distinctly tropical climate, where the high temperature and moist heat are continuous during the long summer months. In fact they can hardly be said to have a winter, the only changes being to cool seasons and to rainy seasons, which are distinctly marked. The climate of North Queensland is at first very enervating to Europeans. They have always to undergo a process of “seasoning,” which means frequent attacks of fever and ague; and even after the “seasoning” process has been gone through, most Europeans find it impossible to endure great hardships or to engage in those outdoor employments for which they might otherwise be fitted.

The large sugar plantations of the north have hitherto been worked by Kanakas, who come from islands in the south seas, in the same latitude as North Queensland. The late Prime Minister of Queensland, Sir Samuel Griffiths, has done his utmost to do away with Kanaka labour, but in the process he has nearly crushed out the sugar industry and brought the colony into a state of financial depression, from which it is only gradually recovering since the advent of the McIlwraith Ministry into power within the last year. A party professing to represent the white working classes of Queensland has always resented the labour of Kanakas as a species of slavery; and no doubt some of the features of slavery, such as kidnapping, have been carried on with this system of labour, but not to the extent that has been represented; nor has the opposition of this party been animated by the philanthropic motives with which it has wished to be credited. To make political capital, out of the jealousies of the working classes, has been the thinly veiled design all through. Whether it was, or was not, possible to carry on the sugar industry without black cheap labour need not be discussed; the fact remains that the action of the Griffith Ministry in inflicting a blow upon the sugar industry has caused an agitation in the north for an entire separation from the other part of the colony. The idea that slavery can ever become an institution in a British free colony is absurd, nor (with the increase of white population in Northern Australia and the islands of the Pacific) is it ever again likely that the abuses of any labour system can be long tolerated. If Northern Queensland became to-morrow a separate colony it would not be possible to abuse its

privileges in respect to the employment of black labour on the plantations. Apart from the Kanaka question, the reasons for such a separation are much stronger than were the grounds on which Brisbane people petitioned for and obtained separation from New South Wales nearly 30 years ago.*

But if the climate of Northern Queensland is a drawback to extensive settlement by Europeans, there is a far greater drawback to such settlement in the climate of the far west of Queensland. Here we have a hot and dry climate with a very irregular rainfall. Those who have travelled in the far west have found the air so dry that there is seldom any dew upon the grass unless for a short time after the ground has been saturated with rain; and that it is not unusual for blankets and woollen cloths, when rubbed in the dark, to sparkle like fur on a cat's back. And yet in this far-away hot inland region are to be found some of the best pasturages for cattle in Australia. Some of the best beef in the Melbourne markets comes from the far west of Queensland. The vegetation, by that strange law of the survival of the fittest, has become adapted to the climate. It has been observed that the grasses have a peculiar facility for remaining dormant during seasons of drought, regaining their vitality and springing into fertility on the first fall of a shower or two of rain. The vegetables and fruits of moister climates can only be produced as the result of constant irrigation, but

* Northern Queensland is not only further away from the seat of government than was Brisbane from Sydney at the time of separation from New South Wales, it has more extensive settlements, larger populations, more varied sources of wealth, and supplies a larger proportion of her share to the general revenue of the colony.

even they after a time become acclimatized and adapt themselves to the conditions of a hot dry atmosphere. Some of the large waterless plains of the interior have of late years been made available for stocking sheep and cattle by means of artesian wells—there have been found in these arid districts to be immense supplies of underground water. Such a thing as extensive population in these parts will (notwithstanding the methods adopted for bringing water to the surface, and the extension of the railway to the far interior) perhaps never be realized. The severity of the climate soon tells, and after a time drives the most robust back to the coast glad to renew their impaired vigour and health. At present the population of Australia forms a kind of a crescent, and though the crescent will increase in density and magnitude in years to come, it will always remain a crescent. The whole eastern coast of Australia is, as a matter of fact, in the form of a crescent. The population has a tendency to thicken about the lower or south part of the crescent, and thins off towards the horns, especially the northern horn, which stretches far away into Northern Queensland.

The increase of the population of Australia and the progress of the country generally are interesting subjects upon which a few remarks may conclude this chapter. The whole estimated population of Australia at the present time is, as has been shown, something above three millions. Small as that appears in comparison with the vast extent of territory, yet when we go back 30 years and compare that number with the then estimated population of the whole of Australia

which was only 200,000, we see how rapid the increase has been for so short a time.* This may not be equalled by the increase of population in the United States (the writer has had no opportunity of instituting comparisons) within recent years, but when we consider the greater distance of Australia from the swarming populations of the countries of Europe, and the unfavourable condition of many parts of her territory for European settlement, the increase, it must be acknowledged, has been marvellous.

Other facts concerning the commercial progress of the colonies are equally surprising. In 1880 the whole revenue of the colonies, including New Zealand and Tasmania, amounted to £16,887,433. Sir Henry Parkes, Premier of New South Wales, when on a visit to England some years ago, gave the whole revenue of the colonies of Australasia for the year 1881 as £20,613,672, or about *one-fourth* of the whole revenue of the United Kingdom of Great Britain; but that amount he expressly declared to include the sale and lease of crown lands. In the year 1870 the amount of the revenue for all the colonies is given as £9,585,000. Taking then Sir Henry Parkes's figures, and we have the revenue for the whole of the Australian colonies as having more than doubled within ten years. The extent of the commerce of the Australian colonies may be judged by the following figures: the imports for the year ending

* Take the following figures:—In 1870 the estimated population for the whole of Australia was 1,829,000; in 1880 it was 2,863,000, that is to say in ten years it had more than doubled. By the year 1890 it may fairly be computed that it will be quite double that of 1880, and may have reached over six millions.

September, 1882, were £52,728,556, while the exports were £48,368,941.

In the year 1850 the first sod of the first Australian railway was turned at Redfern, Sydney, by a daughter of Sir Charles Fitzroy, the then Governor of New South Wales; there are now more than 6,000 miles of railway in the whole of the colonies as against 1,170 miles of railway in 1870. Queensland, which only began its railway system in 1865, has now nearly, if not quite, what the total for Australia was in 1870; and in a few years she may be expected, at the present rate of progress, to have well-nigh doubled her extension. All the colonies are pushing on railway extension with the utmost vigour, for Australia, unlike America, has no navigable rivers to speak of. The Murray and its tributary the Darling are only navigable during some portions of the year, and these being either after heavy falls of rain or after the winter snows of the Australian Alps have commenced to melt and fill the rivers; so that this vast country must depend for the settlement of population and the development of its resources upon the extension of railways into the interior. Already a continuous system of railways unites the four principal Australian colonies; and a large syndicate has taken up a contract for railway communications with the western part of the continent.

The political federation of the colonies must follow soon after, and then Australia will stand before the world a nation complete in herself, and her future progress will be such as to compare with the United States of America. The countries of Europe will still as heretofore supply us with those accessions of popu-

lation which our necessities demand ; but apart from this, Australia has within herself all the resources necessary for her own national existence, and has all the possibilities of a glorious destiny in the not very remote future.

P.S.—Upon the subject of the climate of Australia, since writing the foregoing my attention has been called to the remarks of a very celebrated medical authority. It may be observed that what he says about the equability of the Victorian climate cannot apply to those periods when hot winds prevail, succeeded as they always are by changes to the opposite extreme of cold such as has just been described in the occurrence of a “southerly buster.” With this exception, the remarks of Dr. S. Dougan Bird in his book, “*Australian Climates and their influence in Pulmonary Consumption*,” are so appropriate that I cannot refrain from quoting them here:—“It is a temperate warm climate, whose average summer heat is but two or three degrees above that of London” (he is writing specially of Victoria), “while in winter it is warmer than Nice or Naples, and as warm as Valencia or Barcelona, and actual cold is never felt at or near the sea level. The air is generally dry, always stimulating and ozoniferous, but so tempered by the prevalence of ocean winds that it is prevented from becoming irritating like that of Nice or Provence. With this there is a very large proportion of sunny cheerful weather during the whole year. In no climate with which I am acquainted is there so much pleasant weather during the year as in Victoria—so many unclouded days, when it is neither too cold nor too hot—

and an invalid has consequently every temptation to be in the open air. Tuberculosis (*i.e.*, scrofula, phthisis, tabes mesenterica, and tubercular meningitis) is rare in Victoria, the mortality not being one-fourth of that in Great Britain from the same cause. Yet the population is composed of those who hereditarily, from occupation and mode of living (except that animal food is much cheaper), are as much predisposed to consumption as the inhabitants of London or Liverpool. It should be added that these statements have been controverted, and that phthisis has been shown to be more common than is here allowed, but there can be no doubt that the climate is exceptionally healthy."





OLD WORLD PREJUDICES AND CONVICT TRADITIONS.

CHAPTER VI.

Native born.—Prejudices in the Church, against.—Native associations coming to the front.—These Prejudices, their root in convictism.—Unjust aspersions.—The stingless taunt of a coward.—Brisbane a convict settlement.—Ticket-of-leave men and assigned servants.—Convicts who had the hardest times.—Escaped convicts.—Convicts amongst the blacks.—Return to civilization, or left to die in old age.—Abominations of convictism co-existing with agitation in England for abolition of slavery.—Marcus Clarke's novel true to life.—The writer's life saved by a generous-hearted convict.—Sent out for cutting down an apple tree.—Charles Kingsley's theorist.—Convicts not so bad.—Australia has suffered from the bad reputation notwithstanding.—Convictism and the colonies.

IN the succeeding chapters I will draw to a very large extent upon my own personal recollections, and I trust there need be no impropriety in doing so, or no necessity for apologizing if I should assume somewhat of an autobiographical style. I have already indicated to my readers that I am neither an aboriginal nor yet a descendant of that

class of immigrants by whom the colonies were first populated, and which has been satirized in a well-known couplet:—

“ True patriots be it understood,
They left their country for their country's good.”

On the other hand I have some degree of pride in being able to say that I am one of the oldest free-born white natives of the youngest of the group of our Australian colonies, though at the time of my birth, Queensland, as it is now called, was still a dependency of New South Wales.

The spirit is not yet dead which regards it as a sort of disgrace to say that so and so is a native of the colonies. The Bishops of the English Episcopal Church in the colonies who are, without exception, Englishmen, and have strong English prejudices, appear to regard with great disfavour any native born clerical aspirant; and the leaders amongst the laity who are also for the most part Englishmen have equally strong prejudices of the same kind. The same spirit prevails, perhaps not to the same extent, in the Roman Catholic Church of Australia, but even here the prejudices are in favour of a native-born Irishman. The late Archbishop Vaughan, of Sydney, was an Englishman, and belonged to an old English county family, and though his popularity was unbounded, it is well known that his English nationality was never acceptable to the greater part of his Irish co-religionists, so that when his death took place and an attempt was made to get another Englishman for his successor, the influence brought to bear upon the Vatican was so strong that at last an Irishman in the shape of the present

Cardinal Moran became the Archbishop of Sydney. But the prejudices against what is *colonial* are still very strong. The Clergy of the Roman Catholic Church like those of the Anglican are placed at a disadvantage should they even happen to have been ordained in the colonies. I once heard of a Priest not so long ago who, when entering upon his duties, was greeted thus by a leading parishioner :—“ Is it true that you are only a *colonially* ordained Clergyman ? ” *Colonially* being pronounced *Kah-lonially* with a great and scornful emphasis on the first syllable.

All through the leading denominations similar prejudices are to be found, and this is to be accounted for partly by the fact that the immigrants from the old countries are still in the majority, and the generation of native-born Australians has not yet come sufficiently to the front to make itself felt in colonial affairs. Up to very recent times the idea of a Colonial Barrister or Judge would have been simply laughed at, but a decided change has come about within recent years. And now some of the most promising men at the bar are native-born, even amongst the Judges of the land. In Victoria especially are some such distinguished colonists who can point to Australia as the land of their birth. Native associations on a large scale have been flourishing in Victoria for some years past, and within the last few months they have made a start in the colony of New South Wales. The leading newspapers however of that colony, which represents the Old World prejudices very strongly, have made a fierce onslaught upon the movement, and it is a question whether in that most English of the colonies

it will succeed for some years to come. The Australian born like the American born has no special prejudice against any nationality. What he claims is that all things being equal he shall not be "snubbed," or as is often the case trampled upon because of his Australian birth. America has always been more cosmopolitan and freer from Old World prejudices, for the English element has never gained the same ascendancy there—the continental nations having contributed a much larger share to the earlier population of the States as compared with the colonies of Australia.

One of the reasons of the prejudice against Australian natives as such is no doubt the fact that the greater number of the first generation of white born natives were the immediate descendants of a convict parentage. A good deal of this prejudice is not only unjust but positively cruel, for many of the old convicts (who had never been of a very degraded type, as we shall presently see) had quite restored themselves to the position of respectable members of society, had become law abiding, and industrious, and had brought up their children in a manner that was praiseworthy in every respect. Whatever may be said of the Divine decree which declares that "the sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children to the third and fourth generation," it is certainly (to put it in the mildest way) unbecoming for erring mortals to arrogate to themselves the right of giving effect to the decree of the Almighty. "He that is without sin let him cast the first stone." A good deal of the spirit which has attempted to affix a stain upon the children of convicts in the colonies, and to inflict upon them social ostracism has arisen from those who

have had the least reason to be proud of their own ancestry. When Dr. Johnson proposed to a certain lady (so the well-known story goes), she thought it her duty to inform him that one of her ancestors had been hanged for a crime against the laws of his country. The bluff doctor's reply was that it did not matter, for he had no doubt that if none of his ancestors had been hanged several of them had deserved hanging. So, probably, of those who often speak of the descendants of convicts in a tone of contempt and disparagement, it might be said, if they or their ancestors had never been convicts they may have deserved transportation. There are still to be found among some of the oldest and wealthiest of our colonists those of whom it may be said "his father was sent out," or as it is more vulgarly expressed, "he is the son of a lag." But we all know how success in life has a tendency to stir up envious feelings in the breasts of others, and especially in the case of those who come to the colonies with expectations that have not been realized. Some become positively savage when they cannot have their own way, and they cannot endure that a colonial, forsooth, should cross the path "between the wind and their nobility." The writer has especially in mind the case of a young English lord of cricketing celebrity, who not so long ago, while playing a match with Australian cricketers, and during a dispute in which it was thought by many onlookers that the Australians were certainly in the right of it, gave vent to a petty burst of temper, and exclaimed against his hospitable entertainers as "sons of convicts," combining the expression with certain expletives more forcible than polite. When Professor

Goldwin Smith had his attention called to a scarcely veiled attack made upon him as a political philosopher in the pages of a well-known novel, his sharp reply was, "it is the stingless taunt of a coward." So Australians might say in reference to a sneer from any quarter about their convict origin. As a matter of fact, the typical young Australian of the present day has no more of the convict in him than the typical young Englishman, even though he be a lord. In the first place, the proportion of those who are really descendants of convicts are so small in comparison to the rest of the population (probably not a sixtieth or an eightieth of the whole), and in a few years the proportion will be far less, that it would be absurd to name all Australians after an infinitesimally small proportion of their number. Then again, as has already been pointed out, the taint has, so far as any outward indication goes, almost completely disappeared. Sons of convicts have passed through the universities of England, have taken their place in the learned professions, and have played their part well in the politics of colonial life.

Brisbane, the capital of the youngest of our colonies, Queensland, was at one time a convict settlement. From 1825 to 1839, it was exclusively such, and in 1842 it was thrown open to free settlers. The Sacred Mission, in which my father, with several others, had engaged, gave him a footing as a free settler in the colony several years before, but writing from a recollection of about 35 years, there were hardly 200 free white settlers in the district about Moreton Bay (now Brisbane), and perhaps not more than double that number in

the whole of the territory which is at present called Queensland. Amongst these were many of what were known as "ticket-of-leave men," or convicts who were supposed by good conduct to have merited a sort of restricted freedom, that is, they had all the privileges of other free white settlers, but were not allowed to leave certain localities except on pain of forfeiting their liberty and being sent back to the prison and the gang. Then, again, there were a number of "assigned servants," prisoners who were drafted off and distributed amongst settlers, on strictly specified conditions. If these persons (they were both male and female) gained the good opinion of their masters, and made themselves useful on the different establishments, they had a pretty good time of it, their condition would be very similar to that of negro slaves on the plantations of kind-hearted masters in the old days of slavery in America. On the other hand, should they misdemean themselves, or should the master himself be a tyrant, as was often the case, the "hands," as they were called, had anything but a pleasant time of it. The poor fellows might be called up at any time, sent over to the officer in charge of the convict station with a note (of the contents of which they were not aware), and then be handed over to the flagellator for twenty-five, thirty, and sometimes fifty lashes. Some petty act of wrong conduct, some slight omission of duty, or it may be something as trifling as neglecting to lift the hand to the hat at the approach of the "master" or the "missus" had excited the ire of the capricious, and often the rum-drinking settler, and his order was quite sufficient to have any of his "hands" punished without questions being asked. Sometimes

the masters would do the flagellating themselves, or even allow their sons the pleasure of wielding the lash on the naked back of a fellow mortal. Such "a dutiful son" (!) was once pointed out to me; he is now a middle-aged man, and the father of a large family, and would probably be ashamed of his conduct as a boy; "that man (it was said of him), when a boy, used to take up 'the hands' to the whipping-post and flog them himself."

The convicts who had the hardest times of it, were those who were kept in prison and sent out in the chain-gang to work on the roads, or any other Government work, day after day. The prison or "barracks" as it was called was roughly constructed for the most part of wood. The cells being built up after the style of the old "log huts" of backwoodsmen in the more primitive days of America, while the outer yard was walled in by tall spiked posts very much in appearance to the telegraph posts commonly used in Australia, and jammed together as closely as it was possible to place them. Often convicts escaped from the gang during the hard labour hours of the day, or eluding the vigilance of the guard on duty, climbed over these walled-in imprisonments during the night. They have got away into the bush where by some process, for which they had made provision beforehand, they have managed to disencumber themselves of their iron fetters. I can remember how, when a boy riding through some secluded part of the bush in the neighbourhood of Brisbane, my horse has stumbled against a pair of "convict's hobbles," rusted and covered over with grass, on the spot where the runaway convict had freed himself from them. Most of these

runaways either settled amongst the blacks or were murdered by them. Some were recaptured and hanged with little ceremony.

Of those who settled among the blacks, some very romantic stories are told. The convict has, perhaps, been discovered by a few of the tribe, as he was wandering alone through the bush, and (holding as the blacks do, some strange superstitious ideas about transmigration) they recognised in him the return to life of a deceased relative. He would henceforth be a sort of a chief or leader among them, the most beautiful maiden (or even maidens) of the tribe would be conferred upon him in marriage, and in time as the convict adapted himself to the aboriginal modes of life, costume in dress (which was generally after the fashion of Adam in Paradise), he would begin to love his wild freedom so much, that when in years after, and when he was in no danger of being forced back to imprisonment, or to convict life, and had the option of returning to civilization, he preferred to live on with the blacks, and remain with his sable wives, and half-caste children. Some of the most exciting events in connection with the extension of settlement into the interior were the rumours that would every now and then reach the ears of settlers in the more inhabited parts, of "another white man among the blacks." Frequently the discovery facilitated matters in the progress of settlement, for the white man among them was a means of communication with the settlers, and friendly relations would thus be easily established. It sometimes resulted in the return of the white man to his own people. At first it would be only with difficulty

that he could make himself understood, for 20 or 25 years it might have been, he had never seen one of his own race. He had all this time roved in the wild bush like a naked savage, chasing the kangaroo and wallaby, or climbing the gum tree after the opossum or squirrel, and searching for the wild honey amongst the branches of the trees, eating the roots and native yams which the gins (black women) had dug out of scrubs, gullies, or from swamps, and the banks of creeks. Or he may have been with a tribe along the coast, where he has learnt all the savage arts of fishing, and fattened on the shell fish and oysters so plentiful along the Australian coast. Fighting in the battles of his tribe, feeding with them in their feasts, engaging in their "corroberrees," he had to all intents and purposes become one of them, and would most likely have remained with them to the end, but the prospect of such a life as old age drew near, and knowing the custom of the blacks to forsake the old and infirm, he preferred to go back to the whites when the opportunity came, from whom at any rate he might expect some humane treatment in the time of age and feebleness.

I have been personally acquainted with some of these old convicts who had lived among the blacks, and in the kindness and affection with which they always spoke of their black friends, and in the exuberant delight with which the blacks with whom they had lived would meet them in after years when they occasionally approached the settlements of the whites, there was proof of the strong terms of affection in which the run-away convicts had lived with them. Such a

life was at any rate better, and could not have been nearly so degrading as the wretched existence which they had endured under the tyrants and brutes who had charge of them at the convict establishments. As a boy I have listened with horror to stories which "old hands" have told of the cruelties which have been inflicted on them and their companions. Allowing for exaggeration, there is quite enough known of old convict days to show that such a tale as has been written by a clever Australian novelist, lately deceased (Mr. Marcus Clarke), entitled, "*For the Term of his Natural Life*," is perfectly correct in the way in which it illustrates how the treatment which convicts received from those who had them in charge was enough to turn men even not ordinarily bad into veritable fiends. England, in a great national movement of philanthropy and piety, had emancipated the slaves of the West Indies at the cost of many millions, but she almost at the same time was tolerating cruelties upon her own children (convicts though they were) in comparison with which some of the iniquities of slavery and the slave trade were a mere trifle. The hero of Mr. Marcus Clarke's novel was an innocent man who had been wrongly convicted of the crime of murdering his uncle, and had been sentenced to death, but who because of some doubtful circumstances in the case was reprieved and transported for life. It was only after his death that his innocence was established. After many years of terrible suffering, in which he endured the most diabolical forms of torture that the hellish ingenuity of the officers of convict establishments could inflict upon him—and was a daily witness

of their infliction upon others—he gradually himself became so embruted and degraded as to commit crimes of great enormity, regardless of their consequences to himself and others.

I myself knew an old convict who could on occasion manifest all the refinements of manner and address of a cultivated English gentleman, who was capable of much generosity of heart, and of kind and obliging conduct to others. I have good reason to think kindly and gratefully of this same individual, for when little more than a child I was overtaken by one of those treacherous mountain torrents, common to the coast range of South Queensland after heavy rain, and surrounded on every hand by the roaring torrents as they swept by me, and clinging for dear life to the branch of a tree. It was under these circumstances that the person just referred to showed his sympathy, and regardless of danger to himself did his utmost for a fellow creature in distress, happily succeeding in his endeavours. Here, however, was a person who might have adorned any social circle in England, or anywhere else, who had the power to distinguish himself in some useful calling, who had nothing whatever of the low criminal instincts in his nature, who had had the advantages of a good education and bringing up in the old country, and who could be gentle and generous and kind to a fault, but whose life had been completely spoilt by the degrading associations of "convictism." The crime for which (so it was rumoured) this person had been transported was the boyish freak of cutting down an apple tree in an English gentleman's orchard.

At the time that I last heard of him he was indulging in low tastes and leading a disreputable life. Here then can be no doubt that a convict life ruined a most promising career, as it has done for thousands besides,

If convicts in after years became respectable members of the community it was not because of but in spite of, the associations of convict life. The system may have been intended for the reformation of the better classes of criminals; but whatever the intention was, the effect was often to drive men to desperation and to destruction. Charles Kingsley somewhere in one of his novels makes a character—a sort of a theological theorist—argue about a state of probation after death. The question was whether the Almighty was likely to give those “another chance” who had had no chance in this life; and the illustration that he uses was in the case of those who had had no chance in the old country. “We transport them to the colonies, and give them another chance in a new country.” That might have suited as an illustration, but, as a matter of fact, “the other chance” given in the new country meant simply sending men to the devil outright. It is to the arrival of free settlers in the colonies that we are to find the beginning of good order and improvement amongst the convicts. As time passed respectable immigrants from the old countries arrived in considerable numbers, and then an influence for good began, and this in time told beneficially upon the convict element around; but though such was the case, what is called “the time of convictism” lasted for long years after. Australia has suffered much, and more than is just, from her convict

traditions. Botany Bay has still an unsavoury odour about it in England and the States; and to this day the name of "Sydney ducks" is one of general opprobrium in California. It will be seen from what has been written, how such birds were hatched, but English readers are hereby respectfully assured that the "Sydney duck" is now quite *a rara avis*, if it is not altogether extinct, like the *Moa* of New Zealand.

A few remarks on the relative degrees into which the convict element entered in the early histories of the colonies respectively must conclude this chapter. Like the mother of the illegitimate bantling who excused herself on the ground that "it was only a little one," Brisbane may, if there is any comfort in that, say that she only had one and that a comparatively small convict settlement, while the greatest part of Queensland, which up to the period of the expiration of convictism, was a *terra incognita*, has remained entirely free from the taint. When Northern Queensland becomes a separate colony she will be able to say that she has no convict traditions. New South Wales and Tasmania are, more than any of the other colonies, associated with the convict history of Australia, and the greater proportion of their first colonists were from convict sources. Melbourne makes it her boast that she never had a convict settlement. The only time, when in 1864 England sent out a ship-load of convicts to Melbourne, the Government of the colony incontinently sent them back again. Had the attempt been made to land them it would have been resisted by force of arms. New Zealand does not at all come in the category of convict colonies, nor yet

South Australia. Young nations, like young people, can easily live down a disgrace associated with the beginning of their history. Our national motto is "Advance Australia." True to that, we shall not think so much about what has happened in the past as what shall take place in the future. To say *I am an Australian*, is even now deemed not a cause for shame, but pride.

N.B.—The utter uselessness of convictism as a reformatory system may be illustrated by the following figures:—In 1835, among 28,000 convicts in New South Wales, there were no less than 22,000 summary convictions for crimes committed chiefly among the convicts. In one year there were no less than 3,000 floggings, and above 100,000 lashes inflicted as punishments for crimes. In Tasmania, where convicts numbered 15,000, the summary convictions for crime were exactly 15,000, and the lashes administered were at the rate of 50,000 a year, though the whole population of the country did not number more than 37,000. In New South Wales there were at the rate of two hangings for every week in the year. In 1823 there were 228 prisoners at Macquarie Harbour, near Hobart (Tasmania), who received in that year exactly 229 floggings and 9,100 lashes. In five years 112 absconded from the penal settlements in Tasmania, of whom 10 were killed and eaten by their companions, 75 perished in the bush, 2 were captured with portions of human flesh in their possession, 2 were shot, and 16 were hanged. The voyage out for convict ships in those days has been described as "four months of filthiness in a floating hell, calculated to sink the least bad to the level of intractable brutality." While England was expending millions to suppress the evils of the slave system, she was paying out of her Exchequer to support a state of things in her colonies in comparison with which negro slavery was purity itself.



THE ORIGINAL BUSH-RANGERS.

CHAPTER VII.

Govett's Leap.—A convict sentenced to death preferring the gallows to a reprieve.—A judge's reminiscences of convict life.—The notorious Lynch.—Donoghue and his career.

THE original bush-rangers of Australia were for the most part runaway convicts. That a convict should try and run away from his wretched life was as natural as that a snake should try and wriggle out of the fire. The first impulse of any poor creature under such terribly agonized conditions of existence would be to rush away anywhere into the bush, and with many it was "anywhere, anywhere out of the world." There is in the colony of New South Wales, on top of the Blue Mountains, 3,000 feet above the level of the sea, a place called "Govett's leap." The name has a dreadful sound, but not more dreadful than the sight of it, and an incident in convict history which gave the place its name would warrant. It is said that a convict of the name Govett, who had escaped from the convict settlement at Botany Bay, and had made his way up the Blue Mountain ranges, but who had been tracked

and pursued until at last he was driven to bay on the shelf of a rock which juts out over the precipice of a gorge sheer down several hundred feet, rather than be recaptured and brought back to convict life, made the desperate leap over, which has ever since given the place the name which so well accords with the terror which its very sight is calculated to inspire. Close along the pathway which Govett and his pursuers ascended, the line of railway from Sydney to Bathurst now zig-zags in its upward course, but few passengers have nerve enough to look out over precipices which are too suggestive of a railway leap of some hundreds of feet. But dreadful as might be the thought of a fellow creature taking a leap into sudden and awful death, that, as a matter of fact, was frequently chosen as an alternative preferable to a return to convict life.*

I have been told the story of a young man, a convict on the settlement at Sydney, who had been sentenced to death by hanging for a common act of burglary. A few days before his execution he sent for one of the principal officials, and disclosed to him the whereabouts of the articles which he had taken away and hidden. This official it should be remarked had influence quite sufficient to obtain a commutation of the convict's sentence, and thinking that a fellow-creature who showed a desire to make restitution might be put to some better use than hanging—pitying him also for his youth, for he was not much more than 24 or 25, he offered his kind services to save him from the gallows ; but as

* The story of Govett's leap is said to be somewhat mythical, but it has been given just as it was heard by the writer and as it is popularly believed in.

that would have involved transportation to another convict settlement some distance away, where discipline was still more rigorously maintained, the young man implored him not to do anything, choosing death at the hands of the hangman to the prospect of a life under such conditions.

Reference has already been made to the inhuman manner in which convicts were punished for the slightest offences. Since writing upon that subject in a previous chapter, I came across some old papers (now out of print, but published some years ago), giving the impressions of Sydney and convict life, by a gentleman who afterwards played a rather important part in colonial history. He there tells how he has seen convicts carried back from the triangles on stretchers after undergoing their punishment, or part of it, looking more like mangled corpses than anything else, having been flogged into a fainting and unconscious condition. He tells of poor wretches who had been only suspected of crimes ordered to receive 25 or 30 lashes every morning until they confessed. Altogether the description of the state of things as given by this writer, and his terrible record of cruelties wrought in the name of British justice, is a history of shame and disgrace; and all this while English people were gushing with sympathy over the wrongs of the slaves in America, and burning with indignation over Mrs. Beecher Stowe's account of the awful cruelties of the imaginary Legree, who was a saint in comparison with many of the officials who controlled the convict establishments in Australia.

It may then be repeated that it was no wonder that

convicts should escape, when they had the opportunity, from the hells to which they had been consigned, and having done so, that they should take to a lawless life as bush-rangers or highwaymen, was a matter for as little surprise. In those early days when population was small and scattered, and when the country was thickly timbered, bush-rangers could often defy the authorities for many years. They frequently established themselves in certain localities, and owned a sort of kingship over the whole surrounding district. Some of the settlers entered into a kind of truce with them, and woe be to them if any particulars of this agreement were broken. The famed Bargo-brush, an extensive and dense forest on the road between Sydney and Melbourne, where now a dozen or more railway trains pass daily, and through which in those days a mail coach well guarded passed about once a week, was the roving ground and fastness for as desperate a set of men as ever broke loose from law-abiding society. Those acquainted with the Australian bush, even as it is now, can very well imagine how under the conditions of early colonial life the struggle to subdue bush-ranging would have been long continued and desperate. Some instances illustrative of the lives of the early bush-rangers, the crimes which they committed, the dangers to which settlers were exposed, and the difficulties with which the authorities had to contend in putting down bush-ranging may be furnished.

The state of things in country districts 30 or 40 years ago made it positively dangerous to travel a few miles out of Sydney. Cases of "bailing up" (vulgarly called) were of frequent, one might almost say of daily occurrence.

As one instance will illustrate many, the story as told by a circuit court judge (Therry), in his "reminiscences of New South Wales" (a book now out of print), may here be given. "At a lonely spot on my way to the Bathurst circuit, about 10 o'clock in the morning, I was hailed by two men, partially hidden behind a tree, their guns pointing at the heads of myself and servant, with the cry of 'stop, or I'll send the contents of this through you.' A few yards further and upon the opposite side of the road, was posted a third bush-ranger, with instructions (as I afterwards learned) to fire upon us if we had hesitated in yielding instant obedience. On alighting from the carriage I put my hands instinctively to my pockets, the hope suggesting itself at the instant that by giving my purse, I might, perhaps, save my life. The captain of the gang, however, a convict for life, named Russell, suspecting that I had put my hands into my pocket to search there for pistols, desired me at once to take them out or he would shoot me on the spot. 'The captain,' having taken my money, my watch and chain, espied a watch and chain on my servant. He then asked me if the man whom he had ordered to stand at the horses' heads while he robbed me was a free man or a convict? I replied he was a free man. 'Then,' said the ruffian, 'give me that watch.' If I had said he was a convict, 'the fellow-feeling which makes us wondrous kind,' would have induced him to spare the poor fellow's watch, but finding he was not of the convict clique, he was compelled to surrender it." The judge goes on to tell how other travellers, as they came along, were treated in

precisely the same manner; and that he afterwards ascertained that the bush-rangers had slept in an out-barn of the hotel where he had stayed the night before, that the landlord was quite aware of their being in the barn, but would give no warning, for had he done so (they had already given him to understand) they would have visited him at night and destroyed him, his house, and its inmates, by fire. The story finishes by saying: "These fellows were afterwards apprehended for another and still more serious robbery. They were transported to Norfolk Island, where I understood Russell, the captain of the gang, became leader of the choir in the little church on the island. His fine voice no doubt captivated the chaplain, and constituted 'a case of special circumstances,' which exempted him from hard labour."

Though the foregoing may be taken as an illustration of what was a very common occurrence in the old days of bush-ranging, it must be remembered that the bush was often infested by a much more daring and desperate set of men who scrupled not at anything in the way of crime. The name of Lynch is well known in the history of New South Wales, and is still mentioned with horror by many of the old settlers. This scoundrel seemed to have a perfect mania for murdering. He was not a bush-ranger in the ordinary acceptance of the term, but he was one of a class of convicts from which the early bush-rangers were recruited, and the crimes which he committed may serve to illustrate the deeds of which such men were capable. In his confession made on the day previous to his execution, he detailed the circumstances of the different murders

which he had committed. He tells for instance how he met two persons driving a dray laden with bacon and other articles for the Sydney market, how he killed these persons with an axe as they lay asleep, and then proceeded to Sydney and sold the articles on the dray in Sydney, how he returned up the country with the empty dray, fell in with an old man and his son, and to possess himself of their small property murdered them in the same way, and then dug a hole and buried their bodies. He tells how on another occasion he murdered a whole family, and when he had finished them all but one little girl—"I went into the hut (so run the words of his confession) where she remained, and I said to her, now my little girl I will do for you what I would not do for the others, for you're a good girl; you shall have ten minutes to say your prayers," and then comes the acknowledgment that he killed her "with the axe." This fiend in human form was at length brought to the gallows for the murder of a man whom he had engaged as a hand on the farm which he occupied. The reason which he gave for the murder of the man was that he did not suit for the work for which he required him, and accordingly he gave him a hit with the axe on the back of the head one evening as he walked along side of him in the dark. Some little omission in doing away with the proofs of the murder was the connecting link in the chain of evidence which led to his arrest, conviction, and subsequent execution. The old runaway convicts who had taken to the bush committed the most fearful outrages, but they were not so dangerous as a scoundrel like Lynch, for though they murdered their victims without hesitation

when they got them into their hands they did not play the hypocrite, and while committing the most cruel murders pretend to be respectable settlers in the country. I have often passed the place associated with the crimes of Lynch, and have heard from those whose memory dates back to near the time, that he was not even suspected by any of the surrounding settlers, by whom he was generally regarded as a respectable person.

There were others like a notorious character of the name Donoghue (the chieftain of a gang of runaway convicts which infested the Bargo-brush) who, though they committed many acts of plunder and even murder, were not so blood-thirsty unless when they came in contact with the police, or any of the authorities belonging to the convict establishments, whose lives it was a point of honour with them not to spare. Cases have been known of the bush-rangers creeping up to the police camps at night, and taking deliberate aim have shot them dead as they lay round the camp fire, and they have often met them in open field, and fought with great desperation. They were hardly ever known to have molested the convicts unless when very much provoked by them taking part with the authorities in actual fight against them, or by convicts turning traitors, as they would consider, and giving information which might have led to their arrest. The above-named Donoghue has been known to act with considerable chivalry towards his old companions in bondage. It has already been remarked that most of the free settlers were accustomed to employ convict hands. Indeed it was made a condition in connection with the grants of land that were made to the settlers that they should employ so many convicts. Many a

visit did Donoghue pay to such settlers, and warned them that if they ill-used their men, he with his gang would wreak a terrible revenge. The consequence was, that the convicts received good treatment from their masters, and in those parts over which the bush-rangers roamed, few, if any, cases of flogging occurred. Almost without exception these convict bush-rangers were shot down, and at length the old system of bush-ranging may be said to have been completely extirpated. It can well be imagined how men like Donoghue would become heroes in the popular imagination. Amongst the convicts they would have been looked upon as something more—as friends and benefactors. Donoghue had his exploits celebrated in song. And when at last he was shot, so as to be disabled, and then captured by the police, the muse of a sympathising convict expressed itself in some jingling rhymes in which the bush-ranger was made to figure as a brave warrior, while the police (one of them was named Beazley) were represented in a very different light.

“Cowardly Beazley turned tail for a run,
Brave Jack Donoghue stood still and fought on.”

It is said that this bush-ranger after having one hand shot through, and then a leg, he still knelt down and fought by using one arm to load and fire off his gun, and only gave in when the second arm was shot through, and he had received other wounds, from which he died shortly after his capture. In like manner nearly all the old bush-rangers were made to succumb, and it might be said of the colony as it was said of a country in ancient times “then had the land rest.” Modern bush-ranging in Australia must form the subject of other chapters.



CONVICTISM AND MODERN BUSH-RANGING.

CHAPTER VIII.

How a convict once turned bush-ranger.—The writer meets a celebrated bush-ranger.—The Gardiner Gang.—The Eugowra gold escort robbery.—Another Dick Turpin.—The arrest, punishment, and subsequent release of the bush-ranger Gardiner.—Cattle stealers turning into bush-rangers.—Ben Hall, his career and tragical death.

SINCE writing the previous chapter I came across an account of how a convict turned bush-ranger in the early days, and before proceeding further, I will repeat the story as nearly as I can remember. In the western part of the colony of New South Wales there resided a young man in the capacity of "an assigned servant"—a position which has already been explained as that of a convict whose good conduct had procured for himself the privilege of being engaged to one of the free settlers in the country as an ordinary help—and whose term of convict life had nearly expired. This young man was in great favour with his master and was entrusted with the responsibility of taking down a loaded waggon and team to the Port of Sydney. He had

travelled a few miles the Sydney side of a town called Bathurst, in company with another driver, and the day being warm the two men stripped off their clothes and plunged into a stream of cool water which they had just crossed, and near which they intended to camp for the night. Suddenly, in the midst of their plunging and dipping, they were startled by the appearance of a company of horsemen, which turned out to be the Governor of the colony and his party, on a visit from Sydney to Bathurst. The Governor had evidently taken no notice of the men in the water, but the officer accompanying him had cast an unobserved glance round after crossing the stream, and saw the naked men, who were just emerging from the water to restore themselves to their garments. This individual was a true specimen of those fiends in human form placed by the English Government in charge of the convicts in the Australian Settlements, and no sooner did he see the Governor safe at his destination, at Bathurst, a few miles on, than he returned with some mounted troopers, had these men put in irons, dragged into the town, and next day brought up before the magistrate on a charge of indecently exposing themselves in the presence of his Excellency. They were sentenced to be taken to the triangles and flogged to the extent of something like 50 lashes. The young man who was on his way to Sydney with his master's team and waggon, had, as has been observed, nearly completed his time of servitude, and intended upon returning to settle down in a home of his own, to marry, and establish a respectable position for himself in society. But all his dreams or rather plans for the future were now rudely

shattered. He went away in desperation, procured a horse and fire-arms, took to the bush as a highwayman, and then began a lawless career as the leader of a gang, committing depredations of such a character as to make his name feared on every hand. He became an outlaw, a price was placed upon his head, and after a brief but terrible career of crime he was shot down by the police, who had been sent out to arrest him. What a different career might not this man have had but for the unfortunate glance round of the officer in the Governor's party? On how small a circumstance a life of crime may depend has often been illustrated in the history of Australian convictism. But for the circumstance mentioned (or rather but for the fiendish cruelty of the officer), the alternative might have been a life of goodness and usefulness, terminating in what the great poet has said should be the accompaniments of old age: "love, honour, and troops of friends."

From cases of this kind the bush-ranger of early times in Australia can easily be accounted for, but we have now to trace the origin and some of the developments of modern bush-ranging in Australia. My memory is sufficient to verify all that will now be recorded. Some twenty-two or twenty-three years ago a youth, hardly out of my teens, I was travelling up country on horse back, and was approaching to within a few miles of one of the most populous of the Australian gold-fields. In the distance I espied a man on horse back, and when he drew near it was evident that this horseman was mounted on a magnificent animal, such as might jump the hurdles and win the prize on any race-course in the

world, while the rider was attired in a very jockey-like suit, with a revolver in his belt, a pair of pistols in leather cases strapped on to the front of his saddle. After an exchange of greetings, and a few enquiries about the travellers who had been passed along the road, the riders, pursuing different directions, were soon out of each other's sight. I ascertained afterwards that I had been accosted by none other than the celebrated Australian bush-ranger, Gardiner, who after spending 12 years or so in the Sydney gaol, was allowed to expatriate himself to America, and died three or four years ago at San Francisco. The career of this notorious bush-ranger commenced in a manner which will show how much of modern bush-ranging originated in these colonies.

In the early days of gold discovery in New South Wales, Gardiner, with a company of desperate men, formed a gang, and began by "sticking up" the gold escort. The coach in which the gold was escorted to the metropolis from the gold-fields was always accompanied by two or three well-armed police officers, who seated themselves on the box beside the driver, or on some other outside seat on the coach. This mode of escort was generally considered sufficient, but the daring plan of Gardiner and his gang for "sticking up" the armed escort had not been calculated upon, and was not provided against by the authorities. The very rich discoveries of gold on the Lachlan had recently caused great excitement. Finds, in which were 16 and 20 ounce nuggets, were frequent. The escort for the week would sometimes take from £60,000 to £100,000 worth of gold to Sydney. Here was the great

temptation to scoundrels from every part of the world, who infested the gold-fields to "take to the roads," as it was called, and make themselves the possessors of immense wealth by one daring onslaught upon the gold escort.

The plan of Gardiner and his gang was cleverly contrived, and successfully carried into effect. I have often passed the very spot where one of the most daring cases of highway robbery ever took place in Australia. Twenty miles on the Sydney side of the Lachlan gold-fields, the main road, which follows the winding of the Eugowra range along the flat which skirts its base, there is a sudden turn, necessitated through a deep gully (more like a small ravine), which the coach must head, and then the drive is through a narrow pass between the spur of the mountain and the extreme end of the gully. Immediately after coming through the pass there is, a few yards from the side of the road, a large rock of granite, sufficient to hide from the view of those on the coach ten or a dozen men, while another few yards up the side of the mountain there is a piece of table-land effectually hidden from the view of travellers by the intervening rocks and pine trees, and where the horses of intending robbers might be kept close at hand. One is almost tempted to think that in the early geological periods of Australian history, Nature, yielding to the malignant forces of the spiritual world, played a freak for the very purpose of facilitating a plan for robbery, which took place on the very spot. It was here that Gardiner and his gang made themselves so notorious in connection with what is known as "The Eugowra Gold Escort Robbery."

One of the number had been left in charge of the horses on the table-land above, from where the whole scene could be witnessed, while the rest, some eight or ten in number lay in ambush behind the large granite rock, and then the moment the coach came abreast of the rock, they sprang out from their ambush, fired a volley upon the coach, which in the *mêlée* was overturned. The police, three in number, were so completely taken by surprise that they could offer no effectual resistance. One was wounded from a gun-shot, and moreover, in the upsetting of the coach, it was impossible to make anything like a show of fight with a mob of armed men all wearing masks on their faces, and who no doubt in the excitement and terror of the moment appeared to the guard twice the number they really were. The work of appropriating the gold and money in the escort was that of a few minutes, and almost before those who had charge of the escort could recover from their consternation the bush-rangers had disappeared up the mountain-side, remounted their horses, and soon were speeding away like the wind across country, and in a direction well-arranged for beforehand to evade the pursuit of the police. Some of this gang were afterwards shot down, others were arrested, and two of them sentenced to death.

Gardiner himself, the ringleader, continued in his old haunts for some time after. A man of prepossessing appearance and plausible manner and address, he had many friends, even among settlers never suspected of sympathy with criminals, while many of the fair sex regarded him as a veritable hero, and were completely devoted to him. It was known that he had a liaison

with a very beautiful woman, the wife of a settler, whose home was on a cattle station in the wild mountainous parts, but though sudden visits there from the police frequently took place, they were never able to account for their man. One night, when a visit from the bush-ranger was expected, the station was surrounded by the police, and a grey horse was seen tied up at the garden gate of the hut, but a signal whistle from some scout gave the alarm in time, and Gardiner on his grey horse was like Dick Turpin on his Black Bess, the officers of justice could never come within his reach, and he only turned them into a laughing stock for others. Sir Frederick Pottinger, the son of an English nobleman, was at that time at the head of the police in the western parts, and was present on the night when Gardiner escaped from the police. He came in for a good deal of ridicule. A punning rhymster wrote some lines, the refrain of which was:—

“While Sir Frederick Pott
Shut his eyes for a shot,
And missed in his usual way.”

All at once Gardiner and “the beautiful woman” referred to disappeared as completely from the scene as though the earth had swallowed them. No trace of them could be found, and no intelligence concerning them could be obtained. The general opinion was that he had escaped from the country, and had found his way over to San Francisco, or to some part of South America. The fact was, he and his paramour had gone away to the far north of Queensland, and settled down in charge of a way-side bush hotel, of which, under an assumed name, he was the host. For

more than twelve months had he been in this occupation before his identity was suspected, when at length, a visitor from the parts where he had carried on his depredations recognized him, and communicated with the police in New South Wales. One day, two police in plain clothes arrived at the hotel which was kept by Gardiner, and when they realized that they were in the presence of none else but the notorious bush-ranger, they were so terrified that it was with considerable difficulty they could muster up courage to effect his arrest. This was done (so report said) under circumstances of unnecessary violence, and the police with their prisoner, handcuffed and heavily ironed, were soon on their way to Sydney, where they arrived in due course. Well do many residents of Sydney at the present day remember the excitement which that event produced. Never did the arrival of English Governor, or Roman Catholic Archbishop or Cardinal produce greater excitement in the city. And then when the trial of the great bush-ranger was taking place, the whole city was in a state of commotion.

For the "sticking up" of the Eugowra Gold Escort, as has been shown, some of Gardiner's companions had been tried and sentenced to death. It happened, however, that the barrister who had defended those criminals on their trial was now the Attorney-General of the colony, and as such, it devolved upon him in the way of official duty to prosecute every criminal brought up for trial, either himself or by his deputy. Ordinarily this might not have stood in the way, but some legal points had been urged after the trial, with a view of saving the lives of the prisoners, that

had the Attorney-General prosecuted Gardiner for the same crime his reputation for legal consistency would have been entirely compromised. Through a mere technical flaw therefore Gardiner escaped prosecution for a crime into which those who had been led by him had already suffered. But there were other charges against him, and one of a capital nature. On the capital charge he was found "not guilty," and for the others he received various sentences, amounting in the aggregate to about 25 years. In spite of his life of crime there was a great fascination about the man. The people of New South Wales may not be marked for their sympathy with great criminals more than people in other parts of the civilized world, but once a man like Gardiner has succeeded in a number of daring exploits, he as certainly becomes a sort of hero in public estimation as any soldier who has distinguished himself in the field of battle. The time has not yet come in the progress of civilization when, as the American poet has said:—

"Every man who shall lift his hand against a brother,
Upon his head shall rest the curse of Cain."

After Gardiner had completed a twelve years' term of penal servitude he was allowed his freedom on condition that he left the country altogether. He elected to go to San Francisco, where, as we have seen, within the past two or three years he closed his mortal career. Gardiner's daughter, the offspring of the liaison just referred to, is said to be a lady of great beauty and culture, and has inherited considerable wealth, though how gotten is a question which no one appears disposed to discuss. The case of

Gardiner is in point as showing how the circumstances connected with the early discovery of gold in Australia brought bush-ranging into existence, and encouraged the kind of life which these lawless men led; but the pernicious example of such men speedily acted upon the minds of a large class of bush-born and bush-trained young men who were already either practising a life of crime or predisposed to it.

In the Australian back woods, and speaking generally the wild unsettled parts of the country, were to be found people who did not understand the distinction between *meum* and *tuum* whenever a question regarding the ownership of cattle and horses arose. A strange horse on the run, an unbranded bullock or cow, would be immediately seized upon. Should the horse have any marks of ownership he would probably be taken away to some secluded part, where he would be kept until a reward was offered for him, or he might be ridden almost to death after cattle—this is commonly known as “horse sweating;”—or be sold to a passer-by, who would take him away to some distant part of the country, and never be heard of again by his owner. “Clean skins,” as unbranded cattle were commonly called, were taken charge of at once, and though there might be the plainest proof that they were the property of your neighbour that mattered nothing, they were looked upon as fair game for the first who could lay hands on them, who would “clap his brand” on them without any scruple. Several districts in New South Wales might be mentioned where, not so long ago, it was almost the exception for any settler to kill his own beef, and at this present time, cases of sheep stealing

are matters of everyday occurrence. Districts where convicts settled down were precisely the localities where such crimes have most generally prevailed. Many of the country parts of New South Wales bear unmistakable evidence of their convict origin. One does not notice the same thing (or not to the same extent) in the other Australian colonies. And wherever convictism has left its taint, there not only have we found young men easily led away to join a bush-ranging gang, but a state of things so slow and old-fashioned in connection with agricultural and pastoral pursuits, that Americans fifty years ago would have laughed at it, showing that where crime prevails progress is always slow.

From reasons which will be apparent, bush-ranging never took such deep root in any of the other colonies as in New South Wales. Not so long ago, the Kelly gang produced almost a reign of terror in Victoria, but the region in which they carried on their outrages and crimes is that most adjacent to the colony of New South Wales, and the existence of that gang has been shown to be directly traceable to influences which pushed their way from the New South Wales side, a part where more than any other old convict hands settled down. While then it may be argued (as has been done in a previous chapter) that the average young man of Australia has no more of the convict element than the average young man of England, there is an exception so far as some of the bush districts of the Colonies are concerned. Young fellows whose parents had been addicted to the crimes above referred to, and who had already addicted themselves to similar

crimes, would when pursued by the police most naturally "take to the roads" and either join a gang of bush-rangers, or taking example of what they had read about them, would form a gang themselves and then emulate the conduct of those who were in their eyes true heroes.

In the western districts where Gardiner flourished several young fellows who were "wanted" by the police joined his gang, and others formed themselves into another gang under the leadership of a man commonly known as Ben Hall. When a young man in charge of my first cure, about 20 years ago, I remember being called upon to baptize a child. A few days after I was told that the mother of the child (who of course was present at the ceremony) had been the wife of Ben Hall, who at that time had been dead about two years. The wife had taken to herself another husband. Many respectable colonists who either knew this bush-ranger or came in frequent contact with his acquaintances are convinced that he was a man "more sinned against than sinning," and that both at the beginning of his bush-ranging career and its tragical termination the police were the greater sinners by a very long way. This man had (whether rightly or wrongly cannot be stated) been arrested on suspicion of stealing a horse, or some such common crime as was practised by bushmen. The charge could not be substantiated, but the man was arrested time after time and detained in prison so often, that at length he became desperate and determined to take to the bush altogether. He afterwards joined members of Gardiner's gang, though I do not remember that he was present at the great gold escort robbery.

I have often in the course of my duties as a clergyman visited a station where Ben Hall and his gang once upon a time made themselves merry at the expense of the owner. The wife of the owner, a refined, well-educated English lady, while attending to her domestic duties during morning time was summoned to the door by a knocking, and upon opening the door what should she see but several fierce looking men armed to the teeth, who greeted her with, "Good morning, Mrs. C." Though alone with her little children on the station (excepting the old cook) she showed great calmness, asked the men to be seated, offered them a glass of wine, played the piano for them while they danced a jig in the drawing-room, and then they parted with many expressions of thanks and with the best wishes. Years after, this lady would speak in terms of great praise of the gallantry and good nature of Ben Hall and his friends, who, though bush-rangers and outlaws, behaved while in her house and when she was completely at their mercy more like gentlemen than many who bear and defame that grand old name.

Ben Hall was at length betrayed by one of his own companions in a most treacherous manner. Being short of provisions, he in company with one of the members of his gang went to within a few miles of the gold-fields' township, and while the mate went in ostensibly to buy some provisions, he (Ben Hall) remained behind under the shadow of some pine trees to await the mate's return. The Government had made a promise of pardon, as well as offering a reward, to any member of the gang who would willingly give himself up and give such information as might lead to

the arrest of any of the others. The bait had taken, and Ben Hall's mate soon returned with a small army of police. Poor Ben. Hall (for we cannot but sympathize with one who was destined for a better fate) was now surrounded by the police. His horse was some distance away, hobbled and feeding, within gun-shot range of some of the policemen. Still he made a rush for the horse. It was quite needless to have fired a single shot on the part of the police, for Ben Hall was already as good as in their hands; but they all fired, and while he leaned against a small sapling the police completely riddled him with their rifle bullets. The ass in the fable could kick the dead lion, and these brave policemen actually still kept firing on their fallen foe while lying on the ground in his death struggles. The body was brought to town and buried in a corner (an unconsecrated corner of course) of the public cemetery, within hearing of which spot I have often officiated at the graves of those who were buried within the proper precincts of "God's acre," but who perhaps may not have fared so well in the spirit world as Ben Hall, the great bush-ranger of the West. Other incidents and developments of modern Australian bush-ranging, from personal recollections, will be given in another paper.





MORE ABOUT THE BUSH-RANGERS.

CHAPTER IX.

The "sticking up" of a station by bush-rangers.—A desperate fight.—Mail coaches stuck up and passengers robbed.—Single file bush-rangers.—Thunderbolt.—Morgan.—Captain Moonlight and his gang.—The Kellys of Victoria.—Policemen shot.—Bank robbery and other outrages.—Attempt to wreck a railway train.

NEAR the scene of the Eugowra escort robbery is a cattle station called by the old aboriginal name, "Goimbla," which years ago I, in the course of my professional duties, visited occasionally, and where I have seen some evidences of a desperate attack upon the place by members of the same bush-ranging gang which had robbed the escort. The station in the meanwhile had changed owners, but the circumstances were pretty well known in the Colony, for here was the scene of one of the most daring cases of "sticking up" by bush-rangers that is recorded in our colonial history. In the large room of the station house there was at the time of my visit a picture hanging on the wall opposite the front door, the

frame of which had been perforated by rifle bullets, and all about the wall were similar marks of where bullets had entered. These may perhaps be still seen, for it is not so many years ago since they appeared fresh as if they had only been done the day before. The story is told of how the former owner of the place and his brave little wife defended themselves while they were being fired at through the wooden panels of the door and through the windows, and how each successive attempt of the bush-rangers to capture the place was resisted until one of their number was shot dead, and the rest were compelled to retreat.

The object of the bush-rangers had been to revenge themselves on the owner of the station for assisting the police at the time of the escort robbery, and their plan was to shoot him and burn the establishment down. Fortunately some notice of this had reached the station, and being forewarned in this case meant being forearmed. The demand to surrender was met by a refusal. The attempt was then made to set the whole place on fire. The stables and out-houses being built of wood were set on flames, and the horrors of the scene were aggravated by the unearthly noises of horses in their death agonies. The poor brutes were deliberately destroyed by being roasted to death in the mangers where they had been tied. The house being of masonry, could not so easily be set on fire, but it was surrounded and fired into by bullets through every door and window. While the owner defended the place, his wife kept loading the fire-arms

and carried them to him at the different points of defence which he repeatedly took up, and though the bullets were whizzing by her head as she had from time to time to cross the room, she never once faltered or lost presence of mind until the station was free from further assaults.

It did not often happen that stations were "stuck up" by bush-rangers, as a rule they confined their depredations to the "sticking up" of Her Majesty's mail coach, or travellers who were suspected of carrying money and other valuables. Some amusing stories have been told of the devices adopted by travellers for secreting their possessions while travelling. Often before starting on a journey, a woman would sew up her money in the lining of her stays, or one pound, five pound, and even ten pound notes would be used in the formation of a *chignon*, or some sort of head-dress, not to mention other methods which feminine ingenuity would easily suggest. Male passengers by coach have afterwards boasted of saving their money by throwing it out into the grass along the side road, and picking it up again immediately after the bush-rangers have departed; or how a roll of notes had been saved by simply dropping it under the seat of the coach, by sticking it into the leg part of a Wellington boot, or up the shirt sleeve. In process of time bush-rangers became aware of these tricks, for they read the newspapers, which told how they had been outwitted, and so it seldom happened later on that passengers who carried money avoided losing it when "stuck up" by bush-rangers.

Some of the most notorious of our Australian bush-

rangers were men who never joined a gang, but roamed about in the solitudes of the wildest and most unsettled parts of the country, often striking terror into a defenceless community or unarmed travellers, who they placed completely at their mercy. In the northern part of the colony of New South Wales, a bush-ranger who gloried in the *sobriquet* of "Captain" Thunderbolt, had (to use a cricketing phrase) "a long innings." No one ever knew where Thunderbolt might turn up. One day here, and next day at a place where it would have been the least supposed he might have gone, and to which an ordinary rider would have taken twice or thrice the time to travel. This individual seemed to have taken to bush-ranging from mere "devilment," or a love of sport. It looked like one long game of "hide-and-go-seek" between him and the police. He always had them on some wrong scent, and the way in which he dodged about and deceived them must have been most exasperating. Quite a young policeman shot Thunderbolt at length in a hand to hand struggle, when crossing a stream. It seemed a point of honour to this bush-ranger that he should never be taken alive, and the dashing and daring, though jocose and humorous career of a highwayman, whose escapades after all produced more fear than harm, was brought to a termination by a pistol bullet.

Not all of the "single-file" bush-rangers were of the good-natured and comparative harmless description of Thunderbolt. One Morgan took to the life from pure blood thirsty and murderous dispositions. This scoundrel was not content with taking the money

from travellers or others whom he "stuck up" on stations, he would, out of mere wanton cruelty, shoot down his captives without any provocation, or from some imaginary cause. On one occasion he had "stuck up" a Station, and had shot at several in his reckless fiend-like manner, but at last one of the men was shot, and it was feared mortally wounded. Upon this another man asked for permission to go for a doctor to a town a few miles away, promising if permission were granted to give no warning to the police. Permission having been granted, the man had hardly mounted his horse when he was followed up by the bush-ranger and shot dead, and this as he was starting on a mission of mercy for a suffering fellow-man. This wretch was afterwards shot down in the midst of depredations like these. A station with all hands had been "stuck up" by him, and for two or three days he kept up a reign of terror. Unknown to him intelligence had been conveyed to the police, and they had been able to approach sufficiently near the station to place themselves in ambush. One of them from behind a tree shot the villain as he was passing, and he fell from his horse lifeless to the ground. I am now drawing on my memory from a period of over 20 years ago, and have no records at hand to compare with my recollection of the sequence of events, but the circumstances are substantially what I have narrated, and I think there is quite sufficient to illustrate correctly for readers in England some of the conditions of one of the phases of the rough bush life of Australia.

I have recently been living in a district where

characters very similar to that of Morgan, only perhaps not quite so reckless, were the scourge of the country all round for something like two years. Though it is over 16 years since "the Clarke's" were shot or hanged, many of the residents seem not yet to have overcome the terror which their name inspired. These young fellows began their career as bush-rangers by "horse-sweating" and "horse-planting," then avoiding capture, and afterwards resisting and shooting the police. Since "the Clarke's" there have been no serious outbreaks of bush-ranging in the colony of New South Wales, if "Captain" Moonlight and his gang are excepted, and these were for the most part a band of "larrikins" that immigrated from the Melbourne side and started as bush-rangers in the neighbouring colony of New South Wales. They were speedily suppressed, but in the process, more by accident than by design (it is thought), they shot a policeman, and some of the foolish young fellows had to pay the penalty with their lives. One of them had his sentence commuted to imprisonment for life, and a few months ago in a scrimmage with one of the gaol warders he inflicted a slight wound (a scratch it might be called), for which he was tried and sentenced to death; and though his poor mother and sisters with 20,000 petitioners appealed for mercy to the Governor and Executive, the unfortunate young fellow was hanged, and his death was the last chapter in the bush-ranging history of New South Wales.

The "Moonlight" gang may be said to have had its origin in the desire of a few young fellows to imitate the career of a desperate set of men known on the

Victorian side as "the Kelly gang;" something will be said immediately about them, but here it may be stated that a large class of badly-brought-up young fellows were very susceptible to the fascinations of a bush-ranging life, so that it only required an opportunity or some one more daring to assume the character of leader (who would be styled "Captain"), and they were ready to start off as a gang of bush-rangers. It is only within the last five or six years that "the Kelly gang" flourished in the colony of Victoria. Ned Kelly, their "Captain," with some of his brothers and other young bush-men, had been addicted to the practise of horse stealing, and in crimes such as have already been described, and when "wanted" by the police they took to the bush. Very little notice was taken of them until they startled the whole colony by murdering two policemen, who were out in pursuit of them, and who had been led into a trap by them, in a most cold-blooded fashion. Afterwards a settler who had been suspected of complicity with them, but who for the sake of a reward had given information to the police, was shot at the entrance of his own doorway one night, and that, too, when the police were in the house. Their hiding places were in one of the most mountainous and thickly wooded parts of the colony, and for nearly two years they defied all attempts of the police to capture them. No Australian bush-rangers have ever been guilty of more audacious crimes than these men. Not simply stations, but on one occasion a small town was "stuck up" and held by them for two or three days. They took charge of the police station, made prisoners of policemen, and

then robbed a bank, and helped themselves to the contents of the different stores in the town. And as if that was not enough, they captured a railway station, took charge of the railway, and had made arrangements to run the train off the line, and would have accomplished their design had not a brave young fellow risked his life by escaping from their custody and giving the signal to the train as it was approaching. The train was bringing the police from Melbourne to capture them, of which they were quite aware, but by the merest accident it was saved from being wrecked. This led to their capture. Some policemen and the residents of the place had all been made prisoners, and were taken to one of the hotels. The iron plating of the railway line had been displaced, and it was expected that the train from Melbourne with the police would be up in an hour's time. Just at that time the young man saw his opportunity to get away unobserved, of which he availed himself, but it was at the risk of his own life, for undoubtedly he would have been shot had they seen him, and by giving the signal not only did he save the train and the lives of all on board, but the police who came by the train were able to surround the bush-rangers and shoot or capture them all.

Since this outbreak, there has been no serious attempt at bush-ranging in any of the Australian colonies, nor is it likely that the future history of Australia will have any more such records of crime. With the extension of settlement and the rapid progress of civilization, it would hardly be possible for men taking to such a life to carry on for any length of time. A recent record of colonial police court news

tells of a low looking fellow wearing a brigandish hat, from beneath which he looked fiercely, stood before the police magistrate on a charge of vagrancy, and when asked what was his profession, replied "I am a bush-ranger." Upon being further queried, he said, "*They* (referring to the police) will not give a fellow a chance to get a living *in his profession.*" Many a vagrant about town, if the opportunity were favourable, would take to a bush-ranging life, but with a well organized system of police, and the improved state of things generally throughout the colonies, it would not be possible for such characters to flourish long. The young country of Australia we may safely say has now done with the sowing of her wild oats, and in the future the historian will have nothing to say about convictism or bush-ranging, and his work will not be to describe the rough and barbarous phases through which the young nation, like the young individual, has had to move upwards, "working out the brute," but his will be the more pleasing task of describing the peaceful progress of civilized society, in which problems have been solved, theories demonstrated, and illustrations and examples furnished for the guidance of older countries, which, with their long established order of things, cannot afford to be making frequent experiments upon the science of social life. Of one thing we may be sure, that we shall always be true to our national motto, "*Advance Australia!*"



THE NATIVE BLACKS OF AUSTRALIA, AND ATTEMPTS TO CHRISTIANIZE THEM.

CHAPTER X.

Missionaries to the blacks. — Their settlement at Moreton Bay. — Non-success of Missions. — The blacks and their unlovely traits. — Their curiosity upon first seeing whites. — Their former wild condition. — Their degeneracy since the advent of whites. — Women more degenerated than men. — Unweaned children smokers. — Black-fellows' grog. — No wonder the blacks are dying off. — The last native black of Tasmania. — The Maori and the broken arch of London Bridge. — Comparative statistics and rate of decrease amongst blacks. — Fifty years hence an extinct race. — A Latin speaking black. — Such very rare. — Missions in Victoria, and their extent of success.

MY father, as I have previously stated, was one of a company of ten missionaries who went out to Australia under the auspices of the late Dr. Lang (a name more closely identified with early Australian history than any other name on record), who had been equally celebrated as a Doctor of Divinity, a Member of the Colonial Parliament, a great leader in the move-

ments which brought about, first, the separation of Victoria from New South Wales, and afterwards the separation of Queensland from New South Wales. Dr. Lang took a deep interest in the native blacks of Australia; and through his representations and influence Dr. Gössner, of Berlin, a name renowned in connection with missionary enterprise at the commencement of this century, arranged for the deportation of ten young men, with their wives, from Germany, for mission work in the then wild part of Australia, where Brisbane and its environs are now situated. These missionaries, animated with apostolic zeal, and imagining they were to be the Apostles of Christianity to these savage races, came out in due time and settled down within a few miles of the convict settlement at Brisbane, on the summit of a small hill which they named Zion's Hill, and round the base of which on one side there flowed a clear stream of fresh water which they named Kedron Brook. The old hill has become almost a suburb of the fast-growing and rapidly-extending city of Brisbane, and is simply known as the German Station, while Kedron Brook still retains the name originally given to it by the first German settlers; and here the traveller by train to Sandgate, the pretty watering village on the western shore of Moreton Bay, may now hear as the train pulls up at one of the stations the sonorous cry of the guard, "Anyone for Kedron Park."

It cannot be said that missions to the blacks have at any time proved what one might term a success. The colony of Victoria, which has already been described as the leading colony in all important movements, has

been always the most thorough in whatever she has undertaken. Missions to the blacks in Victoria have succeeded there at least on a small scale. There are, at the present time, several mission establishments where "the last of the Mohicans" are being educated and brought under civilizing and Christianizing influences, while the other colonies have done nothing—or next to nothing—for the original inhabitants of this continent. The opinion generally entertained of the Australian aboriginal is that he is the lowest in the scale of humanity. A recent writer, who has had better opportunities for judging than most who have written on the subject, describes them as entirely destitute of any such sentiments as honour or gratitude, and that even loyalty to each other or fidelity to the obligations of kindred are virtues quite unknown. Many illustrations of these unlovely traits of character are given concerning the natives of Moreton Bay, as for example how a small black boy who guided the troopers to the fastness where his own tribe was found, and how after the work of first surrounding and then slaughtering the savages had been completed, strutted before the commanding officer brandishing a bloody sword, playfully remarking "my word! this is a very good long knife; I have killed my old mother! I took off the old woman's head."* It must be acknowledged that the term "noble savage" is a misnomer as applied to the blacks of Australia, but the extent to which they have degenerated since the advent of the whites is something

* One swallow does not make a summer, and I must confess this would be quite an exceptional circumstance even amongst the blacks. The records of criminal courts in England show that even English sons have murdered their own parents.

terrible. Physically, they are hardly the same race as when the whites first settled in the country. What has been called "the white conquest," has told more upon them than upon the aboriginal inhabitants of any part of the globe who have been subjected by Europeans.

I can remember the blacks of Moreton Bay (now Queensland) when they had had very little contact with white men or their vices. Frequently have I seen those who for the first time came to the mission settlement, and their wonder at the white skins was amusing to behold. Hardly believing that it was all white, they have displayed curiosity for a closer investigation, and if that were gratified by the arm or other part of the body being made bare, the outburst of wonder was such as to make the bush ring again with their exclamations of surprise. There were the same manifestations of wonder in first seeing many of the belongings of white men. The horse, the cow, the pig, the goat, or sheep, each in its turn when seen for the first time excited the astonishment of the black natives, and this was shown by strange contortions of facial expression, and by wild gesticulations of the body with an uproarious jabbering as though not simply Bedlam but Pandemonium itself had been let loose. The disposition of wonder or curiosity however soon passed into a desire to appropriate or utilize what belonged to the white man, and these savages soon realized that what was curious to the eye—particularly among sheep and cattle—was also good for food, and with this commenced the long series of aggressions by the blacks, and retaliations by the whites, of which colonial history furnishes us with such a dire record.

The black-fellow in his wild primitive state, before the white man had interfered with him, was not by any means an unrepresentable object. He stood before you sometimes full 6 feet 7 inches, with an immense chignon of crisp curly hair, tied up and adorned with the feathers of birds of various plumage, particularly the bright feathers of the parrot, and armed with spear and shield, and waddy, and boomerang—painted in the most grotesque manner,—but altogether presenting an appearance at once ferocious and formidable. There was a weird dignity and a wild freedom about his air, his step, and his whole demeanour, which told of the scrub, the forest, the gully, the creek, and the mountain, and which was not altogether without its romantic features before he had become deteriorated by the white man, artificial modes of diet, his highly spiced ingredients of food, his narcotics, and his alcoholic stimulants.

The black specimens of humanity representing the softer sex were once very different to the poor “black gin” as she has been described by an Australian poet, and the very thought of whom to kiss or embrace would be “a strong emetic.” The wretched objects in their dirt, disease, and rags hanging about the neighbourhood of roadside public-houses begging a sixpence of every traveller that they might spend it in gratifying their rum craving propensities, are in striking contrast to the lithesome, agile, beautifully developed “Venuses carved in ebony,” who, once the sable daughters of Australia, roved the forest, or danced in the light of the camp fires on the very spots where their fair sisters of more modern days are tripping along in gay attire “doing the block,” and displaying a symmetry

of form which may be more perfect, but may also be more artificial than the dark-skinned damsels whom they have supplanted. Rum and tobacco, of which the black women are now as fond of as the men, were once as unknown to the aborigines as the white man himself; and the vices of sensual indulgence which appear as a rule to take a stronger hold upon the weaker sex, and to produce more pernicious results have, in the case of the aboriginal women of Australia, done a far more hideous and deadly work as compared with the men. Infants of both sexes are taught to smoke almost as soon as they are taught the process by which they obtain the regular supplies of natural nourishment. It is not unusual to see a child—particularly if, as is generally the case, it should be unweaned at two and three years old—dropping the mother's teat and snatching at the pipe which it has been taught to smoke, and for which even so early it has formed a craving. Almost as early in life they are taught to drink the liquid fire of the white man, more generally abominably adulterated by the unscrupulous publican; a vile concoction that was originally "rum," but to which are added heel-taps of every description, with all kinds of flat and decomposed beer which from time to time are poured into the rum-cask, and into which, in like manner, is thrust stale tobacco or any other stupefying and thirst-producing ingredients.

No wonder that the Australian blacks are dying off so rapidly, and far less wonder that they should have degenerated so dreadfully as hardly to be recognizable as human beings. Amongst the "wild blacks" as they are called, who keep away very much from the settle-

ments of the whites, are yet to be found tribes of blacks who have suffered no deterioration, but ultimately, with the spread of settlement, contact with the whites will be inevitable; and then will begin the spread of tobacco and rum, and other unmentionable sources of disease which will do for the blacks of Northern and Western Australia what has been done for the blacks of Tasmania (a race exactly similar to the Australian blacks), and for the greater part the blacks of New South Wales and Victoria. The last native black of Tasmania died a few years ago, and the time will come when the last Australian black will be like "the last rose of summer." Even the Maori, so superior to the Australian aboriginal, who inhabited New Zealand before the foot of the Pakeha (or white man) touched that country, so far from ever realizing Macaulay's description, in ages to come, of "The Maori sitting on a broken arch of London Bridge sketching the ruins of St. Paul," will, if the late process of decrease amongst them continues, not require many years later on in history to become as extinct as the wonderful *Moa*, that bird of magnitude and mystery whose bones are occasionally found in the fossil beds of New Zealand. A few figures will show how "unco near the tail" (tale) we have got in the process of extermination which has been going on amongst the blacks of this country. The aboriginal population of the colony of Victoria is at the present time about 780; that was according to the census of 1881, and it is not likely there has been a substantial increase since, rather it has been stationary, if not decreasing. The number in the other colonies stand

considerably higher, but then Victoria is not only the most thickly populated with whites, but has the smallest area of any of the Australian colonies. Other parts of Australia may not be capable of holding so large a white population, but the aborigines have been pretty equally distributed throughout the whole of the Australian continent; and in those regions inhabited by white settlers at the present time there has been no special locality in which the blacks have congregated, so that it may be safely predicted that by the time other parts of Australia have increased in a corresponding ratio to that of Victoria, the decrease in the aboriginal population will be quite in keeping with what has taken place in that colony. Queensland, which is the youngest of the Australian colonies, and which contains almost the largest area of unsettled country upon which the blacks are found, and where, consequently, they have been the least disturbed by the whites, may be said to have an aboriginal population of something like four or five to one against the other colonies all put together. Victoria, New South Wales, South Australia, and Western Australia, only number from 11,000 to 12,000, while the aboriginal population of Australia is now supposed to be from 70,000 to 80,000. Considering that about 50 years ago it must at least have been double that number, we might pretty well fix the date of its probable extermination as about 50 years hence, should the ratio of decrease be maintained. Even in Victoria, the few blacks that are left are kept in existence by the mission stations, and though as a rule they are kept away from contact with the white popula-

tion around them, they seldom live to a great age, and are incapable of resisting any serious attack of illness. Measles and whooping cough play great havoc amongst the children, and the older ones are continually succumbing to such disorders as bronchitis, and other affections of the lungs. They appear to fade away in the very presence of the superior race, so that without the agencies of rum and tobacco they are doomed to disappear from off the face of the earth.

Some writers have argued that the blacks of Australia are not only capable of a high degree of civilization, but that in spite of all that has been said about them, as incapable of sentiments of honour and gratitude, they have displayed some excellent Christian virtues. I have certainly heard of Australian blacks who have been brought up and educated amongst white people who have been taught the ordinary elements of an English education, and have actually attained to something of a smattering of classical knowledge. The story which tells of how, once upon a time, an educated English gentleman when travelling through the bush came across a nude black fellow, apparently one of a wild tribe, and how upon accosting him in the ordinary bush "lingo," adopted generally in addressing blacks, received an immediate reply in well spoken Latin. This was said to have been a black-fellow who had been adopted into a white family, who had received an education above the ordinary, who had actually been taken to England, where he had been placed under very superior tuition. No sooner, however, did he return to his native country, than he threw away not only the garments, but all the habits of civilized life, and found

his way back to his own tribe in the bush, from where he had been taken. In the next chapter I may be able to adduce some instances of cunning and smartness, even to the extent of outwitting clever white men on the part of the black-fellow, but for the present it is enough to say that the story of an aboriginal quoting Latin has always been considered rather mythical, though the other part of the story is quite probable, and as for the excellent Christian virtues of a pure Australian black, while I would not hesitate to speak of their capacity for developing some of the virtues of a Christian life, I should be disposed to eliminate the quality of excellent, or anything bordering on the superlative. After all is said, the instances are very rare of blacks displaying even the most ordinary attainments of an educated mind or very common-place qualities of a Christian life.

On the mission stations in Victoria they have been taught to sing with great sweetness some of the popular melodies of our Christian churches, and to engage with great heartiness apparently in the beautiful liturgy of the English church, but the missionaries placed over them have often had reason to complain of the existence of certain weaknesses of character and vicious habits of life into which they easily fall, and which are most difficult to overcome by any appeal to religious motives. The mission with which my father was connected proved a complete failure, not from any want of zeal and self-sacrificing labour on the part of the missionaries themselves, but from causes which will now suggest themselves to the reader's mind. Even had there been a possibility of success, the

attempt (perhaps the very first in Australian history) would have been defeated by what must be described as the cruel conduct of the New South Wales Government. The missionaries, it has been stated, came out under the auspices of the late Rev. Dr. Lang, whose representations had led them to expect support from the New South Wales Government ; but Dr. Lang, as a politician, had often come into collision with the ruling powers of the time, and promises made to him by a previous Government were likely to be broken or not fulfilled by their successors. It was commonly believed, however, by the missionaries that they had been deserted by the Government owing to some party political strife with Dr. Lang. If so, it was a most discreditable proceeding on the part of the Government. To the missionaries themselves who were foreigners, and only able with difficulty to speak the English language—who were not simply strangers in a strange land, but strangers in a wild unsettled country—it was a positive cruelty to leave them without any resources worth speaking of, and to sink or swim as best they could in the struggle for existence which followed. And then, again, when one reflects how the same Government were taking away the magnificent country which the blacks, the original owners, were inhabiting, and dooming them to a speedy extinction thereby, it would at least have been a sort of poetic justice to expend some treasure in an attempt—say it was a useless one—to improve their condition.

The mission stations in Victoria carried on by different Christian denominations are largely subsidized by Government grants in recognition of the claim

which the blacks have upon the Government, which has deprived them of their old modes of obtaining a livelihood ; and now apart from any view of the provision which has been made for their spiritual condition, all the requirements for their bodily comfort are provided, and this while industry in some useful occupation is made a sort of condition of residence at the mission station. Had the missionaries at Moreton Bay been thus supported in their attempt, they might have been successful at least to the degree in which success followed similar efforts in the colony of Victoria. It may be stated here that upon their desertion by the Government they began at once to make provision for their families—they nearly all became farmers and graziers, and though this is about 50 years ago, yet with two or three exceptions these sturdy old Teutons are all alive and well at the present time. Most of them are approaching to fourscore years, and have thus well-nigh attained to the utmost limit of mortal existence. The writer will proceed to give some particulars of their early career in Australia which are worthy of being recorded, and which are an unwritten page in Australian history. These may furnish matter for another chapter, especially as such particulars will give the opportunity of referring to the habits, customs, and other peculiarities of the Australian aborigines.



MISSION WORK & INCIDENTS OF LIFE AMONG THE BLACKS.

CHAPTER XI.

How two missionaries nearly lost their lives.—Toadies and Tyrants.—Motives which have induced the blacks to murder and commit outrages upon whites.—Tribal revenge.—The writer's own experience.—Completely surrounded with blacks in the wild bush.—Never give the blacks a chance.—Attempt to murder a missionary.—The "Dead Man's Pocket."—Story of the murder of a timber-getter.—Discovery of the Pocket.—The writer one of the first to enter it.—Dangers to which the first settlers were exposed.—Blacks encouraged by the protection of the New South Wales Government.—Bows and arrows, though used by the natives of New Guinea, unknown to the blacks of Australia.—Blacks great cowards.—Dispersed by the crack of a whip.—A ludicrous incident in the writer's experience.

THE missionaries who settled at Moreton Bay, in their attempts to Christianize the savage blacks of Australia, displayed all the zeal of martyrs and apostles. Two and two, according to the scriptural plan, they left their own homes to travel about the bush with the blacks, and did their best to adapt themselves to the rough fare and nomadic life of the savages, with the view of acquiring their language and gaining their confidence. I have heard the story of how two of the missionaries belonging

to the mission with which my father was identified had been wandering about for some time in this manner with the blacks without anything particular occurring to excite suspicion. One evening, however, they were greatly alarmed, and it seemed as though their end had come. The blacks had that day been unsuccessful in their fishing and hunting expeditions. The tide or the time of the season, or some other cause had prevented them from securing an expected supply of food; and as the Australian blacks live in the most hand-to-mouth fashion, never taking thought for the morrow in laying by a store of food, and depending day by day upon their success in hunting or fishing for supplying the immediate necessities of their bodily life, they sometimes appear at their camp fires at evening time as they did on the occasion referred to, and then there is much that is wolfish and dangerous about them. They are not to be trusted, especially should they be some distance from the haunts of civilization. It appeared now as if they were about to make a display, not only of their characteristic treachery and cruelty, but of their cannibal propensities, of which the Australian black, in his savage stage, is undoubtedly possessed; there being many instances on record of both Europeans and Chinamen furnishing an evening meal for the hungry blacks, though the epicures of the tribe have pronounced opinions not altogether in favour of the roast flesh of the wearers of the pig-tail, preferring the European, whose more generous diet and healthier life make his flesh more juicy, and consequently more agreeable to the palate of the discriminating savage. The two missionaries above referred to were in what

might be called "splendid condition;" their well-developed physical constitutions had been the great consideration with old "Father Gössner" (as they familiarly called him) in selecting them for their special mission, he thinking that they would thereby be better fitted to endure the hardships and fatigues through which they would have to pass in their rough missionary life, but in this very fact, as the sequel will show, consisted their great danger. The savages began to stroke the fleshy parts of the bodies of their intended victims, with sundry mutterings of such significance as the "n-yam, n-yam" of school-boy feasts, and altogether the situation was as awkward as it could be for the poor missionaries. A happy thought just then struck one of them—always "grace before meals."—"Will you not allow us to pray before you kill and eat us?" Even a savage could not resist such an appeal, and whatever may have been the efficacy of that prayer the issue was a loud yell of laughter with, "All gammon! all gammon!"—as much as to say, "It is all a joke; don't be afraid." After the mob had fallen away, an old friendly black came to them and advised them to make homewards, and having himself helped them to ford a stream and given them directions of the course they were to take, he returned to the others. Perhaps after all it was not "all gammon," and there was some real danger. Whether or not, the alarm was just as great as though it had been real.

"There is a great deal of human nature in man," so said one of America's great humorists, and the essentially human side of the black-fellow often showed

itself in the manner indicated by the old saying, "The toady will always be the tyrant." The blacks treated the missionaries—and indeed all white people—with the greatest deference when at the mission settlement, and almost within sight of the red-coats who guarded the convicts; but when far away in the bush where they were masters of the situation, they lorded it over the whites who might be with them, and exercised a most contemptible sort of tyranny. They would compel them to carry their burdens while traveling, or build their mia-mias* when halting to camp for the night; in fact, all sorts of menial offices had to be discharged by the missionaries for these noble black men while away in the wilds!

I do not consider that the blacks of Australia are naturally cruel, that they would torture or murder those within their power for the mere love of inflicting pain or taking away life. That the history of colonial life records some frightful atrocities committed by the blacks upon the whites is true, but the necessities of hunger, motives of fear, or a spirit of revenge will account for a good deal. To kill a white man in order that they might obtain his supplies of food; or to kill him upon first sight of him for fear he might bring harm to them; or to kill him because of some injury fancied or real which he had done to them, are causes which were often at work, and will explain most of the depredations the blacks committed as colonization progressed. Illustrations in point will presently be given, but in the meanwhile I would remark that I do not

* Small huts made of bark and leafy boughs, built so as to protect them against the side from which the wind blew.

think the principle of tribal revenge—a law of life amongst most savage nations—has ever had an existence amongst the Australian aborigines. They will revenge an injury done immediately to themselves, but should one of their tribe have been killed by white men, it is questionable whether after a few days—or at most a few weeks—they would trouble themselves much about it.

My own experience fully bears out this supposition. Many years ago when the blacks were very numerous and troublesome in the neighbourhood of Brisbane, I resided for a short time on a cattle station in that district. The blacks had got amongst the stock, slaughtered some of the most valuable, and injured many others. The hands on the station were all mustered, armed with muskets and revolvers, and commissioned to go out and disperse the blacks. Two of the savages at least were made to bite the dust. Some months after, while riding after wild horses in a very unfrequented part amongst the mountains, I was jogging along in a kind of bush-man's reverie, and suddenly found myself completely surrounded with a large mob of blacks, the very tribe which had lost two of their number as a punishment for killing cattle not so many miles away from that same spot. These blacks had been travelling in two lines along the slopes of the mountain ridge, along the summit of which I was riding in the manner just described, and I had ridden fully midway down between both lines of blacks before they noticed me or I them. No sooner did this take place than mutual recognitions

followed, the blacks clambered up the side of the ridge from every direction, made a great display of friendship, and then, when told they were wanted for stripping bark on the station, they gave vent to unbounded expressions of delight. Had a spirit of tribal revenge influenced them for the killing of two of their number a few months back here was a good opportunity of carrying it out. So far from any indication of anger or revenge they seemed ever after to look upon what happened as a grim joke, and would mimic the whole thing much to each other's amusement, showing the white man how their companions were shot, and how they toppled and rolled down the creek's bank and into the scrub, whither the rest of the tribe had fled.

A great authority has affirmed that "the means to do ill, makes ill deeds done." Those who have had much to do with the blacks of Australia know well that their safety consists in never giving them an opportunity, for if once their greed is excited it matters not how trifling the object, they would not hesitate for a moment to take away life to obtain what they might covet or desire. I will draw here again upon my personal recollections, which may serve the double purpose of illustrating the character of the Aborigines, and the hardships and dangers connected with the first attempt to Christianize them, in which my father took a share. I can remember well—though it must be quite 38 years ago or more—how one morning a little after dawn, one of the missionaries who had been absent for a time, arrived at the old settlement, the blood streaming down his face and from his ears, and altogether presenting a deplorable spectacle. He had

been left in charge of an outpost, where it was intended some of the missionaries should take their families and form another settlement. He was quite alone, unarmed, in possession of the small hut where provisions had been stored for future use, while hundreds of untamed savages were camped close by. It was a principle with these missionaries not to carry any fire-arms, but to trust entirely to Providence, and it is a wonder how, considering everything, their lives were preserved. Night came and the missionary retired to rest on the "bunk" which he had fitted up in the corner of his bush hut. During the night he first heard an excited jabbering at the camping ground; by-and-bye all silence—followed by the suspicious yelping of a dog, then the low suppressed noises of the savages were heard close to the hut in the darkness outside. When questioned as to who was there and what they wanted, the blacks called upon the missionary to come out which he refused to do, and endeavoured to calm them by offering them some of the food in store. He then crept under his bunk to which, the savages having broken into the hut, soon found their way, and they began to batter him about the head with waddy and tomahawk. He would have been murdered outright but the sight of a bag of flour in the middle of the hut diverted attention, and they resolved to drag it out towards the camp before proceeding further with their work of murder, and while clamouring among themselves for the possession of the flour, the missionary slipt out of the hut and plunged at once into the thick darkness of the bush in the direction of the old settlement, from which he was distant 35 miles. He had got, perhaps,

half-a-mile away when he could hear their yell of disappointed rage, and then began their cries in pursuit. But on he sped over hill and gully, through creek and swamp, and scrub, and went with the directness of instinct to the old settlement, which he reached just as the morning was dawning. The writer has heard this missionary in relating the circumstances, say how it seemed as if supernatural aid were given him to find his way so quickly and so directly through the bush, along a way which was even difficult to pass over in broad daylight. No wonder that one in listening once to the story should have exclaimed, quoting from a Psalm of David, "by the help of my God, I have leaped over a wall." To show how hotly the blacks pursued the missionary, it should be added they were seen on the hill near the old mission settlement half-an-hour after their intended victim had arrived there. It was supposed that they were there to intercept and kill him before he could arrive and tell any tales. All this danger and risk might have been easily prevented, for the sight of an old musket, and even the stock of a worn out gun, so far back, would have been quite sufficient to intimidate those blacks, and to have guarded any quantity of stores. Later on, perhaps, when they became more familiar with fire-arms and their use, nothing but a loaded piece and capable of doing effectual execution, would have held them in check, but at the time referred to above they were more unsophisticated, and would scatter in mortal fear even at the sight of a walking stick held up in the imitation of the manner in which they had seen soldiers fire at and kill some of their countrymen.

An adventure with the blacks which took place a few years later on, and within a few miles of the scene where the circumstances just narrated occurred, will help to illustrate the Shakesperian maxim already quoted, as well as to throw some light upon the treachery of the Australian blacks, and the manner in which they were often led into crime. There is a place (about 36 miles from where the city of Brisbane now is, and perhaps six miles away from the spot where the missionary nearly met his fate) called "the dead man's * pocket." The origin of the name has to do with circumstances associated with my own history, and about which I can speak from the clearest recollection. Some timber-getters from Brisbane had navigated the Deception River until they came to a large pocket, the river making a complete bend (on each side the thickest of scrubs), forming the pocket. Having moored their small craft, they cut their way through the scrub and came out into the open, where they met with some blacks, with whom they bargained to act as guides in a search for cedar, but before proceeding, they returned to the boat or punt where the eatables and other good things, at least esteemed so by the blacks, such as tobacco and rum, were espied by these savages and their cupidity was at once excited. The party of six timber-getters then separated into couples, and

* A pocket in Australian bush phraseology is a sort of a peninsula, only instead of being surrounded by the waters of the sea is surrounded by the waters of a creek or river; the said creek or river making a complete bend round, with an entrance of sometimes of only a few yards, while frequently hundreds and thousands of acres of land are enclosed by running "a cockatoo fence" (as a fence formed of logs and saplings is called) across the entrance. At this time "the dead man's pocket" was a large horse paddock formed in that way.

went away in different directions, one of each couple carrying a gun on his shoulder, and the blacks of whom there were perhaps a dozen, were distributed equally amongst them. No true bush-man ever allows a black to follow him, for they are naturally so prone to kill even if there were only half-a-fig of tobacco to be gained by it, that quick as thought they would give the blow from the heavy end of the waddy, before a man had time to turn round and face them. It is remarkable that an Australian black-fellow has never been known to kill a white man when facing him. They are utter cowards, and the very fact of facing them and staring at them paralyses them with fear. These timber-getters, however, inexperienced in the ways of the bush, allowed the blacks to follow them, and one of the parties, when least suspecting any mischief, was assailed by the savages. The two white men received, almost at the same time, a blow each on the back of the head—one was killed on the spot, the other felled to the ground, but, retaining hold of his gun, he managed to raise himself sufficiently and to turn round and fire at his assailants. This disconcerted the whole plan. The report of the gun terrified the blacks of the other parties, they disappeared in the scrub; and the other whites, in a panic made for the nearest habitation, which was a cattle station a few miles away where I was then staying. I shall never forget how one evening the quiet of the place was disturbed by the arrival of four timber-getters, trembling with fear, telling of their missing companions, the report of the gun, the sudden disappearance of the blacks, and their suspicions of what must have

happened. It was next morning, when all hands were preparing to go in search of the two missing men, that I was the first to see a figure moving slowly along in the shadow of the scrub, and this was quickly distinguished as one of the men for whom search was about to be made. He presented a pitiable spectacle—bruised and bleeding almost from head to foot, most of his clothes torn from him, his hands and fingers beaten into something like pulp; the poor creature, hardly conscious of his surroundings, or able to account intelligibly of what had happened, so that all wondered how he could have found his way up to the station. The search-party soon found the body of the murdered man; they were assisted in their search by a black boy who followed the tracks from where the two men had left their companions, and when within a few yards of where the tragedy had taken place, the black boy refused to go further, saying, “me mell him white man bong” (I smell dead white man). There he was, sure enough, lying dead on the spot where he had fallen. I was present when the body, without “sheet or shroud,” without “useless coffin,” after a formal inquest, but without even a few short prayers, was interred exactly where it was discovered; and to this day the place is known as “the dead man’s pocket.”

At the time of which I am writing the place had, up to a year or two previously, never been trodden by the foot of civilized man. With another boyish companion, about a year before, I had been the first to penetrate the wild solitudes of “the dead man’s pocket.” A few days previous to that my boyish

companion, an adventurous lad, who was engaged in stock-keeping, had returned with the intelligence that he believed he had found the entrance to a large pocket, but the thick scrubs rising high on either side of the narrow entrance, made his heart faint, and he preferred to wait for a companion before attempting to ascertain the exact nature of his discovery. It was an interesting sight to see two small boys, anxious to cover themselves with the glory of what to them seemed an important discovery, and yet timid to the degree which made their hair pretty nearly stand on end, passing through the mouth of the pocket into which, certainly, a white man had never entered before—expecting to see a full armed savage springing out of every bush—and then returning with the delight of a Columbus who had discovered a new world. The changes that have taken place since can hardly be realized by any mere description: the long, tangled grass, the deep shadows of the scrubs into which no ray of sunlight had penetrated for ages, in short the wild aspect of everything around, has given place to scenes of industry and prosperity, and has become the abodes of an English-speaking, law-abiding, and rapidly-increasing community. The railway from Brisbane to Gympie (a large gold field) passes right through “the dead man’s pocket;” the river is spanned by good substantial bridges, the cornfields wave in the sunlight where once were the dark shadows of the dismal scrubs;—in fact, the whole *tout-ensemble* is now a complete contrast to what it was in the days of my boyhood. To realize that changes so great have taken place within the space of little more than

a generation, requires almost an effort of the imagination.

From what has been stated it may be seen that the early white settlers, within short distances of the principal settlements (even to within 30 or 40 miles of Brisbane), lived in a state of constant dread as regards the blacks. Very few stations where a plentiful supply of arms and ammunition was not kept. Seldom it was that splitters went out to their work without their guns, or stock-men in search of cattle without their revolvers. It may be truly said that the early settlers of Queensland carried their lives in their hands. No excuse can be made for the way in which white settlers frequently retaliated upon the blacks, of which some account will be given in another paper; but on the other hand, the New South Wales Government in those days made no allowance for the dangers to which the white settlers were exposed. Hanging white men for shooting blacks was somewhat too frequent. On one occasion seven white settlers were brought to Sydney, tried, and hanged for shooting a few blacks.* It would have been just as reasonable to have hanged the backwood settlers of America who

*The old convict ruling spirit seems never to have deserted a New South Wales Government. To this day men are hanged in that colony for crimes short of murder. Wounding with intent, and outrages on females are still treated as capital crimes. About two years ago four youths (only one of them out of his teens,) were hanged for outraging a young woman, and this though the Anglican Primate and the Roman Catholic Cardinal, with other leading citizens, petitioned for a commutation of the sentence. The most distressing part of the story is that since the young men have been hanged, the innocence of one at least has, in the opinion of many, been proved, and other circumstances have arisen to render it very doubtful whether an outrage was committed at all.

defended themselves, against the blood-thirsty red Indians of that country, and who shot a few in doing so. The blacks became emboldened by the protection which they received, and colonization would have been seriously checked had it not been that the Government in Sydney after a time altered its tactics, and adopted a system of native police for the protection of outlying settlers. The manner in which the native police usually dispersed a mob of blacks was simply horrible, yet had it not been for the native police it would have been impossible to carry on the settlement of the country. Open warfare with the whites, such as has often been carried on in America between the settlers there and the red Indians, has never been known in Australia. The sort of thing practised by the Australian savage was to creep into a shepherd's hut at night, batter his head in with the waddy while asleep, and then rob the hut of whatever it contained; or to stick up a station where all the men had left, and where there might happen to be no fire-arms, and then murder, after outraging, helpless women and children. One thing greatly in favour of the whites was that the blacks were too stupid to adopt the use of their weapons. They never learnt the wisdom of the old proverb which tells us to learn from our enemies. Their own weapons were of the crudest character, and though they were very expert in the use of them, they seldom at a distance away could take life. Some curios have lately been brought from New Guinea and exhibited in Sydney, amongst which are some bows and arrows which display a good deal of rude art in their manufacture, and are likely to prove very effective in warfare. It is singular that though New Guinea is

an island so close to the Australian coast, that kind of weapon has never been found amongst the Australian blacks. It is said that this is the only instance on record of the absence of such a weapon amongst savage tribes. Besides being so badly armed, the whites have had a great advantage in the cowardly character of the blacks, which has been adverted to. As a rule, the very sight or sound of fire-arms in the early days was sufficient to keep hundreds of blacks at bay, and in the most abject terror. I have sometimes seen the blacks scattering in every direction at the mere crack of a stock-whip which the skilled stock-man could make to resemble the report of a pistol shot. Their first experience, as has been pointed out, of the dreadful effects of the white man's weapons was from the soldiers at the convict settlement, who often dispersed a mob of blacks and in the process shot a few, just to teach the savages a lesson. Ever after, the sight of a red-jacket was enough to strike terror into them.

I have a vivid recollection of a most ludicrous scene in my own history when only a boy. I was riding through the bush on an occasion wearing a red shirt, such as bush-men and "bush-boys" then affected, when suddenly the bush all round me became vocal with loud laughter. The truth was a mob of blacks were coming along, who in the distance took me for one of these much dreaded soldiers, and unobserved by me they scattered, hid themselves behind trees, tufts of grass, stumps, bushes, and the like, but upon closer observation they discovered their mistake, and amused at their ungrounded fears burst into an uproarious laughter. The situation was certainly most comical, and one never to be forgotten.



ANOTHER CHAPTER ABOUT THE BLACKS.

CHAPTER XII.

Native police.—How a mob of blacks were once dealt with.—Another case of wanton butchery of blacks.—Their keen sight and wonderful tracking powers.—Killing and eating a young kangaroo.—Feasting on snake, caught while coiled up asleep.—The cunning of blacks in outwitting whites.—Tommy's practical joke on the overseer.—Curious customs in connection with courtship and matrimony.—Fights that follow, ending with a great feast.—The "Bora" rite, a kind of Freemasonry.—Few accredited instances of white men having ever witnessed it.—Women not admitted.—Customs at child-birth.—Woman's hard lot.—The blacks disappearing, but their memory can never die.

IT has been pointed out in the previous chapter that but for the native police system established by the New South Wales Government, in that part of its territory now known as Queensland, the extension of settlement would have been impossible; and it must be admitted that as a rule the system worked well, but it was not always possible for the officers in charge to control the troopers, and it is known that they often winked at and encouraged them in their excesses. The manner in which mobs of blacks were sometimes "dispersed" as it was called, was sickening for cruelty

in many of its details. One of the black troopers who had been employed in the native police force, once gave me an account of how a mob of blacks had been dealt with after sticking up a station and murdering all but one of a whole family of whites. It was one of the worst cases of outrage by blacks on record in the colonies. The outlines of the story have been nearly forgotten, but so far as they can be remembered by me they may be here reproduced. The blacks had been treated with the utmost kindness on the station. The law of kindness had been depended upon rather than the use of fire-arms. They were allowed to rove about the place, they were supplied with abundance of food, and had access to the kitchen; and sometimes they would come into the rooms more especially appropriated for the use of the owner's family, so that they became fully aware of the unprotected state of the establishment. But no ground for the slightest suspicion had ever been given by their conduct. They were considered friends, and came and went without molesting or being molested. One night, however, they attacked the station, entered the bedrooms where the different members of the family were asleep, murdered them in cold blood—mother, little ones, and all; but one son of about 17, who had, indeed, been left for dead, but revived, and, unknown to the savage wretches, crept out, fled for his life, and then gave notice to the black troopers not many miles away. Before daylight the troopers had surrounded the station, and the blacks, seeing that they were hemmed in on every side, rushed for a lagoon or large water-hole close by, into which they

plunged pell-mell. Here, by diving for a considerable time, they avoided the shots of the police, but as they became exhausted, they were shot in the water one after the other till the whole lot—it may have been 50 or 100—had been killed. Supposing that they had finished their work of slaughter, the police went to the kitchen for breakfast, which, having finished, and while smoking round the fireside, one who was about to light his pipe noticed that some soot fell on his hand, and upon looking up the chimney he saw a wretched fugitive cowering and trembling with fear, clinging to a beam and half suffocated from the smoke. He was told to come down, was taken outside, the offer to run a certain distance was given to him, and to get away if he could. But upon the first move 10 or 12 shots with loaded rifles made that impossible, and he fell dead, pierced through with bullets. A black trooper who had taken part in the whole affair, was the detailer of these circumstances, but from other accounts of it which I have heard or read, I do not think the story at all overcharged; and knowing the character of the blacks—considering also the fearful outrage which they had committed on a defenceless family by whom they had been so often befriended, and so completely trusted—I cannot think that they got more than they deserved, or that the lesson taught for the benefit of the blacks generally was unnecessary.

The same cannot, however, be said of other occasions upon which the blacks have been punished for depredations in connection with which they *had not shed the white man's blood*. One such occasion occurs to my memory which I cannot

but describe as a wholesale and most unwarranted butchery. My father, who often employed large numbers of blacks in stripping bark or other useful work on the cattle station, had just discharged a large number, having paid them in money and kind. Some were paid by being advanced to the dignity of royalty, and this was done by having their names engraved on a piece of brass of half-moon shape, with the prefix of "King," which was suspended by a neat chain over the neck; and it seemed a perfect piece of magic or mystery when the white man, not having had any previous acquaintance with his kingship, came up and read, "King Billy, of the coast tribes, or, "King Tommy, of the mountain tribes." It was thus that some of the blacks on the occasion referred to had been rewarded. They left with these insignia of royalty and the wages of their toil, intending to proceed to the town, 30 miles away, and obtain the necessaries for a great feast. On their way they had to pass through a neighbouring squatter's cattle run, where the opportunity of killing a few fat oxen and having a feast by the way was too good to be neglected. It was not simply the number of cattle killed and eaten, but the great havoc and disturbance created among the herd that caused the mischief—for cattle in the Australian bush have an instinctive dread of blacks; they will scent them at a distance of miles away, unless the wind is very strong against the direction in which the blacks approach. So strong is their antipathy to and fear of blacks, that it takes some time for a herd to become accustomed to the black boy who acts as stock-man; and a mob of cattle driven out of their usual beat by blacks,

will refuse to go back again for weeks. The squatter, therefore, whose cattle had been slaughtered and disturbed, immediately upon realizing the state of things hurried off a messenger to the black troopers, whose barracks was about 15 miles away. They were there in time to catch the blacks in the midst of their feasting and glorification. In the usual way they surrounded them. Some were shot dead before they could stir. Some were shot as they made for the scrub, but were intercepted before they could reach it. Some climbed trees and were shot down like so many birds. Very few lived to tell the tale, and of these (as illustrating how truly children of nature the blacks are), while they told how their comrades were slaughtered, the ludicrous parts of the scene would be narrated with much laughter. As, for instance, how one feigned being dead and so escaped; or as to how another dodged round a tree or slipped over a bank into a gully or creek. One who reached the friendly scrub ascended a lofty tree, viewed the greater part of the scene, and so particulars were afterwards brought to light.

It might appear strange that the black troopers should take such a delight in massacring their own countrymen, but the character of the blacks from the example already given of the boy cutting off his own mother's head after having taken the police to the hiding place of his tribe, need not cause any surprise on this point. But to avoid any danger from old friendships and family ties, the blacks of any particular neighbourhood are never engaged there in the capacity of mounted police, but are taken for that purpose to a distant part. The black

police are, as a rule, the pick of their tribe, and are a most presentable looking lot of fellows, and in their navy blue and crimson striped uniforms, and with their flashing accoutrements, mounted on horseback and in the line of march, they present quite an imposing appearance.

In many ways the blacks have been employed by the whites in useful work, which will appear from what has been stated, and in some respects their services have proved invaluable. Their tracking powers are quite marvellous, of which the black trackers from Queensland employed by the colony of Victoria have given many illustrations. Many a crime has been detected, and even murders have been brought to light by the way in which these trackers have followed up the trail. I have often seen how a black boy when once on the tracks of a horse or bullock, has followed the animal mile after mile, until at length it has been discovered. I have also seen a black-fellow follow the tracks of an opossum up the trunk of a tree, where the eye of the white could see no mark, and then the opossum which sleeps during the day in the hollow of a bough, has become an easy prey. I have seen blacks in search of wild honey, follow with their keen sight the small native bee (not larger than an ordinary house fly) as it rose from the flower in the midst of the grass, and ascended through the air some half mile distance or more, until it alighted at its hive in the hollow bough of a lofty tree. Their keen sight and their extraordinary aptitude in following the tracks of animals, have often served them in good stead, and have enabled them to live where the white man would starve.

An incident in my own history as a boy, occurs at the present moment. With a companion of my boyhood, I was once travelling through the bush with a black boy for our guide, and having neglected to take lunch we became intensely hungry as the day advanced. Soon our black companion noticed indications of kangaroos having crossed the track, and following up the indications for some distance, a small mob of kangaroos were seen hopping quietly along. One was carrying a young one in her pouch, and this was the one selected to run down, or rather to run her until she dropped her young one, what a kangaroo always does when hard pressed. This did not take as long to do as it takes to tell, and the young plump kangaroo was soon in the grasp of the black, bleating most piteously, but it was doomed to make a meal for hungry boys, and the whole process of killing, cooking, and eating, did not last more than an hour. It would not have lasted so long but for another incident which happened while the animal was being cooked on the log fire, which had just been kindled. The black boy who had been gathering some sticks for the fire, announced upon his return that he had seen the marks of a snake which had crossed the rocks a short distance off that morning. Going with him to the spot, we white boys could see no sign of anything. He declared us to be very stupid, and kept following up for some distance certain marks on the ground, as grass bent down, or leaves displaced, until he came to a hollow burnt out stump, and sure enough there was an immense carpet-snake coiled up and fast asleep. Quick as thought, and in the most dexterous manner, our black

boy grasped the snake close round the neck, at the base of its head, between his finger and thumb, and there held up the horrid creature wriggling about, and twisting round his arm, as the serpent did round the fabled Hercules, only there was no Herculean agony expressed in his countenance, for he grinned with delight, and there was no great struggling, for the snake was quite safe and harmless in the black boy's grip, and then with the utmost deliberation he took the reptile to a rock, on which he placed its head, while with another piece of stone he battered its head and killed it. The blacks seldom eat snakes unless they can catch them in this manner, and then they relish them exceedingly, and pronounce them to be just like fish. It should be explained that snakes are likely to bite themselves in the process of being killed, and hence the objection to eating them unless caught in this way. Our black boy however cooked and ate the snake which he had caught. Kangaroo, and especially when young, is a wholesome dish, but I had no wish to experiment on snake.

Though the white man, as has been pointed out, has never had much to fear from the courage of the savages, which in fair fight stands for nothing, he has had much to fear from their cunning and treachery. The heathen Chinese never outwitted the cute American more effectually than the blacks have often "dodged" and "double-banked" upon the Australian colonist. They can creep into the grass and posture themselves in such a manner as for all the world to look like black stumps; they can dive into a reedy lagoon and keep under for hours by a clever process, and baffle the white man to bring them out. The process is this:

immediately upon getting under the water they pull up a long hollow reed, the ends of which are quickly bitten off to let the air pass through, and by placing one end out of the water and the other end in the mouth, they can hide under the water for hours; and in this way have often escaped pursuit and arrest.

The overseer of a cattle station near Brisbane, on which I was resident, was once outwitted in a very clever way by a black boy, a daring, impertinent rascal. This story dates back to near the time in my history of the incidents just described: "Tommy," the black boy in question, had got into some kind of mischief, and the overseer of the station had uttered a terrible threat of vengeance against him which caused him to disappear entirely for a few months from his old haunts. After a time he thought he might venture back, and came and camped within two or three miles of the old place. The spot chosen was such as to afford every facility for observation and for escape; it was behind the spur of a mountain range, and on the very verge of a dense scrub. "Tommy's" idea was to open up negotiations in the view of a reconciliation with the overseer; but these were not favourably received, and the overseer having heard of the exact whereabouts of his enemy, determined at least to give him a great fright. For this purpose he saddled his horse, loaded his gun, and went in pursuit. He came to the mountain spur already mentioned, on the other side of which he expected to find the black-fellow who had so excited his ire some months before. The top of this mountain spur to which Tommy occasionally resorted had, however

afforded a splendid point for observation, and long before the overseer approached, Tommy was safe in the shelter of the thick scrub close by, from where he watched his enemy dismount, tie his horse to a tree, and then go over the mountain spur to come down on the untenanted camp at the other side, while he (the black-fellow) emerged from the scrub, took the saddle and bridle from the horse, and carried them back into the scrub to his hiding place, from where again he could watch his pursuer return to find his horse without bridle or saddle, feeding quietly by; and then presenting a sorry sight, as shouldering his gun he retreated homewards driving his horse before him. The story was a grand joke among the blacks for many a day. It became, no doubt, the theme for "a corroberee," and Tommy was always after a hero amongst his countrymen.

Some of the customs of the blacks are to say the least curious. They have a very sharp, swift and decisive way in connection with courtship and matrimony. It has been said that they invariably marry from a neighbouring tribe, it might be more correctly put they generally do. They will sometimes marry not only in the tribe, but amongst their very near blood relations. I am of course referring to times not long since passed. In the far north of Queensland where in some districts the blacks have had little contact with the whites, the old customs may still prevail, but amongst the blacks in the neighbourhood of civilization a new state of things completely has come into fashion. In fact, most of the old tribal distinctions have passed away,

and they mix up and get married, having nearly if not quite forgotten the customs of their ancestors. In the old days of aboriginal history the customs were either for the man to steal a wife away from another tribe, or to desert from the tribe to which he belonged and take up with the tribe to which his intended wife belonged.* In stealing a wife the opportunity would be watched when the intended bride was alone or in the society of some of her own female companions, who would offer little resistance. Should she resist, a blow on the head from a waddy would soon stun her, and then she would be carried off like so much lumber. Perhaps after all the blow would not be so very severe, and the lady might only be stunned in the same way as more civilized ladies often faint away when they fall into the arms of some gallant gentleman who has come to the rescue. The stealing away or the deserting is generally followed by a fight afterwards between the tribes immediately concerned, and a fight between black warriors of different tribes, though associated with a good deal of noise, clattering of spears and shields, a spear wound or two, has seldom anything more serious. The wounded are always few, and the number of the dead as a rule nil. A grand feast and corroboree terminate the proceedings, and the tribes part at peace until some other *casus belli* in the shape of another black caleb in search of a wife may stir up future animosities. A certain author in summing up the manners and

* The custom for a man to desert his own tribe for the purpose of marrying into another may be doubted, but I have formed my opinion from some instances within my own recollection. Attention is called to a most interesting contribution on this subject which is added to this paper.

customs of the Australian blacks says, "manners none, customs beastly." Their manners certainly are of a very rude character, they move about in each others society in a perfectly nude state, though young unmarried women nearly always wear a kilt-shaped article of attire round the waist.

There is one of their customs which has always excited a good deal of interest among white people, but about which little has ever been divulged by the blacks. It is called "the Bora rite." It marks the transition from boyhood to manhood. Young men look forward to it with great fear, and after it is over they speak about it with horror, and indeed are very silent about what has taken place. There are very few well-accredited instances of white men having witnessed the whole of the ceremonies connected with it. I have often interrogated those who have passed through them, but with little result. I have seen the large circular mound well trampled down inside where the ceremonies have been enacted. All I could ascertain from the blacks was that inside there the young men were made "kippers" (advanced to the state of manhood). From a distance I have heard the most unearthly yells and cries, with an occasional booming noise that could be heard some two or three miles away. The young fellows appeared afterwards in a most haggard condition, generally some teeth knocked out, nose and ears mutilated, and some ugly looking incisions about the arms and back. Many who have seen the whole thing say it is a rough sort of freemasonry. That it does correspond in one respect to the secret arts and ceremonies of that order is well

known; it forbids the presence of women. Should women even witness any part of the ceremonies, the result would be more serious than happened to the mythical female who once gained admission to a Masonic Lodge, and about whom it is said nothing was ever heard again. In the case of the black woman it would be speedy death.

Other customs of a brutal character prevailed amongst the blacks. I have been assured by those who know (or are supposed to know) that no sooner are children born into the world than they are thrown into deep water, and that it is considered an ill-omen if they do not float. In any case the mid-wife is always present to jump into the water, and having performed a rough ablution for the child, brings it back to the mother. Very little attention is paid to woman at such times; she must do the best she can. If the tribe is travelling, she may halt for a time and then walk on again—or at most she must be ready for the start at sunrise next morning. “The great peril and danger of child-birth” is not known amongst these savage tribes. Providence has tempered the wind to the shorn lamb. The poor women, though, have a hard lot of it; their lords stalk forth on the march with nothing but a weapon or two in their hands, while all the moveables are heaped upon the backs of the women. I have often seen a black woman literally bending down under her heavy burden, when the great stalwart husband, instead of doing anything to relieve her, has brought another opossum or kangaroo and placed it upon the top of his wife’s already overburdened shoulders. The blacks treat their wives

as beasts of burden, and marriage is only a sort of slavery amongst them. Polygamy is not often practiced ; but I have known of cases in which there have been two or three wives. Though chastity is no virtue with the blacks, they are very jealous of their conjugal rights ; and more fightings with one another, and outrages upon bad white men have arisen from a molestation with their domestic relationships than from any other cause. Both mothers and fathers show great affection for their young children. I have seen a whole camp full of blacks well-nigh frantic with rage, and yelling most terrifically when some irascible white man has given a piccaninny a few flicks with a stock whip.

Reference has been made to the keen sense of humour which distinguishes the aborigines of Australia. I have often heard them tell stories at their camp fire-side of incidents that occurred during the day, amidst roars and screeches of laughter. This disposition has sometimes interfered with the attempts that were made to impart religious instruction to their minds. I remember the advent of an enterprising itinerant evangelist to the place in Queensland where I resided, and where great numbers of blacks were accustomed at times to congregate. Under the influence of some promise, such as a quarter of beef or half a sack of flour, the blacks were induced to give respectful attention to the exhortations of this evangelist ; but afterwards they mimicked the whole thing, one acting the part of the said evangelist, while the others pretended great respect for this comic actor, calling him "Massa," but at intervals there would be a burst of

laughter which could be heard a mile away. It seemed next to impossible (at least so far as adults were concerned) to impart into their minds the simplest elements of religious belief or to instruct them in any forms of religious worship. They actually got as far (under the instruction of the missionaries) as to say the Lord's prayer in English ; but each occasion of its repetition was under the influence of some promise, as a loaf of bread, and when it came to the words, "Give us this day our daily bread," supposing that had some reference to the promise of a loaf, they would cry out, "Yowwy budgereee you and tobacco too?" (the two first words being the aboriginal for "*Yes, very good.*") Their knowledge of the Lord's prayer was afterwards made use for the amusement of the soldiers stationed near and at the convict settlement, who would give them sixpence for their performance. And there on bended knee, with closed hands, uplifted head, and elongated countenance, they would repeat the model prayer as they had been taught to say it by the missionaries, immediately after which there would be a chorus of laughter from the soldiers in which the blacks would join.

I have sometimes when a lad, in my own way, endeavoured to explain the existence of a Supreme Being, the doctrine of a future state, of heaven, and hell. Though the blacks evidently had a belief in supernatural beings—ghosts or demons—they could not realize the idea of a Supreme Being, the Maker of all things. They were something like the French peasant, who said he did not believe in God for he had never seen Him, but he believed in St. Martin, of Tours

because he had seen the miracles which he performed. The blacks often spoke of the "debbil debbil," which they quite believed they had seen, but beyond that their thoughts could not reach. When told about heaven, that it was a good place and good people went there after death, they have asked "whether there was plenty of flour, meat, grog, and 'baccy there?" and when assured that such things would no more be required, there would follow an exclamation, "That no good place; baal (not) me want to go there." And when told about hell, in terms borrowed from the old notion of material fire, they would ask, "Where that get'em wood make 'em such big-fellow fire?"

Some instances may be briefly given of the curiosity with which blacks have regarded the various appliances of civilized life, and to which a passing reference has previously been made. They appear to have no conception of how a message can be transmitted to paper, and then communicated by that means to another person a distance away. The story goes, that once a black fellow was sent from a head station in Queensland to a shepherd's hut some miles away, to convey six figs of tobacco and a note from the overseer to the shepherd. The shepherd having read the note, said "Jackey, this fellow tell me master send six figs of tobacco, you been steal 'em two." "Hi that fellow letter been see me steal 'em!" and in great dread he returned the two figs of tobacco. So next time when he was sent on a like commission, he first covered the note over with bark and debris, and then purloined the tobacco. When he found out that the note still told on him, he refused to have anything more to do with such missives.

When first a telegraph line was constructed between Brisbane and Ipswich, a few blacks met in consultation about what it could mean, and when a white man passed by, he was asked "why that fellow make 'em clothes' line so high up?" Their first idea of a steamer was that it was a great live monster, which puffed and screamed, and they imagined that if it could swim so quickly upon the water, it would come much faster over the land, and it is reported they disappeared from the scene, and could not be induced to return for many days. Strange stories are also told of the curiosity and wonder with which they regarded the first railway train, but these remarks on the aborigines and my own personal recollections of them must now draw to a close. They have been extended a little beyond what was intended, but the subject of a rapidly dying out race must be of great interest.

Much of what has been written will still apply to the blacks in the remote and more unsettled parts of Australia. The poor peeled, scattered remnants, who are now to be found in the more inhabited districts along the coast, suggest very sad reflections, some not very creditable to the superior races by whom they have been supplanted. The interest, however, in the blacks of Australia, will continue long after the place which knows them now shall know them no more. A great American statesman has said in reference to the American Indian "How can the red man be forgotten while so many of our states and territories, bays, lakes and rivers are indelibly stamped by the names they have given?" and as appropriate to this

sentiment, might be quoted a few lines from one of America's sweetest poets:—

“Ye say they all have passed away,
That noble race—and brave;
That their light canoes have vanished
From off *the crested* wave:
But their memory liveth on your hills,
Their baptism on your shores;
Your everlasting rivers speak
Their dialect of yore.”

And so as regards to the Australian blacks in whose language there is a wild music, and in the names of places given by them and retained by the white man, there is a sonorous ring quite charming. So that we may say while such names as *Wimmera*, *Wodonga*, *Wollongong*, *Woolloomooloo*, *Illawarra*, *Nurundoo*, and many others, all names of important towns and settlements, while these names last the blacks may still be said to live though no sacred urns contain their ashes; and, though no “silent pillars claim kinship with their clay,” it may yet be said as Byron sung of the ancient Greeks:—

“Their spirit wraps the dusky mountain,
Their memory sparkles o'er the fountain;
The meanest rill, the mightiest river,
Rolls mingling with their names for ever.”

ADDENDUM.—*The following letter which recently appeared in a Melbourne newspaper may appropriately be added to the foregoing remarks on Australian Aborigines:—*

SIR,—The latest report of the Smithsonian Institution (that for 1883, but published in 1885), contains a paper by Mr. A. W. Howitt on *Australian Group Relations*, which deals chiefly with the subject matter of Fison and Howitt's *Kamilaroi and Kurnai*, published in this city in 1880. The paper is a valuable one, in so far as it shows how the Australs, as a perishing race, partially adopted the manners, customs and laws of the European settlers, as, for matter of that,

they did Christianity, and how blending these with what little they knew of the customs, laws and mythology of their own race, ultimately produced such a travesty of both, as Mr. Howitt found within the last 23 years, and as may yet be found, though possibly subject to still further modifications, among the remnants of the Kurnai in Gippsland. The first writer to draw attention to laws relating to descent and marriage among our blacks was Captain (now Sir George) Grey, in his *Journals of Two Expeditions of Discovery in North-west and Western Australia*, published in 1841. "One of the most remarkable facts, he says, connected with the natives is that they are divided into certain great families, all the members of which bear the same names, as a family or second name." These family names are common over a great portion of the continent and are perpetuated and spread through the country by the operation of two remarkable laws—

- 1st. That children of either sex always take the family name of their mother.
- 2nd. That a man cannot marry a woman of his own family.

Grey was the more careful to be specific upon the point because it had been noted in the *Archæologia Americana* that all the North American tribes had laws of a similar kind, under which no man could marry into his own clan, and every child belonged to his or her mother's clan. And Grey further pointed out that, as the Americans had in every case a "totam," or favorite spirit, always represented by some animal, so the Austral had his "Kobong," which, too, was the name of some animal or plant. Unfortunately no further investigations were made in the matter for many years—practically until the Rev. W. Ridley, at the suggestion of Mr. T. E. Lance, made inquiries amongst the remnants of the Kamilaroi, the results of which were published by the Government of New South Wales, in his *Kamilaroi, Dippil and Turubul*, in 1866. Mr. Ridley thus briefly summarises the information he obtained:—"The Kamilaroi blacks and many other tribes, as far at least as Wide Bay in Queensland, and the Maranoa, are from their birth divided into four classes. . . . In some families every male is called 'Ippai', and every female 'Ippata'; in others every male child is 'Basa' or 'Murri' every female 'Mata'; in a third set of families every male is 'Kubbi,' every female 'Kapota'; and in a fourth set every male is 'Kumbo,' and every female 'Buta.' On this division is founded the law of intermarriage :—

- I. Ippai may marry Kapota, or any Ippata except his sister.
- II. Murri may marry Buta only.
- III. Kubbi may marry Ippata only.
- IV. Kumbo may marry Mata only."

In the *Dieyeri Tribe* (Adelaide, 1874), Mr. Gason gives the following rules :—

I. (A) Marriage is theoretically communal. Matrimonial rights of a class recognised over wide areas.—Communication aided by gesture language.—(B) Relationship is that of group to group.—Brothers, gentes and classes.

II.—Marriage is exogamous.—This rule binds all the classes and gentes, and overrides marriage by capture.

III. The wife does not come into the husband's class or gentes.

IV. Descent is through the mother, as shown by the class names and totems.

Passing over Mr. Brough Smythe's *Aborigines of Australia* (Melbourne, 1878), as a valuable repository of many interesting facts, which when digested, estimated and arranged, will be of great use to future writers on the subject; the next important work is that of Messrs. Fison and Howitt, whose *Kamilaroi and Kurnai* (Melbourne, 1880), was the result of inquiries made by circulars sent to various parts of the continent and of Mr. Howitt's personal observations. Save that in some of the tribes the divisions were into two families, though in the great majority of cases into four; and that, as Ridley had noted, the rule was modified among the Kamilaroi in so far as an Ippai might marry Kapota, or any Ippata except his own sister, the findings, with one remarkable exception, were everywhere the same. The exception was amongst the Kurnai, where Mr. Howitt found—

I. That to a certain extent descent was through the father.

II. That marriage was with the consent of the woman.

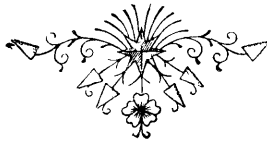
III. So far from marriage being communal, the strictest fidelity was exacted from the woman.

IV. Each of the divisions, or gentes, can marry anywhere beyond its own limits, with certain restrictions to prevent marriage between persons who are too near in blood.

V. There is at least the germ of inheritance by the individual to the exclusion of the group.

The modification found among the Kamilaroi may be accounted for from that once powerful tribe having been the first to suffer from the English settlement, and whose laws, customs, and very existence were speedily to be determined. Among the remnants left of them it may early have been impossible to give effect to the laws in their entirety, and if under such a modification may alone have been possible. For Mr. Howitt's contribution, however, a different cause must be assigned. In this case it is not a question of modification, but absolute reversal of the laws which bound together the whole of the communes, from Shark's Bay to Sandy

Cape, and from Cape York to Wilson's Promontory, into a social federation. If such laws existed before the date of the English settlement, the blacks would have been "played out" without the intervention of the white settlers; the almost royal rights of "messengers" would have ceased to exist, and the "Bora" have become the empty and unmeaning thing which the dummy one performed in Gippsland some few years ago undoubtedly was. Mr. Howitt commenced his observations among the Kurnai, about 1863, but Maneroo, just over the range, was explored in 1824, and settled immediately afterwards, while Gippsland itself, the home of the Kurnai, was settled in 1839. From the former settlement European manners, customs, laws and religion would quickly find their way by messengers across the divide; the old blacks had died out; and Mr. Howitt's informants were the model blacks, many of whom had been born and reared on Government mission farms. What he wanted to learn was the history of a dead race—what he did learn was evolved from the moral consciousness of a people only occasionally black in colour, whose laws, customs, and religion had reached them in the first instance through the early settlers, and were afterwards enforced by State-paid teachers.





SOME ROUGH CONDITIONS OF EARLY DAYS.

CHAPTER XIII.

Influences which make men wild.—A race for a wife.—“Such a splendid pair of girls.”—Degrading association with characters in the bush.—Polygamous young gentlemen(?)—M.A.’s as cooks.—Vulgar wealthy.—Convictism less than the 100th part.—Some careers.—An uncultured Scotch lad now a rich squatter.—A satire on the boast that birth, not money, is everything.—A home staying baronet.—An absentee knight.—An investment of £25 turning in £42,000.—A distinguished Queensland family.—Specimens of a rougher sort.—Notions about education.—“That’s what I call education.”—“Old Solomon,” the governor, and the archbishop.—A late colonial judge.—Days of hardship and danger.—Dreams of the future rudely interrupted.—Christmas picture, a scene of awful peril.—A squatter’s domestic life.—Monotony of bush life broken by the occasional spree.—A bush boy and Good Friday.—Origin of the word larrikin.

THE object of this chapter will be more particularly to illustrate the rough elements out of which have grown our present advanced condition of things in the Australian colonies. The early settlement of our Australian wilds has developed phases of humanity which I venture to think quite

unique in the history of the world. There is something about the very bush which seems to make men wild. In the earlier stages of our colonial history the great majority of the population, taking it all round, consisted of males. In the up-country parts it was quite uncommon even to see a white woman. Men in the far back settlements of the country had often been without the sight of a woman of their own race and colour, it might have been for 10 or 12 years. The report of a white woman in any particular neighbourhood would have the effect of bringing together quite a number of roving stockmen from all parts round, anxious only for a sight of the fair-skinned member of the opposite sex.

I can well remember many years ago when an immigrant ship arrived at Brisbane from England, and brought, amongst many others, a family in which there were three beautiful, marriageable damsels; and how, when the report of their arrival reached the far west, several squatters had quite a race for Brisbane, and the first three, in the order of their arrival, presented themselves and were accepted. The following story I have heard from one who played the chief part in it: This individual with two friends, were about sitting down to a lunch in which, with other dishes, there was one with a nicely-served pair of sweetbreads, and of which he was particularly fond; pretending not to have noticed anything, he went over and lounged against the window which looks into the street. Suddenly, as if aroused by the sight of some beautiful apparition, he stretched his head outside, indulged in sundry exclamations which excited the curiosity of the two

friends, and, upon being interrogated as to what it meant, replied, "Such a pair of splendid girls as have just turned the corner I have not seen for many a day!" That was quite enough. Grasping their hats and all excitement, they hurried away in their wild goose chase, and returned to see their practical joker calmly finishing the last morsel of the sweetbreads. Forty years ago the sight of a beautiful woman in Brisbane itself was a rare occurrence, while in the more distant bush settlements, visits from our earthly "ministering angels" were few and far between; and as it is universally acknowledged that man, without the influence of woman, becomes rough, coarse, and altogether little better than a savage, it can easily be imagined how bush life would destroy all those finer susceptibilities of a man's nature, if he ever had them.

It would be difficult, even by a very large stretch of imagination, to suppose that some of the characters which one comes across occasionally in travelling through the bush, had ever had much of a finer grain in their composition. The coarse jest, the vulgar slang, the horrible blasphemy, which alternate with every two or three words, and without which it seems the bush-man cannot converse, are such, as at first horrify the new arrival; but it is strange how soon he falls in with these ways and becomes as bad as the very worst—thus illustrating the process into vice which a poet has so well depicted.

"Vice is a monster of such hateful mien
As to be hated, needs but to be seen,
Yet seen too oft familiar grows its face—
We first endure, next pity, then embrace."

It is through a process like this that many an educated young Englishman has passed in getting his colonial experience. He has severed himself from the pure influences of the home of his childhood—fatherly, motherly, sisterly, brotherly influences have gradually died out, and from one stage in the downward course to another he has gone on with alarming rapidity, until he has become little better than the naked, roaming savages around him.

The case of several young Englishmen who came out to Queensland many years ago is now before my mind. The ringleader amongst them was the scion of a noble family in England. They at first took up their abode in a wild part of the bush and with no other influence than that of the stock-man, the bullock-driver, or the black-fellow ; they became so degenerated that, after a time, they separated themselves entirely from all other white people, established themselves on a small island near the coast, and took up with a tribe of blacks, amongst whom they practiced their polygamous and other degraded propensities, supporting themselves on the remittances which they regularly received from their friends in England, who were no doubt quite ignorant of the style of life which these youngsters had adopted. It was no unusual thing to find Masters of Art from the English Universities engaged as cooks on stations, or as bullock-drivers on the roads. In the early days of our colonial history there was no sphere for men of high educational attainments, and unless they could adapt themselves to the circumstances of their surroundings, and enter upon some rough work which required bone and muscle rather than education and

intelligence, they would be quite out of place; and probably sink down into abject poverty and dependence upon others.

The pioneers of civilization in this country were not as a rule from the aristocratic or even from the middle classes of English society, but from those who, had they remained in the old country, would have continued to the end of their days farm labourers, coal miners, or something perhaps still more menial than either. There have been men who could give their cheques for hundreds and thousands, but could only sign them with some peculiar mark, or at most had learnt to scrawl out something like the signature of their names. The children of such fathers form now for the most part the aristocracy of this country. An American lady once spoke with great contempt to a friend of mine of "the shoddy aristocracy of Australia." The remark was once made in my hearing that "the immediate ancestors of most of your colonial aristocrats were either convicts or clod-hoppers." There is a spice of ill-will and jealousy about such remarks, for whatever might be said of "the vulgar wealthy" of our colonists, it cannot be said that there is less education and culture and refinement amongst us in comparison to the size of our population than in any other part of the world. In a previous paper the remark was made that the descendants of convicts do not form more than a 60th or 80th of the whole population of Australia proper. The comment upon that by a friend was, "You might have put it less than that, and said the 90th or the 100th part of the whole population, or even less than that."

It is certain, however, that the beginning of Australian colonization was under circumstances of the roughest description, and it was only as population increased and civilization advanced that the better elements of human nature were developed.

Those who by the mere accident of being the first to arrive and obtain possession of land, became in process of time wealthy "beyond the dreams of avarice." Two or three careers may be briefly described:—An uncouth, unlettered Scotch lad, whose highest accomplishment was that he had learnt to play the fiddle, came out to Australia as a steerage passenger in a merchant ship, and during the voyage had earned a few shillings by playing the fiddle for the amusement of his fellow passengers. He came out to this new country with no particular aim beyond that vague one of desiring to better his condition—content if he could only make higher wages as a shepherd on some up-country squattage. Having spent a few years as the hired servant of another man in the capacity of a shepherd, during which time he practised the rigid economy so often characteristic of his countrymen, he found himself in the possession of means sufficient to buy a small flock of sheep and to take up some of the untenanted Government land adjoining his master's leasehold. A few more years saw him the owner of a considerable freehold with an extended leasehold, and flocks of sheep, which, from a few hundred had increased to tens of thousands. The raw Scotch lad, who, while a shepherd, had married an immigrant girl, became in time the father of a large family of sons and daughters, who in years after received their education

at the best schools and colleges in the land. The sons now affect the style and manners of the best society, and the daughters need not fear comparison with English ladies from the most aristocratic circles. The father and mother remain the same simple-minded individuals as of yore, but the full amount of the value of the father's property would represent several hundred thousand pounds of English money. This, though an actual history, is typical of the stories of many of our wealthiest colonists; and to show how completely beyond their humble beginnings some such families have passed, we find young English lords do not think it beneath their dignity, upon visiting Australia, to offer their hands in marriage to daughters of Australian millionaires. The Americans speak of "the almighty dollar," and we may be sure, considering all things, that it is the supreme efficacy of solid cash rather than the irresistible charms of feminine beauty to which young English noblemen have yielded when marrying Australian ladies. Such instances are a terrible satire on the proud boast that birth, not money, wins its way amongst the aristocratic circles of old England.

An Australian millionaire whose ancestry belonged to a class very little above the Scotch lad of fiddle playing accomplishments referred to above, has been recently constituted a baronet—not a mere knight, forsooth, whose title dies with him, but a baronet whose eldest son inherits the father's title. Wealth, as everybody knows, not birth nor yet superior worth, has done that. Another Australian millionaire, descended from a class who were no doubt respectable

tillers of the soil in an agricultural district of the north of Ireland, and who himself had to "rough it" in the early days of colonial life, is now the proprietor and occupant of the country seat of a distinguished English nobleman, lately deceased, and has had princes for his guests. The baronet above described has become a very popular person in Australia. His open-handed liberality and his practical identification with the country where his wealth has been accumulated, having established his permanent home in it, and having interested himself in many popular movements of a social, religious, and educational character, have endeared him to a democratic community not much disposed to think the more of a man because of a "lordly title;" while the absentee millionaire who, though a knight and the occupant of a late distinguished nobleman's mansion, but who, since his departure from the country that gave him his wealth, has affected to despise its institutions and to ape the most extreme "toryism," for whom even "ould Ireland," the country of his birth, is not sufficiently aristocratic, his name is, as might be expected, exceedingly unpopular in the country which he has forsaken.

As many of the original settlers became wealthy by mere accident, so many have missed the opportunity of becoming wealthy in a similar manner. It is not too much to say that many have from the want of a few pounds or the want of foresight in spending a few available pounds in former times missed the opportunity of a large fortune. There is now living in Sydney an old man who had a few pounds in his possession, to whom the opportunity was given to purchase a piece of land for £12 or £15.

He preferred to buy a small vessel with his money and trade along the coast. The land is now worth fully a million of money, while the old man is (or rather was a short time ago) almost without a cent in his pocket. An old friend of mine a short time since wrote to say "I have just sold my bit of land in Queen Street, Brisbane, for £42,000; where were you 20 years ago?" For the land in question, 20 years ago, he had given £25, and though, like my friend, 20 years ago I was a resident of Brisbane, yet nobody at that time anticipated the tremendous increase in value of landed property within so short a time.

Hundreds and thousands of our colonists who, as we should say, are now "rolling in wealth," whose families rank among the best families in the land, began their Australian career amidst very rude and in fact wild surroundings. One of the wealthiest and most accomplished ladies in Queensland was born while her mother was travelling to her bush home up the country, and her father who had been an officer connected with the old convict establishment near Brisbane had to rough it as few had to do in the early days of settlement. Her brother has been Prime Minister of the Colony, and is a man of immense wealth. Other sisters have been married into good English families, and have, as it is said in England, been "received at Court," and are accepted, so I have been assured, in the best society in England. No family in Queensland occupies a better position in society, but "the old folks" won it for them in the rough early days, amidst circumstances of hardship and danger of which young Australians have hardly a conception.

Some of the original colonists were men whose minds were as uncultivated as the country upon which they at first settled; but this must be said to their credit, that what they lacked in education themselves they have made up for in their children. One of these old colonists was once asked to sign a petition to the Government. He was a man who could neither read nor write, and being ashamed to make a display of his educational deficiencies, he took up the petition, pretended to read it, but held it upside down, and then returned it saying, "I won't sign, for I cannot agree with them sentiments." This individual, however, had spared no expense in the education of his children; his son was educated at the best schools, and took his degree at our leading Colonial University in Sydney. The father, considerably elated at his son's success, upon meeting a friend said in a tone of parental pride, "My son has taken his degree at 'the Universal.'"

Not all fathers among the early settlers were equally solicitous about the higher education of their children. Judge Therry, in his "Reminiscences of New South Wales," tells of a visit he paid while on circuit to a well-known Government contractor whose comfortable residence occupied a beautiful spot of the river Hawkesbury, commanding a fine view of the mountain ranges and of the gently flowing Macdonald River in the distance. By engaging in Government contracts to supply convicts with provisions he earned from £3,000 to £4,000 a year, and in time became one of the richest of our early settlers. At the time of the Judge's visit, this person is described as surrounded by all the

substantial comforts of a well-to-do farmer in England. "His household (the Judge goes on to write) consisted of his wife (an amiable Englishwoman), and four sons, varying from 13 to 18 years of age. Being inquisitive how these youths were brought up, and how he provided for their education, I found his notion on the subject of education curious and original. He said, 'Education was a point on which he was not very particular,' and asked me, 'What was the good of it?' adding the observation that 'the acquisition of wealth was the main lesson of life.' I told him that amongst other good things, 'Education aided the acquirement of property.' 'Oh,' said he, 'my views are different. I have four sons; and I say to Richard—there's a herd of cattle for you; and to Tom—there's a flock of sheep for you, look after them; so in five years they become rich, each the owner of large flocks of sheep and herds of cattle. *Now that's what I call education, for by it they acquire means to live.*"

Other stories illustrating the literary deficiencies of old Solomon—for so he was commonly called—some quite in keeping with our friend above who said his son had taken his degree at the "Universal"—are related. As for example, this same individual once condoled with Governor Darling (who visited his beautiful place) upon the loss of his *popularity*, and said—"Your excellency, by your measures you have lost all your *population* in this district." Upon one occasion, when the Roman Catholic Archbishop (Dr. Polding) visited his place, he addressed him—"I am sorry to tell your grace that there is a great

down upon the Romans in this country." "I don't think so" replied the Archbishop. "I have received great kindness from persons of all religious denominations out here." "Oh, your grace, it's a fact I assure you; there's a great down on the Romans." "And why should there be?" enquired the Archbishop. "Because, your grace, the English people will never forgive Julius Cæsar and *the Romans* for invading their country." The Archbishop enquired the name of a curious bird which had attracted his attention. "Your grace, we call that the laughing jackass in this country, but I don't know the *botanical* name of the bird."

A late colonial Judge (Chief Justice of his colony), a man who had in former years distinguished himself as a lawyer and a statesman, and who wore the ermine with imposing dignity, was the son of an old colonist nearly if not quite as innocent of educational attainments as the individual just referred to, and whose occupation is said to have been that of coachman in the Governor's household. Truly, great men are never ashamed of their humble origin any more than the great President Lincoln was ashamed of having been a rail-splitter in his early days; but there are many in the colonies as well as in other parts of the world who pretend to despise the condition in life to which their immediate ancestors belonged.

It has been said further back that the early days of Australian settlement were not only days of hardship, but also of peril, and in previous chapters some illustrations have been given of the imminent danger to which the settlers were often exposed through the treachery

of the blacks. Squatters even to this day in the far north and far west are not exempt from danger through the same cause. Many are still content to submit to very rough and very perilous conditions in order to become wealthy hereafter, like others of former years. A short time ago an ideal but very graphic and very true illustration of the dangers to which Queensland squatters, in the more remote parts, are still exposed, appeared in a Christmas number of one of our illustrated newspapers. The squatter has come home late in the afternoon, very much fatigued from riding all day in search of stock, and having finished his rough meal, which consisted of damper salt junk, and a pot of tea, he has seated himself against the little table in the hut, and in a state of half-sleep is indulging in dreams about the future. The dreams are represented overhead. He, in company with a beautiful woman, the partner of his life, and sharer of his prosperity, mounted on magnificent horses, are riding along the well-grassed margin of a peaceful lake, where his well-bred and splendidly conditioned stock are browsing quietly by, or chewing the cud contentedly. Such are his dreams about the future, but the reality close by presents a scene of awful peril. A naked savage on all fours is creeping stealthily through the open door of the hut, and just about to grasp the loaded gun which stands against the slab wall, while the faces of several other savages are peering through the window watching the sleeper and waiting for their companion to seize the gun that they like tigers, without fear of resistance, might spring upon their prey. Many a poor fellow has, in the midst of his dreams about the future, been battered to death

by the waddies and tomahawks of the treacherous savages. Many more have had their dreams fully realized, and they have been more than rewarded for all the perils through which they have passed, and hardships which they have endured. Some have built beautiful mansions in the fashionable parts of our cities, as Melbourne and Sydney, or are living in simple style in the well-appointed homestead at the head station up country, which has become endeared to them by the very struggles of the past, and where they live content, far away from the gaities of city life.

One often meets with as much intelligence and refinement and certainly with far more health, and happiness, and comfort in a squatter's homestead in the distant bush, than in the palatial residences of the wealthy near our large cities. The squatter is often a literary man, and provides himself with a good library, and takes in the leading newspapers and magazines of the day. His wife is often musical, and shares in the literary tastes of her husband, and is able to discuss the politics of the day, not only of the colonies, but of the old country. The children, if young are placed under competent tutors who reside with the family, or if of sufficient age they are pupils at some of the leading educational establishments of the city. The dependents and domestics on such a station seem to partake of the tone of the master and mistress, so that altogether a life in the Australian bush may not be an undesirable state of existence.

On the other hand, one often comes in contact with people in the up-country districts of Australia who have been content to live under very degraded

influences. All thought of the interests of the great world of society beyond them has been lost. The schoolmaster or the clergyman has never troubled them. The writer has known of shepherds who have lived for nearly the whole year round without seeing the face of a human being unless it might have been the man who brought their rations to them once every three or four months, the great occasion in their lives being when once a year they took their sheep to the head station to be shorn ; or when once in every two or three years they would go on "the spree" and "knock down" their cheques at some bush public-house, when a week or a fortnight would be spent in hard rum drinking. Such men while in the bush would frequently lose all reckoning of time, and though they had, as they thought, kept a regular tally of the days of the week, they would, on their annual visit to the head station, declare that it was Wednesday when it was Sunday.

Sometimes even the owner or the overseer of the head station would be a person of very low tastes, and then the state of things would be very degraded. I have heard of a clergyman who once visited a station of that kind on a Good Friday, and noticing that all hands were busily employed, he remarked to the lad who came to take his horse, that "they did not seem to pay any regard to Good Friday on that station." "What does Good Friday mean?" enquired the lad. "Oh, don't you know it is the day on which Jesus Christ died?" "Oh, is it," replied the lad, "but we never heard that the gentleman was sick." Upon entering the house the father of this lad was met by the clergyman, and he

remarked in surprise that the son should be so ignorant as to know nothing about the death of Jesus Christ. "You must excuse him," said the father, "for we do not take the newspapers up here." This was told to the writer as a truthful narration of what actually took place, but whether it is or not, it does not exaggerate one bit the ignorance which may be often met with in the out-of-the-way settlements of Australia. With all this, most Australian lads are very sharp. They can hardly be excelled in handling a gun, riding a horse, driving in a mob of cattle or horses. To be able to sit a buck-jumper is an accomplishment in which they are very ambitious to excel. Young Australians are very rarely drunkards, but with few exceptions they are all great smokers.

While on the subject it may be remarked that quite a new phase of juvenile sharpness and viciousness has been developed in our larger towns and cities, in "larrkinism" as it is commonly called. The origin of the word had to do with a well-known policeman in Melbourne. He was once pointed out to me as "there goes the man who has given a new word to our language." It was simply in this way. The policeman had brought up a young street arab before the magistrate, and upon being asked what he had done, the reply was "he was a *larrikin* up there" (that being how the policeman pronounced *larking*). The word was caught at, and ever since it has become the name for that class of roving vicious young men who prowl about public-houses and make night hideous in some of the low parts of our cities. There is now the bush "larrikin" as well as the town "larrikin," and it would be difficult sometimes to say which is the worse. Bush "larrikins"

have gone on to be bush-rangers, and something about these characters, the lives they have lived, and the depredations they have committed, has already been told in preceding chapters.





CONCLUDING REMARKS ON DEMOCRACY IN AUSTRALIA.

CHAPTER XIV.

Australians thoroughly Democratic yet Conservative.—Public Schools' systems behind the times, yet quite secular.—Political constitutions.—The franchise in Queensland and the value placed upon it.—Conservatives and Liberals.—Squatters the original Conservatives.—The fight against squatters.—Bursting up of large estates.—The Free Selection Act of New South Wales.—Other factors have come into existence.—Free Trade and Protection.—A writer in the "Nineteenth Century."—"Flowing tide" with Protection.—The universal triumph of Protectionist principles in the colonies certain.—Protection in Victoria has developed industries in New South Wales.—Other matters coming to the front.—Land alienation.—The Chinese and Coolie question; tests of Liberalism.—Sir Thomas McIlwraith and Coolie labour.—The Chinaman an intolerable nuisance.—The working man master of the situation.—Recent struggle between coal owners and miners.—Co-operative farming and mining.—Stoppage of immigration damaging to the colonies.—Nationalism retarded.—Federation.—The Australian dominion.—Imperial federation "a vague and impracticable dream."—No desire to separate from the Mother Country.

THERE can be no doubt that the Englishman in Australia, while retaining with great tenacity many of his habits, customs, and ceremonies, has adopted the most thorough-going democratic forms of Government, and has yielded completely to the strong current of liberal tendency. There are some superficial absurdities which may strike a stranger as indicative of the desire to copy blindly English laws and institutions, and English manners and customs. But this is to be noticed more in social and religious than in political life. Notwithstanding the changed conditions of climate and country, we build our houses and wear our apparel according to purely English plans and patterns. Our forms of Church Government and modes of religious worship are in close imitation of those which have long been established and practised in the old country. The Anglican, the Presbyterian, the Wesleyan, the Congregationalist, and the Baptist retains his identity as completely as the Ultramontane Catholic. The various Protestant denominations are as careful to observe all things that have been commanded them by the authorities in England, as are the Catholics to carry out the decrees of his holiness the Pope. The Church of England (a designation which is disputed) though compelled to adapt herself to the circumstances of a non-established and voluntary religious body, adheres so far as practicable to the methods of the Established Church of the old country. Any proposal for a new departure must first have English sanction before it can be accepted or acted upon in the colonies. The legality of an interchange

of pulpits with other Protestant denominations was not so long ago tested by a leading clergyman in Melbourne, who boldly invited a popular Presbyterian minister to occupy his pulpit, he at the same time officiating in the Presbyterian Church. Bishop Moorhouse (then Bishop of Melbourne), to whom the matter was submitted, would decide nothing until he had received the opinion of the recognized legal authorities in England, and that being adverse to such a practice it was declared to be irregular. In all matters of Church order and custom we may therefore be said to be thoroughly English and conservative.

The same may be said generally of our system of education. Our Public Schools, High Schools, and Universities are modelled on the pattern of the institutions corresponding to them in England. We have in defiance of climate the same style of dress for our Undergraduates, the same names of office for our Professors, Principals, Head Masters, and staff of teachers. The schools established by the State for the purposes of general education are as English and as strongly conservative in their methods as it is possible to be. In fact, many think we are more conservative to antiquated and played out English methods than is the case in England itself. It is the complaint that we do not keep pace with the progress of education in England. If freedom from sectarian restraints and religious influences means advanced education, then surely, we are in advance of England. The denominations which maintain their own schools must do so at their own expense. Opportunities are professedly given for ministers of the different religious denomina-

tions to visit the schools for the purpose of imparting religious instruction to children of their own denominations ; but the difficulties are so great where there are so many interests to be considered, that, practically, our public education is on a purely secular foundation. But while many have no objection to this, great fault is found with the defectiveness of our system of education in the light of scientific training and practical and useful knowledge. What is commonly known as technical education has hardly yet made a commencement in the colonies. With the exception of a school for mines and an agricultural college in Victoria, it may be said that nothing, or next to nothing, has yet been done in the way of popular scientific education ; and when the vast undeveloped mineral resources of the country are taken into consideration, and its capabilities for producing the raw materials of commerce to an unlimited extent, and in endless variety, the wonder is that Colonial Governments have not given more attention to the important subject of technical education.

The political constitutions of the colonies are on a thorough democratic basis. Each colony (with the exception of Western Australia, which is still a crown colony) has its own constitution of responsible government. The rule of the majority and equality of condition amongst all classes are the two great pillars by which the whole political fabric is upheld ; and it rests on the broad foundation of individual freedom. The franchise is dependent on the one condition of residences in the country. In Queensland the man who has resided for six months in the colony has the right to

have his name placed on the electoral roll. All aliens of European extraction must first be naturalized before they can claim this right; this is an easy matter, as the only thing to be done after six months' residence in the colony is to apply to the Government for the proper naturalization papers. Aborigines, as also Asiatic and African aliens, are not allowed to vote for parliamentary representatives. The value placed upon the franchise is proved by the fact that few persons, excepting those who by accident have neglected to have their names placed on the electoral roll, are without the privilege of voting. At the last general election in Queensland it was estimated that from 80 to 90 per cent. of the voters recorded their votes. In other colonies there is a corresponding value placed upon political privileges; and the same general proportions take part in political contests. Party spirit runs very high during the time of an electioneering campaign, perhaps quite as high as anything that ever takes place in the old country.

Conservatives and Liberals are the names by which political parties are distinguished. In former years the squatters and large merchants represented the former, and the small settlers, tradespeople, and the working classes generally the latter. The squatters are the large leaseholders and landed proprietors of the country, whose cry has always been that the country was unfit for agricultural settlement, and only adapted for the pastoral pursuits to which they were engaged. In Queensland to this day, where the squatting element is a great power in the State, the cry is still the interior of the country is unfit for close settlement,

and only adapted for sheep and cattle. This cry is distrusted, because the same thing was formerly said of the richest tracts of agricultural land near the coast. It may be that the interior of the country can never be made available for the purposes of agricultural settlement to the same extent as the lands near the coast ; but the same fight against the squatters is going on in Queensland, and with the large underground supplies of water with which it is now known the interior of the country abounds, more general settlement will take place as these are made available for irrigation, and then the squatter will have to relax his hold on the public estate and make way for smaller leaseholders and proprietors.

The older colonies have long since carried on the battle against the squatters to a successful issue. Victoria from the very first was always more of an agricultural colony, though even here the large landowner has been up till lately a ruling power. To "burst up the large estates" was the aim of the great Liberal party, headed by Mr. Graham (now Sir Graham) Berry, not so many years ago. Needed reforms have since been carried out in the land laws, and the leaders of both parties in that colony are at present a happy family in a coalition Government which has been several years in power, and promises to last for an indefinite period of time to come. In New South Wales the battle against large landed interests threatens to be much more prolonged. It is true the old squatter has been well-nigh exterminated. Sir John Robertson's Free Selection Act, which gave the right to any Dick, Tom, and Harry to go and

“pick the eyes out of the squatter’s run,” was one of the most iniquitous pieces of class legislation that ever found its way into the pages of a British Statute Book. In Queensland every squatter knows that his Crown lease may have to give way, but then only certain specified areas at given periods are marked out for agricultural settlement, and until then the squatter has security of tenure. The New South Wales Free Selection Act allowed men to go anywhere and select, and the consequence was that a set of gipsy land-grabbers came into existence who went about the country selecting land right against the squatter’s door, and then enforcing black mail by compelling him to buy them out or to pay them for leaving. This land act operated beneficially no doubt when it was used for *bona fide* purposes of land settlement, but it was more often used for no other purpose than to harry and distress the old squatter or pastoral lessee. Many of the free selectors were cattle stealers in disguise, and the harbourers of bush-rangers and other vile characters. Without the means of livelihood themselves, they carried on a constant course of petty thieving and plundering. It was not enough that they had destroyed the squatter’s holding, they must brand his young stock, steal his horses and take them to a distant market to sell, and supply themselves with meat for their households by killing his sheep and cattle. Gradually but surely under the operation of this land law the old pioneer squatters of New South Wales have been ruined, and one by one they have become mortgaged to the Banks, until another monopoly of a far more serious character has come into existence, and the selector and

small freeholder (who himself generally is in the hands of the Bank) finds, like the frogs in the fable, that in giving up King Stork he has come under the rule of King Log. In fact the exchange has been perhaps for the worse, for the squatter might have proved to be a man and a brother, whereas the Bank (as has been said of corporations) has no body to be kicked and no soul to be saved. The position of the squatter living on his own station with the Bank's agent on the premises, as was often the case, noting down expenditure and reporting regularly to his masters was a most unenviable one. I knew one such case in which the Bank's agent—a perfect Iago—whom the mother dreaded and the daughters feared, to whom the nominal head of the establishment deferred in every little detail of management, until at last driven into utter desperation by the watch and guard set over him, this fine old gentleman squatter took to drink and became a perfect wreck in body and mind.

With the gradual disappearance of the squatting interest as a factor in politics, the lines of demarcation between Conservatives and Liberals have become determined by other considerations. A pronounced liberal of the free trade school in England would find himself a conservative in Australia. In the colonies the party which aspires to the same political position as “the propertied and privileged classes” in England are, it may be said, without exception, on the side of free trade; while the party which calls itself the party of reform and progress is on the side of protection. In other words, the capitalist is the free trader, the labourer is the protectionist. Here again the colony

of Victoria has come to the front: as she was the first to settle the question of a squatting aristocracy, so she has been the first to settle the question as against the free trade merchant and importers of foreign manufactures. A recent writer on Australia, in the *Nineteenth Century*, has endeavoured to show that protectionists are weak in the colonies. Nothing could be more contrary to fact. It may, with truth be said, that "the flowing tide is with them." Six or seven years ago it would hardly have been possible to muster a dozen protectionist members in the parliament of New South Wales—they have lately been strong enough to turn a free trade ministry out of office. The late general election of Queensland resulted in the accession to power of the protectionist party; and a highly protective tariff has since been passed into law. The free traders of Victoria have always been in the minority, and it is estimated that in the legislative assembly they do not compose more than 3-11ths of the representative of the people. If protection is, as many describe it, a delusion and a dream, it is a fact, nevertheless, that the colonies are adopting it with their eyes open. Protectionists in the colonies admit that their system means higher prices for goods, but then they justify it on the ground of the general good of the country. It is replied that: "we can afford to pay higher prices with enhanced prosperity." It would be out of place here to discuss the respective merits of the two great systems which divide the political parties in the colonies; but the fact cannot be overlooked that the universal tendency of colonial liberalism is on the side of protection, while colonial conservatism is on the

side of free trade ; and that the liberal tendency in this direction is destined to triumph speedily throughout the length and breadth of Australia, is as certain as that to-morrow will follow to-day.

That protection has been the making of Victoria, and indirectly through Victoria has stimulated industries in New South Wales, the neighbouring colony, is what its advocates claim. The demand for coal in connection with the great manufacturing industries of Victoria (there being no coal resources to speak of in that colony), has developed the great coal mining industries of New South Wales. Take away this advantage from that colony, and she would sink into a third or fourth rate colony. Moreover, Victoria has been the training school for nearly all the skilled artizans which find their way to Sydney. And in like manner, capital made in Victoria by the industries brought into existence by protection, has gone to the establishment of similar industries in New South Wales, and with the growth of these industries has grown the demand for a protectionist policy, which must soon come about, if, as we have just seen, the recent crisis in which a free trade government was turned out of office by the party of protection is any indication.

There are many other matters coming to the front, as the notes and watchwords of at least a section of the Liberal party. A very strong tendency has recently set in throughout all the colonies against anything like wholesale land alienation. This has especially been the case in Queensland. At first sight it may seem absurd that there should be any opposition

to land alienation in a colony with a territory of 660,000 square miles, *not one-twentieth* of which has yet been alienated. Certainly if theories of land nationalization were ever to be tested, here would be the grand opportunity. But while orators declaim and theorists discuss, the subject itself is, by the great bulk of voters, relegated to "the sweet by-and-bye."

The opposition to Chinese, and coloured labour generally, is one of the tests of Australian liberalism. In Queensland coloured labour exists, but it is confined to the sugar plantations of the North. After this year there is to be no further importation of Kanaka labour from the islands. The voice of the working classes of Queensland has already been expressed on the subject of coolie labour. The intention of Sir Thomas McIlwraith, some years ago, was to substitute coolie labour for Kanaka labour—the idea being to introduce a less objectionable form of coloured labour for the sugar plantations; but the bill which he passed through the House raised such a storm in the colony that it was never acted on, it remained a dead letter on the statute book, and was afterwards repealed by the Griffith Government. Recently all the colonies have decided upon a very vigorous form of Anti-Chinese legislation. Poor John Chinaman, as a limited quantity, has proved so useful that it seems cruel to hinder him from landing in the country. His habits are peaceful, and his ways are "childlike and bland," but while he is almost indispensable as a kitchen gardener, he underworks and undersells his European rivals in the labour and trade markets of the country, that he has come to be regarded as an intolerable nuisance. A bill has

recently been passed by all (or nearly all) the colonial parliaments which is intended to restrict the influx of Chinese immigrants; its most important provision being to regulate Chinese immigration to the extent of only one to every five hundred tonnage of vessels which bring them to Australia.

In all these respects it is the influence of the working classes that has been in the ascendant. The working man is in fact the master of the political situation. The recent struggle between the coal owners and coal miners of New South Wales, and which had nearly brought about a coal famine, and a stoppage of the shipping trade—not to speak of the suspension of other industries—is only one of many indications that the political influence of the working man is paramount. There is already a distinct “labour party” in politics, and in Queensland it claims to have turned the scale at the late General Election, as did the Unionists at the late General Election in England. There are no doubt still many problems to be solved as regards the relations of capital and labour, and Australia is likely to do something, if not to lead the way, in connection with their solution. Industrial partnerships, co-operative farming and mining have already been experimented upon with fair results. The questions are not simply being debated, but actually tested. Why should not the owners of a farm, a mine, or a business or manufacturing firm be worked by the members of the firms?

There is one way in which the influence of the working classes is telling with damaging effect upon the progress of the country, and that is in the stoppage of

immigration. Queensland alone of all the colonies at present assists and encourages immigration from the old country; but even here the Government has been compelled to temporarily suspend the operations of the emigration office in London, owing to the jealousies of the working classes. The working man thinks that by keeping the population sparse and labour scarce he can maintain a high rate of wages. He gains no doubt in his immediate object, but he hinders the development of his country. What is gained in the higher rate of wages is lost in the want of a constant demand for labour. The scarcity of labour in the colonies at the present hinders the establishment of many industries and retards the general progress. Had the United States in her state of national infancy acted upon the same short-sighted policy, she might have been reconquered by England and be at the present time only a dependency of the British Crown. The great Liberal party of Australia to which the working classes for the most part belong, are now loud in preaching a doctrine of Australian nationality, but if the stoppage of immigration is to form part of the liberal platform, it will be a long day before Australia is able to take her place as an independent nationality.

No doubt both capital and labour will find their way to Australia in spite of all opposition, and whatever may be the hindrances, in the meanwhile the progress of Australian nationalism cannot be long retarded. The federation of the Australian colonies is now nearly a fact accomplished—New South Wales still blocks the way. This colony has always acted the

part of "the stupid party" in colonial progress. She opposed the separation of the other colonies, and has ever since looked with a jealous eye upon their prosperity. Not so long ago as though to spite the other colonies, she assumed the title of "Australia"—this would have been exactly parallel to Devonshire calling itself England—but the other colonies would not put up with this, and poor New South Wales had to retreat from an untenable position with a very bad grace. In the same spirit she has hitherto refused to join in a movement for the federation of the colonies. The immediate object of what is called the Nationalist party is the establishment of an Australian dominion. Imperial federation cannot be entertained till then. Indeed the general opinion of colonists on this subject of imperial federation may be expressed in the words of the late John Bright, they regard it as "a vague and impracticable dream." At present, however, with the influence of "the National party," and with a large disaffected Irish party, enraged against the coercive policy of the English Government in Ireland, it would be useless to attempt any closer binding of the imperial ties. The most that the colonies are likely to demand in the way of independence is the right to elect their own governors. That this right will shortly be graciously conceded by the English Government everyone expects. And as for the future, there need be no apprehension of any desire on the part of the colonies to break the ties which bind them to the empire.



APPENDIX A.

THE FEDERATION AND THE FUTURE OF THE AUSTRALIAN COLONIES.

A FEW additional remarks on the subjects with which this chapter is headed, may, I think, follow appropriately upon the concluding remarks of the last chapter, and may also be a fitting completion to a book on Australia. The present divided political condition of the Australian colonies is both a source of weakness and danger. It is the old story over of the sticks separated, which a child could break, and the sticks in a bundle which could resist the efforts of a strong man. Much cheap laughter has often been indulged in by Englishmen at the expense of the small kingdoms and principalities of Germany in the times before the empire; just as absurd and just as calculated to excite ridicule is the present situation of the Australian colonies. Here we have what may be called a congerie of nationettes acting toward each other, and treating each other with all the stately formalities which mark the official intercourse that takes place between the governments of Europe. The Prime Minister of New South Wales, for instance, sends a message upon some subject or other to the Prime Minister of the

colony of Victoria, couched in similar terms to a despatch that may be forwarded by the Marquis of Salisbury, the Prime Minister of England, to Prince Bismarck, the Chancellor of the German empire ; and in their tariffs and fiscal policies, the colonies act in relation to one another in exactly the same way as the different governments of Europe in their relations with one another. Goods imported from New South Wales to Victoria have to pass through the same scrutiny as goods imported from France or Germany. There are chains of Customs' Houses along the borders of the several colonies, and travellers passing from one colony to another are subjected to delays and annoyances by being themselves inspected and having their luggage overhauled and examined by Customs' officers. The whole of Australia acting on modes of national policy towards other countries would suggest no ideas of impropriety, but the separate colonies, some of them smaller in population than a second or third rate English municipality, acting as though each one was an important nation in itself does appear so ridiculous, that the wonder is "the common sense of all" does not rise up in wrath, and once and for all put down the divided condition of political existence by forthwith establishing the dominion of Australia. The ambition of colonial Prime Ministers and statesmen to appear before the world as important magnates, holding positions that correspond to those of the statesmen of Europe, puts one in mind of the attempt of the frog in the fable, to swell itself out to the dimensions of the ox, feeding in the field close by its native marsh. The parallel does often hold good in "the bursting up"

entirely of his frogship, for it often happens that colonial statesmen and ministries while they are playing at National policies come down with a run and collapse entirely.

The absurdity of a divided Australia must appear to English people, especially when they are reminded how each little colonial Executive exercises the same important functions in respect to the lives and liberties of the people as the Executive of Great Britain. In England the death penalty could never be carried into effect until the strictest justice and impartiality had considered and decided upon the matter. In the colonies it might happen that party and political animus or popular excitement could override alike the sanctions of justice and of mercy. When not so long ago four boys were hanged in New South Wales for what after all is not a capital crime in England, it was considered by many that they died more victims to popular excitement in which the Executive shared, or which it was too weak to resist, than criminals justly expiating a great crime. And so a few years ago we had the Executive of a Queensland Government, when the Griffith party were in power, deciding to inflict the death penalty upon the captain and some of the crew of a ship for the murder of a Kanaka; while the McIlwraith party, the party that had just gone out of power, were for the most part in determined opposition to such a course. Many believed, and believe to this day, that the Government had decided upon the death penalty more in deference to the existing prejudices against coloured labour, and more in opposition to the McIlwraith party, the supposed supporters of black

labour, than from considerations of strict justice. However this may be, the circumstances are sufficient to illustrate one of the great weaknesses of the present divided condition of the colonies. And signs are not wanting that the colonies are becoming thoroughly alive to the absurdity and the awkwardness of such a state of things.

With the exception of New South Wales, all the colonies have given their formal assent to the idea of federation. A Federal Council, or more properly speaking Conference (for it possesses no legislative or administrative functions), composed of the appointed representatives of the different colonies, has held regular Sessions for some years past at Hobart, the capital of Tasmania. This, it is hoped, may be the beginning of the future Congress or Federal Parliament of Australia; and such a body must be at the foundation of any scheme for the federation of the colonies. It has hitherto been thought that the rivalries and jealousies between Sydney and Melbourne would present an insuperable difficulty in the way of carrying out any scheme of federation; but the idea of Hobart as the federal city seems now to be generally acquiesced in. Hobart, from its central situation and its climate of English mildness, and moreover separated as it is from the mainland, and cut off therefore from the war of tariffs and generally the conflict of inter colonial interests, occupies a political position of neutrality in regard to the rest of Australia to make it eminently desirable as the seat for the Federal Government of the new Australian dominion. And whenever this comes about, the relations between the colonies

and the Mother Country must undergo some alterations. Instead of as now having the Governor of each particular colony appointed by the Imperial Government, the colonies will elect their own Governors, and the Governor-General or Viceroy only will be appointed by the Home authorities. This at any rate is the direction in which political opinion is tending in the colonies; but though the subject has been very much debated and discussed in the Press and in the Parliaments, many think that it will not take practical shape and form until we are threatened with invasion by some foreign power, and that we shall then be driven into federation for the purposes of mutual defence against a common enemy.

In the previous chapter I quoted the late John Bright's dictum as expressing generally the feeling of Australian colonists in relation to theories of Imperial Federation. That Imperial Federation is "a vague and impracticable dream" is the opinion of the great majority of colonists who think at all upon the subject, and they regard themselves confirmed in this by the utterances of some of its most enlightened and earnest advocates. Even Lord Rosebery, who is one of the leaders in the movement, has acknowledged his inability to forecast the time and the manner of its coming, or the particular shape and form of a federated British Empire, and he quoted the words of the well-known song:—

Where and how shall I earliest meet her?
 What are the words she first will say?
 By what name shall I learn to greet her?
 I know not now,—but 'twill come some day.

This certainly is vague. But Australian colonists have other prejudices against the movement. In the first place they regard with suspicion the quarters in which it has been supported. A recent writer,* an old New South Wales colonist, has said "the agitation in favour of Imperial Federation has hitherto been to a large degree an official and upper class movement"; and it may be added it is a movement that has so far for the most part been confined to the circles of English politicians. But there is a stronger objection still. The colonists regard the whole movement as premature while the question of Colonial Federation is unsettled. The writer just quoted says further on:—"The important point to notice in the present discussion is that the confederation of the Australian colonies is absolutely necessary as a first step towards Imperial Federation. Many difficulties at present exist in the way of this confederation, but they must certainly be surmounted if the larger advance is decided upon." That this larger advance will ever be decided upon with the consent of the colonies, writing as an Australian, I do not believe. It would be too much like giving up our forms of responsible Government for the old condition of Crown colonies. The colonies will never submit to being legislated for by an Imperial Parliament 14,000 miles away, even though they might have the privilege of sending a member each to the British House of Commons, or be represented in the House of Lords by some newly-constituted colonial Peers. With the exception of any such modification as must take place

* Mr. Alexander Gordon, on "*The Future of the Empire.*"

when the colonies have themselves federated, there is no desire to interfere with old ties and existing relations. Rather leave well alone, and "better bear those ills we have than fly to those we know not of" is the feeling of Australians generally. It is significant that Sir Samuel Griffith, who has been the most outspoken advocate of the doctrine of Imperial Federation of all our Australian statesmen, was defeated at the last general election in Queensland on the very ground of his so-called Imperialism; and *that* shortly after he had failed in carrying a measure through Parliament for an Imperial naval defence of the colonies. The objection taken to that scheme in Queensland was not so much that it provided for the support by the colonies of British man-of-war ships in Australian waters; but that while the colonies would be taxed for this purpose they would have no control over the ships. The principle so obnoxious to Englishmen, and on which the American colonies rebelled, viz., taxation without representation, seemed to Queenslanders to be implied in the measure. And though it had been passed in most of the other Colonial Legislatures, the action of Queensland called general attention to the significance of the whole scheme, so much so that it has been questioned whether it could afterwards have been passed by any one of the Parliaments of the Colonies. Australians are jealous of their self-governing rights and privileges, and for this reason they regard with suspicion any scheme that may seem to interfere with these. The words of the Marquis of Lorne may here be quoted as expressing the manner in which the whole subject is viewed; and I add them here with the view of showing my English readers how

Australians too think upon the matter, though (without any wish to conceal my own sympathies) I hope I may not be considered as having entered into anything like a political discussion.

“ This so-called Imperial Federation scheme (says the Marquis of Lorne), of which the projectors themselves know little more than that they know nothing, is the very silliest craze that ever originated in the brain of a crank, and was taken up by a fad-hunting people.

“The British Empire is as much a unit to-day as it ever will be, because it is as much a unit as it is desirable that it should be. There is loyalty throughout it to the central power, because there is satisfaction with the existing state of affairs. Dissatisfaction will only arise when there is a change. To make such a change would be to court dissatisfaction, with the certainty that there would then be no means of allaying it. Once incorporated with the proposed union, withdrawal would be for ever out of the question. The central power would be as likely to let one of the counties of England set up on its own account as to permit the withdrawal from the Federation of any colony. At the present time the knowledge that we have only to express a desire for separation to have it granted, beyond doubt goes far to prevent the growth of any such desire. Once let the ties which ‘light as air though strong as iron’ bind the colonies to the Mother Country be exchanged for others of leaden weight and iron strength, and see how we would chafe under them. But chafing then would be worse than vain.

“ We now add to the Empire all the strength we are capable of furnishing. Nothing more could be extorted

from us, no matter what the device resorted to. *We will never consent to pay taxes to be expended beyond our own borders.* If discontent were stirred up—as it certainly would be by any tightening of the bands whose natural tendency is to grow slacker—the Empire would be weakened instead of strengthened by the attempted ‘unification.’

“We see everything to dread and nothing to gain from Imperial Federation. If successful, even on the broadest and apparently most honourable basis, its only effect will be to stir up disaffection where it does not now exist, and where it will afterwards be impossible to obtain relief.”





APPENDIX B.

SOME INFORMATION FOR INTENDING EMIGRANTS.

SINCE my arrival in England, so many persons have asked me for information respecting the Colony of Queensland, with a view to emigration and settlement, that I am induced to subjoin the following extracts from "Pugh's Almanac of 1888."

DISCOVERY.—On or about April 28th, 1770, Captain Cook discovered Botany Bay, and took possession of the country in the name of King George III. He left Botany Bay in May, and shaping the *Endeavour's* head northward, on May 17 stood off the promontory now known as Cape Moreton. Doubling the Cape, Captain Cook entered the Bay, which he named Moreton Bay, in honour of the then President of the Royal Society. The great navigator then continued his voyage northward, discovering and naming all the principal bays, points and headlands along the coast. The *Endeavour* during the voyage struck on a coral reef, narrowly escaping total wreck; this necessitated the ship being beached for repairs. For this purpose she was run into the mouth of the river, now called the Endeavour, alongside which the present

town of Cooktown stands. After the repairs were effected, Captain Cook sailed for Torres Strait, and there, on Possession Island, formally annexed the whole north-east-coast, under the designation of New South Wales.

For twenty-nine years after Cook's visit Moreton Bay remained unvisited by Europeans. In 1799 Lieutenant Flinders was despatched from Sydney in the *Norfolk*, to examine and report upon the coast to the northward of Port Jackson, especially in respect of inlets and rivers, by which the unknown country might be explored. On July 16 he dropped anchor in Moreton Bay. The expanse of water before him he called Glasshouse Bay, from three conical hills that rose a short distance from the shore. Next day he landed on Bribie Island. The narrow channel between Bribie Island and the mainland, through which the tide flows swiftly at high water, was mistaken by Flinders for the current of a stream, which he named Pumicestone River, from a quantity of this stone, which lay scattered about the beach. The same day he anchored off the mainland opposite a low cliff, a few miles north of Sandgate, which he named Redcliffe Point. Flinders then sailed southward, and landed on a small island about thirty miles from Cape Moreton, supposed to be St. Helena, now occupied as a penal settlement. Lieutenant Flinders remained in Moreton Bay a fortnight, and during that time discovered neither inlet, nor river, and had but a moderately favourable impression of the capabilities of the bay. He paid a second visit to the northern coast, in the ship *Investigator*, in 1802, and discovered Port Curtis; after which he

sailed for Torres Strait, to survey the Gulf of Carpentaria, returning to Sydney in June, 1803.

About this time there was a large surplus of convicts in New South Wales. Port Macquarie was overcrowded, and it was necessary that some locality, distant and secure from intrusion, should be found. Port Curtis was thought of, and Surveyor-General Oxley was despatched from Sydney in the *Mermaid*, towards the close of 1823, to search for a suitable locality. He made for Port Curtis; but that district, on examination, was not found suitable. The Boyne River was discovered on this occasion. Mr. Oxley returned to Moreton Bay, and here by a lucky chance encountered two white men (Pamphlet and Finnigan) supposed to belong to Sydney. The story runs thus:—They were timber-getters, their craft had been carried out to sea, drifted northward, and was ultimately wrecked on Bribie Island. They met with kind treatment from the blacks. It was easy to pass from the island to the mainland, and in their wanderings with the tribes had come upon a broad and deep river. This information was imparted to Oxley and, without delay, guided by the castaways he set out in search of the river. He was successful (Dec. 2, 1823), pulled up the stream some miles, examined the banks, and, under the impulse of first impressions, wrote a glowing and rather exaggerated description of the river and its surroundings. The river was named Brisbane, in honour of Sir Thomas Brisbane, then governor of New South Wales. Lockyer and Allan Cunningham followed Oxley at intervals, and partially explored the country watered by the Brisbane. Oxley Creek was named after the Surveyor-

General, and the name "Lockyer" was given to a large creek some miles beyond Ipswich. Such were the circumstances under which the Brisbane River was discovered, and the foundation laid of the future Colony of Queensland.

THE CONVICT ERA.—In 1822 Mr. J. T. Bigge, who was commissioned by Earl Bathurst to enquire into the state of the convict system of New South Wales, recommended that settlements should be formed at Moreton Bay, Port Curtis, and Port Bowen. Sir Thomas Brisbane visited Moreton Bay in 1825, and took measures for immediately preparing it for the reception of prisoners. On the 15th of August, 1826, Moreton Bay was proclaimed a settlement for convicts. Four years after, 1,000 convicts guarded by 100 soldiers were located at Moreton Bay. In February, 1840, the Legislative Council of New South Wales passed "An Act to abolish the transportation of female convicts and to provide for the more effectual punishment of offenders," and transportation to Moreton Bay ceased.

The principal officer in charge (1825 to 1830) during the existence of the convict settlement was Captain Logan who discovered and named the Logan River, and established out-stations at Eagle Farm, Limestone, Ipswich, and Redbank. Several of the convicts were engaged in working these stations, and portions of land were cleared and cultivated at numerous places, in and around what is now the site of Brisbane. The other commandants in their order were Captain Miller; Captain Bishop, 1824 to 1825; Captain Clunie, 1830 to 1835; Captain Fyans, 1835 to 1837; Major Cotton,

1837 to 1839; Lieutenant Gravatt, May, 1839, to July, 1839; Lieutenant Gorman, 1839 to 1840.

SETTLEMENT AND SEPARATION.—In 1837, Mr. A. Petrie, clerk of works under Colonel Barney, representative of the Home Government, arrived in the *James Watt*, the first steamer that visited Brisbane, and he explored much of the country around the settlement. Two years after, three surveyors, Messrs. Dixon, Warner, and Staplyton were sent from Sydney with instructions to lay out the town of Brisbane and survey the coast line. All prohibitions debarring the approach to the settlement were now removed, and men were permitted to come and go as it pleased them. The commandant ceased to exist, and administrative appointments were made. Captain Wickham was appointed Police Magistrate in 1842, and in the same year Governor Gipps visited Brisbane, and partially laid out the town; to him it is said the present narrow streets of the metropolis are due. That year the first sale of town lands took place at Sydney—13 acres realising £4,637. The first sales at Brisbane and Ipswich took place about the middle of 1845. In regard to country lands however, there was much confusion. No arrangements seem to have been made to survey the lands into blocks for grazing or other purposes, and great irregularities followed. This disorganisation continued for some years.

SEPARATION FROM NEW SOUTH WALES.—Before convictism was abolished, but especially after that event, various cases of dissatisfaction had sprung up between the northern and southern portions of the immense territory then known as New South Wales.

Chief among them were the labour question and the alleged neglect of northern interests. In regard to labour, the squatters complained that they did not receive their fair share available in the southern market. This pressure led to many suggestions, and many abortive attempts to procure cheap labour; but all attempts failed, and the discontent continued. Meanwhile the growing town population were nursing their special grievance—there material interests were overlooked and neglected. Both parties, though moved by different considerations, and apparently pursuing different lines, were tending towards the same goal. In a short time light came from an unexpected quarter—from England. Earl Gray in a despatch of 1848 furnished the talismanic word—Separation. The northern people caught the inspiration, raised the standard of independence, and rallied round it with wonderful unanimity. The whole population of Moreton Bay was roused, and all ranks joined in the crusade for Independence.

As might have been expected, the New South Wales Government strongly opposed the demand of the Northern people, and for several years successfully blocked the division of the colony. From the Governor, Sir William Denison, downwards, they brought all the influence at their command against it, but the opposition only acted as a greater stimulus to the exertions of Messrs. Lang, Hodgson, Wilks, Macalister, Cribb, Hobbs and others, until their labours were rewarded in 1856, by the determination of the Imperial Government to grant Separation. It was not, however, until 1859 that the new colony was proclaimed by the name

of Queensland. This proclamation took place on the 10th December of that year, on which day Sir George Ferguson Bowen, the first Governor of the new colony, arrived in H.M.S. *Cordelia* from Sydney, and the birth of QUEENSLAND was ushered in and celebrated by general rejoicings.

BOUNDARIES.—The southern boundary line starts at Point Danger in 28·8° south latitude, thence by Macpherson's Range to the Dumaresq and Macintyre Rivers, and thence by the 29th parallel to 141° E longitude; on the west lies the extensive colony of South Australia; on the north-west and north the Gulf of Carpentaria and Torres Straits form the boundary, and on the east coast stretch the waters of the Pacific Ocean. The broadest part is over 900 miles; from the southern border to Cape York is 1,300 miles; while the coast line is calculated to be 2,200 miles. This vast territory, varying much in character, climate, and products contains an area of 668,224 square miles, or about 428 million acres. The capital of the colony, Brisbane, pleasantly and advantageously situated on the Brisbane River, about twelve miles from Moreton Bay, contains a population of about 52,000.

POPULATION.—In 1845 the population of the Moreton Bay District was very limited. The *Artemesia* which arrived in December, 1848, was the first immigrant vessel, and brought 240 immigrants. Soon after Dr. Lang's scheme for the introduction of free labour was initiated. The *Fortitude*, the first of Dr. Lang's ships, arrived in Moreton Bay, on January 20th, 1849. The *Chasely*, followed with 225 immigrants, and soon the *Lima* added 85 to the community. The decade following

must have attracted a large number of persons and families to the district, notwithstanding the strong prejudices existing against it in the South. The first official returns (1860), after the establishment of the colony, give the total population as 28,056. In 1859, it was as near as possible 25,000. Another ten years passed, and in 1870, the figures had risen to 115,567. When 1880 came round, these figures had doubled, the population for that year being 226,007; and the four years that followed added rather more than 83,000. The population of Queensland by census returns on May 1, 1886, was 190,344 males and 132,509 females, in all 322,853 persons, showing a numerical increase on the previous census of April 3, 1881, of 60,019 males, 44,309 females—109,328 persons; the percentage of increase being 51·88 males, 50·24 females—51·21 persons. The census returns fell short of the estimated population by 4,063, and this the Registrar accounts for by the difficulty of collecting the returns in such a large and sparsely populated territory as Queensland, the roving population that has eluded the enumerators, and the emigration over the borders into New South Wales of which no record is kept. For these he thinks an increase of at least $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. should be made, which would bring up the figures to 330,924—195,102 males, 153,822 females. The number in the colony on 31st December, 1886, was estimated as 342,614 (201,024 males and 141,590 females), being an increase of 11,690 during the twelve months. Of these 4,113 are set down as natural increase (excess of births over deaths) and 7,577 to excess of immigration over emigration.

PHYSICAL FEATURES.—The physical features of the country are diversified and interesting. An extensive mountain range, having no points higher than 5,000 feet above the sea, stretches from the south border, to the district of Cook in the far north, dividing the colony into two unequal parts. This is the continuation, generally speaking, of the mountain system of New South Wales, and partakes very much of the same character. On the west of the Central Range, numerous secondary ones stretch out in all directions, diversifying and beautifying the vast expanse of country for hundreds of miles; enclosed by these hills and ridges are extensive plains, or “downs,” covered with rich pasturage, on which feed the flocks and herds of the squatter. The soil is fertile over large districts, and only awaits the time when population shall have increased, to be turned to the practical purposes of the agriculturist. The plains, generally, are comparatively free of timber, but it abounds in considerable variety among the hilly ridges. Here are the sources of numerous streams that converge into several not unimportant rivers, which in wet seasons drain the country of its superfluous water, and in seasons when drought may threaten, leave in their channels chains of water holes. The river system of Western Queensland divides itself, one part falling towards the south-west, the other finding its way into the Gulf of Carpentaria. The best illustration that can be given of the western plains, is that of the famous Darling Downs, just beyond the range, in the southern portion of the Colony, and through which passes the Southern and Western Railway, on its way to Warwick, Stanthorpe, and the

Southern border in one direction, and Dalby and Roma in another.

On the eastern or seaboard side of the central range of mountains many spurs push themselves down into the low country, in some districts even to the waters of the Pacific. Many hills rise picturesquely from the plains, and frequently broken country abounds. The ridges and the low country on this side of the range are alike heavily timbered, but some parts are well grassed, and much of the land is fit for cultivation. Over the 2,000 miles of coast, from point Danger on the south, to Cape York on the north, a number of rivers, several of them navigable for many miles, intersect the country, and contribute largely to its beauty and fertility. Such are the Brisbane, the Mary, the Fitzroy, and many others in the far north. The interest of the Queensland coast is greatly enhanced by the numerous islands, many of them of coral formation, and most of them covered with tropical vegetation, that stud its waters.

CLIMATE.—Previous to the independence of the colony, little attention was given to the meteorological observations, but an extensive and efficient staff of observers has for years been appointed over a large area. The result of 25 years' observations has established the character of the climate, especially in the southern division of the colony, and prove it to be favourable on the whole to the European constitution. "During a large portion of the year the weather is fine, the sky cloudless, the atmosphere dry, elastic and exhilarating. The summer months are hot, but not sultry or oppressive. The winter season, when dry,

which it almost always is, is exceedingly beautiful and agreeable. The mornings and evenings are cool; during the day the air is warm and balmy, the sky brilliantly blue, and the atmosphere singularly transparent." Such a climate is necessarily healthy. Latitude alone does not provide a sure index to climate. Rainfall and its distribution over the year, the character of the soil and vegetation, the undulating surface of the land, the prevailing winds, and on the coast the sea-breeze, all contribute their share to the production of climate. It so happens that over a large portion of Queensland these conditions are favourable; hence the climate approaches, as near as can be, that of Madeira—"the garden of the world." The total rainfall in Brisbane in 1886 was 53·66 inches, distributed over 152 days. At Warwick, ninety miles inland, 38·85 inches on 91 days; at Rockhampton, 45·06 inches on 127 days; at Cooktown, 110·49 inches on 146 days; and at Torres Strait, 87·64 inches on 174 days. The greatest range of temperature at Brisbane in one day was 36·5 on September 1st. Over such an extent of country there must be considerable variety of climate; and yet the mean temperature of Cooktown, 800 miles north of Point Danger, in 1886, was only 88 degrees higher than that at Brisbane. The sugar lands on the margins of northern rivers, when first brought under cultivation, breed fever and ague, but the disease disappears as cultivation progresses. The country generally is remarkably free from the diseases incident to old countries; and those that do appear are generally of a mild type. A country that receives such an annual influx of people from the countries of Europe

is exposed to much risk ; but every precaution is used by Government to preserve the health of the community. The total deaths during 1886 were 5,575.

MINING—MINERALS AND METALS.—The Queensland coal deposits are both numerous and extensive, distributed over many parts of the country, and certainly might be worked with profit, not only in the valley of the Brisbane and the Mary, but also on the Downs and in several northern districts. Some beds in the Ipswich basin are 5 and 6 feet thick, and Mr. Gregory reports that:—"The coal is a fairly hard coal, cokes well, and is a good steam coal." Mr. J. T. Wood states:—"It may be added that the coal has been extensively used for steam and gas purposes, and testimonials are before me from a large number of masters and engineers of steam vessels, all speaking highly of the fuel, and some preferring it to any other. Founders of iron, with brass and locomotive engineers, give equally valuable testimonials in its favour, while as a house coal it is largely used." In 1886 there were 11 coal mines in the colony, the total quantity of coal raised being 228,656 tons, of the total value of £95,243. This was an increase of about 20,000 tons over the preceding year. Iron in Queensland is very plentiful and exists in nearly every district. The late Mr. Daintree reports:—"That chrome-iron ore is found in a lode in Serpentine country near Ipswich. It is in close proximity to the Brisbane River, and crops out in huge boulders for 200 yards, striking from east-north-east to west-south-west. This is said to be one of the largest deposits of chrome-iron ore in the world. This ore in drifted particles, is also found in the alluvial

deposits derived from the Serpentine, which extends from Mount Wheeler to Marlborough, in the Rockhampton district. Iron ore occurs in all forms in various parts of the colony. In many parts of the colony huge masses of pure limestone exist, ready to be turned to practical account when required. In Mr. Jack's report, "On part of the coast range between the Dalrymple Road and Charters Towers Road," as in other official documents there is much interesting information on this subject. Mr. Jack says:—"Following the Fanning River, after traversing a granite country for about eight miles, a bed of limestone was struck. This limestone, mainly a mass of corals, could be recognised at a glance as the equivalent of the 'Lower Devonian' limestone of Burdekin Downs. As the outcrop occupies a belt of four miles in breadth, the total thickness of the limestone beds must be nearly 7,000 feet—a thickness rivalling that of the carboniferous limestone of the midland counties in England."

The gold-fields of Queensland are among the richest assets of the colony. The first rumour of gold being found at Canoona led to the disastrous Canoona rush. Thousands of persons flocked in from the other colonies, but although the rush was a failure, many of the new comers settled in the colony, and followed other occupations. Though starting inauspiciously, the gold mining industry gradually grew. Gympie, Charters Towers, the Palmer, the Hodgkinson and others followed in rapid succession. During 1886 the Croydon Gold-field has attracted a great deal of attention and has done much to increase the trade of Normanton,

its seaport. This field appears to be developing at a very rapid rate, and has a population of some seven thousand. It is proposed to construct a railway from Normanton at a cost of about £300,000. Eidsvold, beyond Bundaberg, has also attracted considerable attention.

The Queensland gold-fields may be classified into the Northern, Central, and Southern Divisions. There are upwards of twelve working fields included in the Northern Division. Of these Charters Towers and Cape River produced the most gold in 1886, the quantity being 144,379 ozs., an increase of 8,729 ozs. over the quantity recorded in the previous year. The Etheridge and Woolgar comes next with 25,629 ozs., and Ravenswood third with 9,245 ozs., a decrease of 8,396 ozs. In the Central Division, Rockhampton heads the list with 49,086 ozs., an increase of 34,690 ozs. over the previous year, the Palmer coming fourth with 8,587 ozs., much of which was the produce of the celebrated Mount Morgan claim, and there is every indication of this mountain of gold yielding even greater returns. In the Southern Division, Gympie is the principal auriferous locality, the yield from it in 1886 was 88,600 ozs. The total gold yield for the year was 340,998 ozs., which at £3 10s. per oz. was of the value of £1,193,443. The following shows the estimated yields of gold in the principal fields of the colony to the end of 1886:—Palmer, 1,265,191 ozs.; Ravenswood, 316,825 ozs.; Charters Towers and Cape River, 1,460,600 ozs.; Hodgkinson and Mulgrave, 215,653 ozs.; Etheridge and Woolgar, 320,543 ozs.; Gympie, 1,221,331 ozs.; Rockhampton, 89,834 ozs.; Croydon,

2,144 ozs.; Cloncurry and other fields, 289,098 ozs.; a total of 5,181,219 ozs., valued at over eighteen millions sterling. In 1886 there were 6,421 miners employed in the colony in quartz reefing, and 349 in alluvial diggings. In addition to these, there were 930 Chinese miners. Stanthorpe, on the southern border, was for some years the principal tin-producing district in Queensland. The workings were in stream tin, and the "metal-dirt" was so plentiful that no one thought of prospecting for lodes, although there were fair indications of their presence. Tin is still found here, but in greatly diminished quantities. In 1886 the quantity washed was 430 tons. At present the principal tin-producing country is in the north. The Wild River district, where there are many mines opened, is extremely rich in this valuable metal. In 1885 the district produced 13,084 tons of tin. During 1886 the total quantity of tin raised in Queensland was 3,153 tons, valued at £162,124. Owing to the depressed state of the copper market the copper mining industry is not prospering. The rich lodes of copper which prevail at Peak Downs, Mount Perry, Cloncurry, and other places, do not pay at present, owing to the low price of copper, and the need of capital for the further development of the mines. Some of these lodes are among the richest in the world, but need developing. In 1886 there were 900 tons of copper raised, of the value of £7,000. Silver, galena, antimony, manganese, &c., are also found in various parts of the colony in payable quantities. The coal industry is increasing year by year, and last year our collieries produced 228,656 tons, valued at £95,243, and employing 634 miners.

THE PASTORAL INDUSTRY.—As early as 1824 official documents refer to “flocks and herds,” belonging to the penal settlement at Moreton Bay, as depasturing at the inland station of “Limestone,” now the substantial town of Ipswich. The first station formerly selected was Canning Downs, beyond the Main Range, by the brothers Leslie, in 1840. Some enterprising stock-holders may have gone northwards between the discovery of the Darling Downs and the selection of Canning Downs, but of this there is no proof. It would appear that, so far as Queensland is concerned, the seeds of this industry were planted in the settlement at Moreton Bay. When the settlement was broken up in 1839, the stock amounted to 900 head of cattle and 4,500 sheep. In a despatch from the Home Government, dated 1841, instructions were given to sell the stock, but not at a sacrifice. As it could not be advantageously disposed of, mainly because of the paucity of people, the cattle and sheep continued to graze on the Ipswich and Redbank stations, under the care of Mr. John Kent. In 1843 the cattle numbered 1,620 and the sheep 12,000. The wool of this little flock, it is stated, was sold at one shilling per lb., and realised £1,000.

The pastoral industry developed itself very rapidly. As early as the year 1844 it appears, from a sketch map of squatting districts in the north and west, that there were in Moreton Bay seventeen stations, on which were grazing 215 horses, 4,028 head of cattle, and 74,420 sheep. The population is given as 207, of whom 26 were ticket-of-leave men. Darling Downs had 26 stations, on which were an aggregate of 445

horses, 9,267 cattle, and 110,231 sheep. Total: horses, 660; the cattle numbered 13,295; and the sheep 184,651. Population 335, of whom 45 were ticket-of-leave men. Although convictism had been abandoned yet a considerable number of the above class were scattered over the stations.

The official statistical returns, which began to be published in 1860, are from this point available. The first returns could scarcely, in the circumstances, be so full and accurate as the Statistical Register has now become; but if to some extent imperfect, they approximate nearly to the truth. Such had been the progress of the pastoral industry during the eleven years that preceded 1860, that the stock had in this brief period increased manifold. The number of runs had grown from 43 to 1,300. Six hundred horses were represented by 23,504; thirteen hundred cattle had become 432,890; and the 184,651 sheep had multiplied so rapidly that they had reached the number of 3,166,802; and there were 7,147 pigs. The next decade (1870) proves that the progress of this industry has been well sustained, notwithstanding the wave of commercial depression that swept over the colonies in the years 1866-7. Horses now numbered 83,358; cattle had outnumbered one million by many thousands; the sheep flocks had increased nearly threefold, being now considerably over eight millions; and pigs were now four to one. The number of registered runs had now reached 2,223. In the following ten years (1880) the number of runs rose to 6,599. The horses had doubled, their numbers being now 179,152; cattle had increased threefold, having reached 3,162,752; pigs, too, had doubled their

number. During the years 1877-80 the sheep flocks showed a very heavy decrease; and in 1880 the returns stand below those of the previous decade by about two million and a half. At the close of 1886 the runs numbered 8,580, covering an area of over 500,000 square miles, the annual rent amounting to £260,192. The number of horses in the colony in 1886 was 278,694, an increase of 18,487 over the number of 1885; cattle numbered 4,071,563, a decrease of 91,089 on the previous year's returns; and sheep were estimated at 9,690,445, an increase of 696,123. The number of pigs in the colony were 61,861, an increase of 6,108 on the previous year. Early in 1886 welcome rain was experienced, and as this has been well maintained for over twelve months the drought which lasted several years has completely broken and the country rejoices in a plentiful supply of grass and water. The pastoral industry is thus in a prosperous condition, and the effects of this will be felt through every industry throughout the length and breadth of Queensland.

AGRICULTURE—*Sugar*.—In 1838 Mr. Mayo, an East Indian, visited Moreton Bay for the purpose of securing land in order to introduce tropical cultivation into the colony of New South Wales. Next year he went to London and placed before Lord Glenelg an account of his plans and workings. He said:—"I have, with the permission of Government, already planted at Moreton Bay, in New South Wales, between latitudes 27° and 28° S., 30 acres of land with 47 kinds of cotton seeds which I collected in various countries; some acres with sugar-cane from the Mauritius, and from a cane I found on the settlement; and a small portion of land with

coffee plants which I brought with me from the coffee mountains of Arabia and the Isle of France." This may be considered as the initiation of the sugar industry. Mr. Mayo's ideas were large, and his requests corresponded in character. He asked for 50,000 acres of land as a grant; failing this, he would take 100,000 acres at 5s. per acre, on terms, that he might have time to pay. Only one answer of course could be given to such requests by the Home Government; he was referred back to the Colonial authorities. Next year (1840) a more modest request was made by Major Walker, who dates from Hamilton, Scotland, to Lord John Russell. The Major knew a young man who had been "nine years in Demerara," and should the Government intend to prosecute sugar cultivation at Moreton Bay, here was an experienced manager to superintend the concern. Lord John replied that the Government had no intention of doing so either by convict or free labour. Five years later (1845), Col. Barney suggests the cultivation of sugar, cotton, and other tropical plants at Port Curtis, but nothing came of the suggestion. From this date to 1862, although little was really done, yet enterprising persons continued to experiment, and at intervals placed the results before the public. The Government gave some encouragement to the cultivation of cotton, and excellent samples were sent home and favourably reported on. The Coffee and Sugar Act of 1862 gave a new start and stimulus to the aspirations so long cherished in favour of tropical cultivation. The proprietor of the *Guardian* offered prizes for the best essays on the cultivation of sugar and cotton in 1864-5. The late Mr. John Buhot's essay on sugar was accepted, and circulated by thousands over the

colony. The Hon. Captain Hope, and a few others had been for some time cultivating the cane with encouraging results; but 1865 may be said to be the practical commencement of the great sugar industry in Queensland. The first official returns (1867) show that there were six mills, whose crushing resulted in 168 tons sugar, and 13,100 gallons molasses. In five years the number of mills had increased to 65, which crushed 5,000 acres of sugar cane, yielding 6,266 tons of sugar, and 357,614 gallons molasses. In 1886-7 there were 160 sugar mills, crushing 36,104 acres for a yield of 56,859 tons of sugar, and 1,510,308 gallons of molasses. In connection with the sugar industry there are ten rum distilleries in the colony, which last year distilled 97,375 gallons of rum.

Maize, Wheat, etc.—Maize is extensively grown, over 1,709,673 bushels being produced last year, the average yield per acre being 21·94 bushels. Bundaberg, Marburg, Normanby, Gatton, Brisbane, Warwick districts each produce over one hundred thousand bushels. Wheat flourishes well in Queensland with favourable weather, and is extensively grown on the Darling Downs. In 1886 the yield of wheat was only 21,221 bushels. The total average yield was but 1 bushel 21 lbs. to the acre. Lucerne grass, and oats for greenstuff or hay, potatoes, barley, tobacco, and arrowroot (of the latter some 463,900 lbs. being grown), are profitable crops, and the farmer or settler may cultivate several kinds of fruit, such as the pineapple, the banana, the orange, with a good margin of profit. Many other articles can be successfully grown, but for some time past the grape has attracted most attention, some species of the grape

vine thriving well under the Queensland climate. Large vineyards are established in different parts of the colony. In 1883, 119,295 gallons of wine were produced, in 1884, there was a decrease of about 20,000 gallons, in 1885 rose to 133,298 gallons, and last year there was a further increase the total production being 147,410 gallons. One and a half million pounds of grapes were consumed for table use in 1886.

EDUCATION.—Education in Queensland is free, secular and compulsory. Under the original Education Act, general religious teaching formed part of the curriculum; and, by arrangement, an authorised teacher of any sect might impart dogmatic teaching to the children of that sect. This concession was not operative—few, if any, spiritual teachers availing themselves of the arrangement—and the friends of religious teaching were consequently thrown back upon family teaching and the teaching of the Sunday School. To meet the case as far as possible, the Brisbane Sunday School Union was established in 1869. It is composed of members drawn from every Protestant denomination except the Episcopalian, and is managed by an efficient committee. A yearly gathering of Sunday School teachers and children takes place on the Anniversary of the Queen's birthday, in the Government Domain at which many thousands of children with their teachers and friends are present. At the end of 1886 there were 285 State Schools, and 192 Provisional Schools in the colony. There were 1,382 teachers, and the annual enrolment was 58,939, an increase of 3,357 over the return for 1885. The mean quarterly enrolment was 45,761, and the average daily attendance 32,250. The expenditure

on education in 1886 amounted to £208,977 13s. 6d., of which primary education was £161,799. The average cost of the education of each child in the State Schools, based on the annual enrolment, was £3 2s. 7½d.; the average cost of each child in the Provisional Schools was £2 6s. 9¼d. There are five Grammar Schools in the colony (and one at Townsville in course of erection), and for these, last year, 41 scholars—31 boys, and 10 girls from the Primary Schools obtained Scholarships. The Grammar Schools are situated at Brisbane, Ipswich, Toowoomba, Maryborough, and Rockhampton. The State subsidises these institutions, and the results, under a staff of generally efficient teachers, are satisfactory. In the public competitions, the Queensland boys and girls have hitherto taken a prominent place. There are eight institutions in and near various principal towns in the colony for the reception and care of neglected children (Orphanages), which are all under Government inspection, and maintained principally from State funds.

RELIGION.—The Church in Queensland has no connection with the State, except so far as the registration of ministers is concerned, to authorise them to celebrate marriages. One clergyman still survives who, at Separation, was in receipt of State pay, and he retains it so long as he lives and officiates in the colony. All the churches are supported on the voluntary principle. Taking in all the sections of the Christian church, and the Jews, the ministers of religion authorised to celebrate marriages in the colony are nearly three hundred. But as at least five of the denominations employ lay preachers on an extensive and expanding

scale, there is a greater number of persons engaged in imparting religious instruction than the above figures indicate.

Aboriginal Missions.—Several attempts have been made, at intervals, to carry the blessings of religion to the blacks, but, it must be said, with few, if any, abiding results. The establishment at German Station, in which Dr. Lang took great interest, was founded in 1838, and was conducted by two regular ministers and ten other missionaries,* with zeal and perseverance; but, ultimately the “Brethren” had to succumb to the force of adverse circumstances, and turn their attention to other matters. The Roman Catholics tried and failed; so also was it with efforts put forth, somewhat later, by friends of the Church of England. In still later times, undenominational attempts have been made, but failure again resulted. It is impossible to give even an approximation as to the numbers of the black population; and it is certain that in the southern districts their numbers are yearly diminishing. In the north and western interior the tribes are larger the numbers greater, and the men more muscular and independent. It is found that Australian blacks degenerate in character and diminish in numbers as white men appropriate their country.

*One of these was Mr. J. L. Zillmann, the writer's father, who is still living, and of whom mention has been made in the pages of this book.